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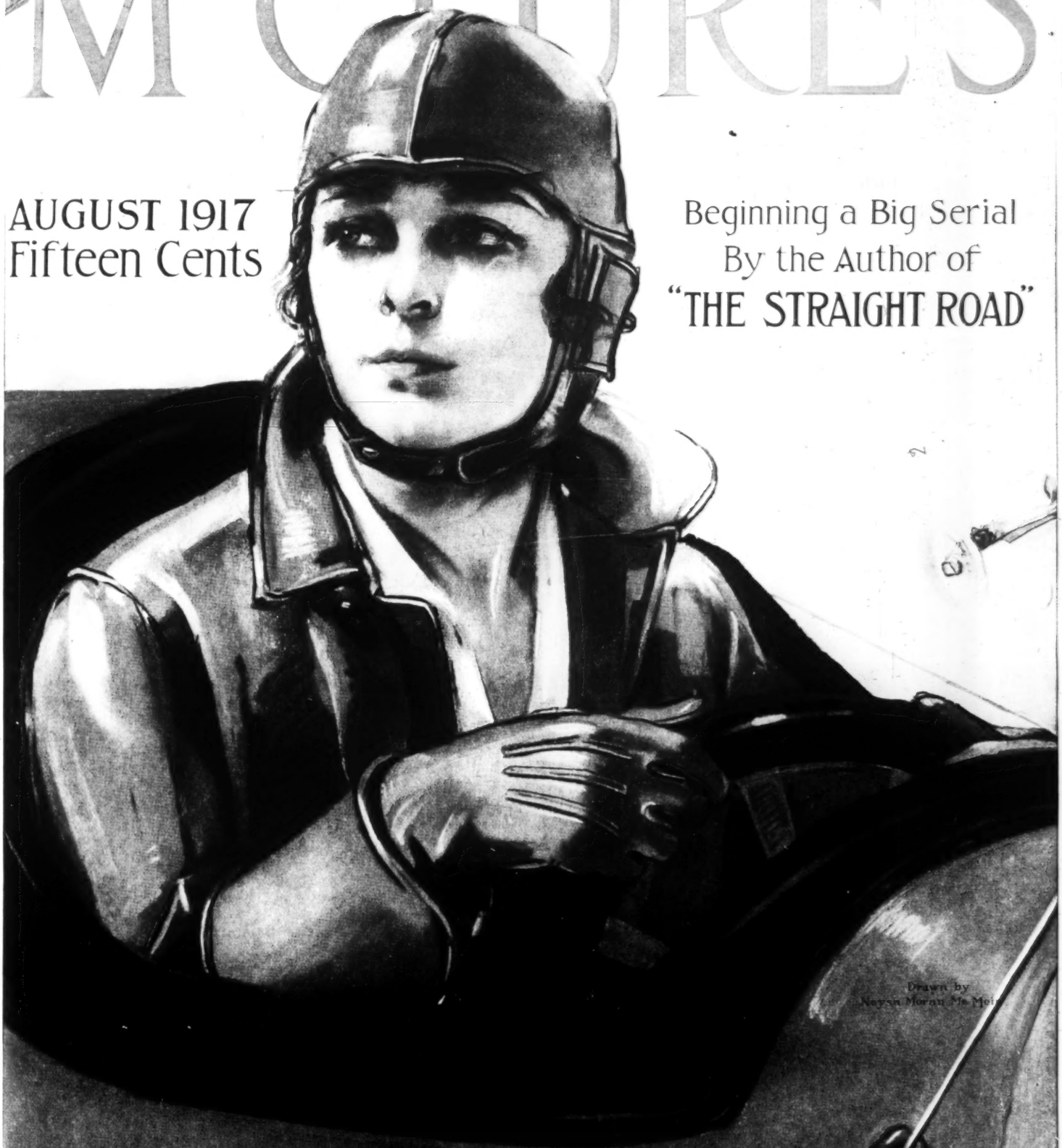

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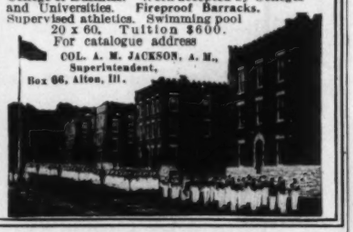

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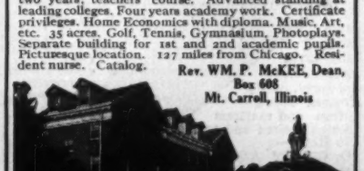

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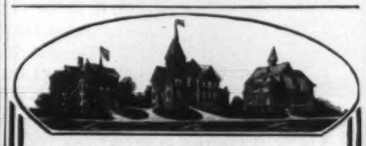

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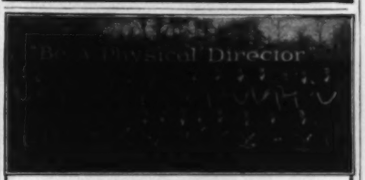

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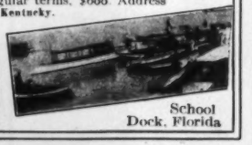

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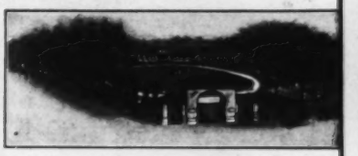

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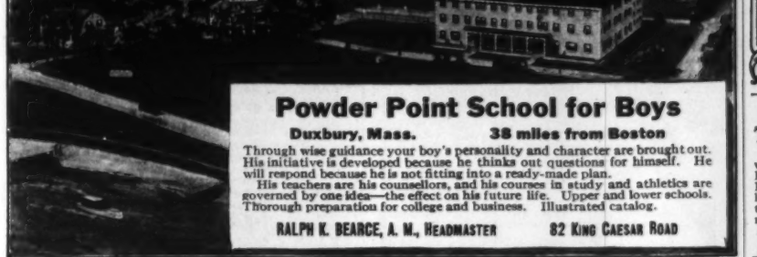

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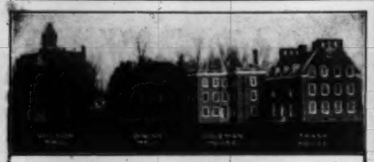

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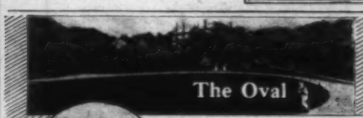

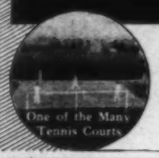

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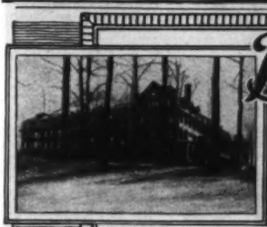

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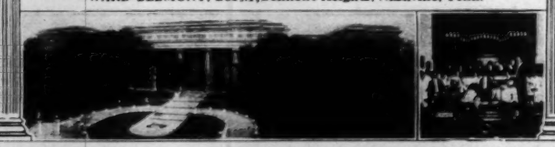

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McClure's August Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 3)
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 11)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals

Grape Nuts (Page 47)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 46)
Shredded Wheat (Page 45)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hills Bros.
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 39)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen (Page 59)

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Bauer & Black (Page 61)
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap (Page 56)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 65)
Freezone (Page 56)
Hinds, A. S.
Ice Mint (Page 65)
Ivory Soap (Page 12)
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine
Mentholatum (Page 3)
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 59)
Newskin Company (Page 55)
"Nujol"
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pébeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

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McCLURE'S

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1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Julian McCulloch

Beginning

Wild Apples

The Great Novel of Youth

by the author of

"The Straight Road"

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

Lynnie Willis

Chapter I — Exile

HE lay in a patch of young wild oats, high on the flank of one of the mountains that shut in Siloam Valley, and gazed sullenly at the place of his banishment. If he had been a woman he would have wept; being nineteen years old and almost a man he tried cursing half-heartedly under his breath.

Painted steeps, splotched with great swipes of burning orange California poppies, blue ground lupine; ranches spread maplike below; the stone dome of the Mission, nestled in a fold of the seaward hills; even the infinite reaches where the valley opened out grandly to the sea — the dazzling blue Pacific; he turned from the loathed beauty of it all, rolled over on his back and stared straight up into the clear sky, black eyes introspective, black brows knotted in a frown that was more or less habitual. Julian McCulloch, son of Stephen McCulloch, the rich patent-medicine man of Las Reudas and San Vicente, was trying, in the eternal dialectics of a boy's soul, to remember that first year in the valley when, as it seemed to him now, he would have been about seven.

His father and mother — they were the main figures in what he was remembering. His mother, at that time, he had thought very beautiful and wonderful; hard to please, but somehow she made him want very much to please her.

What a little monkey he had been at seven — at eight — nine — ten — anxiously exact in all the formulas of "preceding" and "following," the opening of doors, the carrying of wraps or parcels, rigmarole of salutation, of arrival and departure! He recalled with angry shame how he had liked the posturing and exhibiting, how he had lapped up the talk about his golden hair and black eyes. His hair was black enough now. He ran his hands through the thick, glossy mass that curled close and plumage-like to a well-domed head, clutching and tousling it as he lay face upturned to the sky — thinking — thinking — thinking.

That first time — which of course was not a first time at all, but stood out so in memory only because it was the last time in all his knowledge of them when his father and mother had talked together, intimately, as other people's parents talked. They came by train to San Pablo. It was then as now Siloam's nearest railway point. On the train they turned him out of their section and made him go and sit quite at the other end of the car with the porter while they argued and argued excitedly, yet guardedly, as though there were something that must not be overheard. When they got to San Pablo, on the long drive across the range to the ranch, he was all ears to that vehement cautious exchange of accusation and excuse between those two on the back seat.

Supper over, the two had gone into his mother's room — which seemed at that time to be his father's also — and shut the door. He had cruised forlornly about outside. He felt that he ought to stay in the dining-room or kitchen where the servants who had been sent up ahead of them were busy; but he hung around, fascinated, though heaven knows he could neither hear much nor comprehend anything. Then, after a long, long time, his father looked out and called, "Julian!" and he was ashamed of being caught.

When he got into the room, there was his mother looking very queer and excited — but very handsome, too. She called him over to her and took hold of his arm.

"It is clearly understood between you and me, Stephen," she spoke to his father above his head — he could not see her, "if we stay under the same roof; if there's no divorce — no scandal — I'm to be free in every way; exactly as much as though there had been a divorce. You hear, Julian?"

"Yes, mother."

"You understand?"

"Yes, mother." He did not — but that was what she expected him to say.

"God, but you can rub it in, Nettie!" his father had muttered angrily; then, "That's the bargain. I have the name of keeping my word."

There was more — all mixed up. He was very sleepy. It was long past his usual bedtime. He had to drag his mind awake every minute. He wanted to go on with the mysterious, half-hearted thrill of the occasion which seemed to make him, Julian, of so much importance. But he couldn't keep awake.

He never knew when it all ended that night, or when he, himself, was undressed and put to bed. Both things must have happened after he went finally to sleep, for in the morning he waked in his cot out in the tent, and when he came into the house his father was not there. His mother always had a breakfast-tray in her room, and he looked eagerly in when it was carried to her. She was alone. She lay there in the big bed, a silken negligee pulled over her lacy white gown, a boudoir-cap covering the dark hair. She called for him. He went and sat by her while she ate. Her face looked bright and hard, somehow; but she didn't scold him. After a while she said her head ached and sent him away.

After his father's going there were no more such exciting occasions, and it seemed to the seven-year-old that he could only maintain his importance through the long, sickly, cloying memories of his mother's nervous headaches, when he was called in from his solitary play to sit beside her in the darkened room, sitting there — sitting there — sitting there till his own head ached twice as hard. And that would seem, in some way, satisfactory to his mother. He was proud of it, too, though old Ben Dye, the ranch manager, fussed and muttered, "Rather see a kid of mine tied up by the thumbs than treated that way." Old Ben — to Julian, Uncle Ben — spoke right out to his mother. He always called her Nettie — her full name was Antoinette Julian McCulloch — and she complained that he was too familiar, because he had known her when she was a little girl in Juneau, and he and Tom Julian, an older brother who brought her up, and for whom her son was named, ran partners.

Julian knew, as a child does know things, that they were very rich. Yet Thatcher Dye, seven years older than he, the only child Uncle Ben had left at home, was eagerly desired for a playmate. He was a big boy who had to work. They kept cattle on the ranch then, and Thatch was aureoled by the glory that rings a cowboy. His mother forbade his being much with Thatcher Dye. There was no reason given. She just objected.

There was a magnificent great million-dollar hotel at Liveoak, with the best golf links and polo field in the state, and innumerable tennis courts. Athletic events were pulled off there. In former years his father, who was something of an amateur athlete, came down for these. Also they used to take a fast team and make a long drive to one of the big ranches or country places out beyond San Pablo when there was a house-party. But the regimen for Julian, even then, had been cast iron — early hours, special diet, outdoor sleeping.

Now he rolled over and raised his head to face the valley, beating with an angry fist on the ground. Poor little devil of a sniveling kid — scared to death — scared of life — crawling around hypnotized on the idea of pleasing somebody by making a monkey of himself! He stared down toward the McCulloch ranch; a great, straggling, brown bungalow-built house — its very walls ought to remember the dejection of those days. The place was neglected now; his mother hadn't cared to come here for three years. Uncle Ben let the gate lie, when it fell off the hinges. But to Julian there was always a seven-year-old boy, watching the dust of a

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departing rig that carried his parents down the road, afraid to go back in the house where there were only the servants, getting what sense of human companionship he could from watching passers-by, smiling at them, so that they often waved to him, or even hailed him.

Sometimes these passers-by would be Spanish or Portuguese from away up at the upper end of the valley where the road whiffled out of sight.

That summer of long ago, and the summer that was to be, swam together in Julian's mind. He stared at the valley where the road, a ribbon of tan, threaded everything up for him. There was one of those fellows on it now, toylike, winding home — an empty wagon, of course. He was near the McCulloch gate. But this evening there would be no small boy hanging on it, watching the dust where his parents drove away together behind a spanking team.

Does everything you want in this world — and get — turn out to be a curse? When his mother was better of her headaches, or, as old Ben said, "of her pouting," she chose to be very gay on her own account, going about with the people in Siloam. Yet that bargain which he had not understood at the time, apparently concerned the thing he had so passionately desired; for now he was taken everywhere with her, when it was a daylight affair. If she went at night she'd have him in to see her in her beautiful gown before she started, and he tried hard to dig up the right thing to say — and do — and be — that he might hang onto these unbelievable new privileges.

Lying there on the mountain flank remembering, the boy's mouth twisted to something between a smile and a sneer. How hard he had tried; what pains he had gone to, sometimes making his mother angriest by the very thing he thought would please her. The sneer had it as he recalled how quakingly scared he had been when his father suddenly appeared at the ranch in the fall to take them home. He needn't have been afraid. Indeed, his popularity with his mother, which had seemed to be settling down a bit, was brightened up by the arrival. His father was put in one of the ranch guest-rooms, clear at the other end of the house.

His father's air was defiant. The next morning, with their wraps on and almost ready to go, he said something queer about why he had come. "Just as well not to take the whole of Siloam Valley into your confidence," he had jerked out. Julian's mother had pulled him to her, absently putting on his hat which she held in her hand, and which he immediately took off, since they were still in the house. She answered with veiled eyes and an odd, aloof voice which he was to know henceforth as the one reserved for his father, and all his father's doings.

If he had dreaded to lose his new importance when they got back to Las Reudas that fall, his fear proved groundless. His mother still paid an almost disconcerting amount of attention to him.

His quarters were unchanged, a big, pleasant room with an open fire, and a sleeping-porch that jutted out above the carriage porch and the brick drive. But where his father and mother had had the second-floor front rooms, with an outlook over the gardens and the avenue beyond, his father now was mysteriously domiciled on the third floor in luxurious bachelor apartments, bath and billiard-room, and a small gymnasium.

He didn't remember that, before this time, his mother had a suite in the apartment house — the Antoinette — which she owned in San Vicente. She had now. He didn't think his father's foot had ever crossed the threshold of it; but she used to live there for a week at a time when there was an opera in town, or she was having a session with her dressmaker. Once or twice she had had a bed made for Julian on the couch in the living-room; more often he had been given a place in some other apartment for her convenience.

There was nothing else on that third floor of the Las Reudas home but the trunk room where empty baggage was stored, and a bit of sloping attic that held an old square piano and other disused relic furniture.

And since his father had moved in there, that part of the world — the attic — a small boy's delight — was denied. If he went up there, he slunk when he thought his mother was out of the house. If she caught him coming down from the place she always asked sharply if his father was in — if he had been invited to go up there — and what he had been doing.

Back of the McCulloch home on the Avenue at Las Reudas the ground fell away in a manner so unsightly as to make lots of little value. Out of sight, around the turn of the arroyo, skulked the garbage dump with its skeleton frames of old bed-springs, its myriad scattered bottles and tin cans. A sort of street, nameless so far as he knew, held the homes of operatives in his father's factory. Men and boys in overalls, women and girls in gingham and shabby sweaters, they streamed from the tenements to the big buildings where the Specific was mixed and bottled, wrapped, packed and shipped, pouring in and out, in and out, as though the factory were some sluggish monster that breathed them thus to furnish its life. Daggett's Grocery on one corner seemed to captain the waste of dirty shacks, homes of factory hands, day laborers, Japs and Chinese, that stretched in unrelieved ugliness clear across the creek hollow to the rising ground where the eucalyptus planting began.

His sleeping-porch overlooked all this. He seemed to spend a good deal of time in his cot on that porch these days; by order of his mother, as it were. He didn't feel ill, yet there was a white-capped nurse with him sometimes. He was told that he was growing too fast.

He studied the back streets. They swarmed with children. He didn't believe those boys down there had any such problems as his. He made up his mind to go and see. When he got up from one of these unreal occasions, and they brought Chapo from the ranch for him to ride, it was straight into the hinterland of the back streets that he galloped. He stored some memories to take back with him. The young wolf Dip Savage had chained up in his back yard, was one of these. It snapped at everybody. Such was life in the gulch. Why, the oldest Willis boy, Oliver, got killed down there by the falling in of a tunnel that Ollie and the Daggetts and Dip Savage and some others were digging in a bank for a robber's cave. It seemed to be a region in which things happened, where you might meet life in the raw. Indeed, he came back from it more than once covered with mud that had been thrown at him in the direct, free expression of class prejudice; but he had heard a new kind of talk, a speech pregnant, elliptical, that borrowed nothing from books.

When his mother — quite by chance — found out, he was punished, and a ban laid upon the hollow back there forever. He was not to go down there on any pretext, for any reason.

It was after his voice broke that he first had really big rows with his mother. Lying here on the flank of Old Bitter, looking up at the sky, he gave the matter deep attention. Yes, it was about then that his mother's management of him, the life she offered, began to seem utterly silly. He couldn't understand it himself. He seemed to be a different person.

Does everything you want in this world — and get — turn out to be a curse?

He looked back to seasons at Tahoo, the Yosemite, Coronado, winters at home in Las Reudas or San Vicente, at Los Angeles or San Francisco. His mother's interest in life was society. His days and nights were a procession of such social functions, which came more and more as the years went on to be practically the same as hers — balls, musicals, luncheons and outings of the Junior set, motor trips where you couldn't be alone for a minute to enjoy anything, but were desperately, almost agonizingly, alone in the middle of a noisy crowd.

And there were times when he was trailed about humiliatingly from one lung specialist to another, because he was still growing too fast; put through whatever regimen the specialist of the moment prescribed; pushed in his studies and then, just when they were getting interesting, his tutor would be laid off. It had come to be that he and his mother quarreled more or less all the time. She still watched jealously to keep him from his father — the one thing they were almost unconsciously agreed upon was to hide their wranglings from him.

This was easy enough. Stephen McCulloch moved on the horizon of his son's life, an enigmatic figure, coming and going, an alien presence; rarely offering speech or comment on anything in the home. The intercourse between Julian and his father was strictly formal, cool and slightly sarcastic on the man's side, bewildered and uncommunicative on the boy's part.

Below him as he lay now, showing how he had got to his perch, was a low, nondescript roadster. He and Calkins, his tutor, had left San Vicente in the little car this morning, and made the valley by noon. He'd have had to come by train and ship the machine, if good old Calk hadn't spoken up for the drive. The machine was his in a sense that almost nothing else was; for he had had a hand in building it. Up to a month ago, Thatcher Dye had been working in Las Reudas as chauffeur for the McCullochs. It was he who had planned the little car; it was set on the chassis of an old imported racer that had once belonged to Julian's father, and equipped with expensive appliances from half a dozen old cars gathered up from the garage at home in Las Reudas or bought from the auto wreckers. Though she had boarded Ben Dye's son out of the house, and set other distances and restrictions between him and her own, Thatch hadn't lasted long as chauffeur with his mother. There was a Jap in the place now, a pert, cheeky fellow who wore his uniform smartly.

The building of the roadster, trying it out, took Julian once more into The Land of Back Streets. Again he tried the gang in the hollow. His mother was giving a big reception. He utilized his chance of being out of the house till late by gathering a bunch of the back street crew and examining the question of how it would feel to drink too much! All he found to condemn, even now, was the folly of the thing. What he said to himself was — how could you tell that you always wanted to be sober, unless you tried, once anyhow, getting thoroughly lit up? Well — he tried it. And he had the luck to stagger into his mother's dining-room full of guests!

Of course after that there was nothing to do but keep a shut mouth and take what she chose to give him. He spoke only once. It was when he found this was going to cost him the trip to Alaska.

She wouldn't let up an inch. She was only too well suited. She didn't want a grouchy, queer nineteen-year-old son with her in the East, at the seaside resort and in Canada, where it turned out she was now going. She packed him off to the ranch. His father was back and forth between California and Juneau all summer, and every summer; she had killed two birds with one stone; got rid of him so far as she was concerned, but guarded against his being with his father in her absence.

He threw his head up suddenly and looked about him. How late it was! The toylike wood-wagon must be nearly home by this time. Who would meet its driver? Did he love the people he lived with — or quarrel with them? He had seen the Bruckner cows, looking from this distance like a flock of pied specks herded by one larger and two smaller specks, as they moved along the road being turned from pasture to milking lot by the vaquero and his dogs. Thatch went with Alma Bruckner. Having lost his place as the McCulloch chauffeur, he was starting a repair garage in San Vicente. He was up here in the valley now, trying to raise some capital. Of course he wanted to come up and see Alma, too.

Lights began to wink down there. One was in an old adobe at the foot of the Pollard pasture, where nobody lived. Oh, he remembered . . . the vacation camp for working-girls . . . Miss Dale Pollard who was on the San Vicente *Messenger*, raising money for it. The old square piano from the attic at home had been sent up to it.

There were lights at the Pollard ranch. Paula Pollard and Zoe Haslett, who was visiting her, had met him in the road when he and Calkins came up the valley at noon and invited them to a beach party and a swim with the crowd tomorrow. Calkins could go if he wanted to. Julian remembered the crowd of old. They were those, some of them, that his mother had dragged in for him to chum up with in past years. Well, he certainly wouldn't play the fool going around with them now when there was nobody to make him.

Paula Pollard. In those days she and her father had lived, winters, in his Las Reudas house next to the McCulloch place. Paula was one of the dancing-class girls. At that time it had seemed that she was older than he, but last winter, having been in a Washington boarding-school while her father was serving in Congress, she had come back to San Vicente a year younger. When she met them today she said that Benchy Prentiss was in the valley for his Easter vacation with two young fellows from Stanford. He wished they'd let him alone. He wanted to be by himself. That's what had brought him up here on the mountain — to get off by himself, where nobody could follow.

He had been like a bear with a sore head all the way down from San Vicente; but never a chirp out of Calkins, except to give him a good word on his driving now and then, or mention that the Highway made motoring fine.

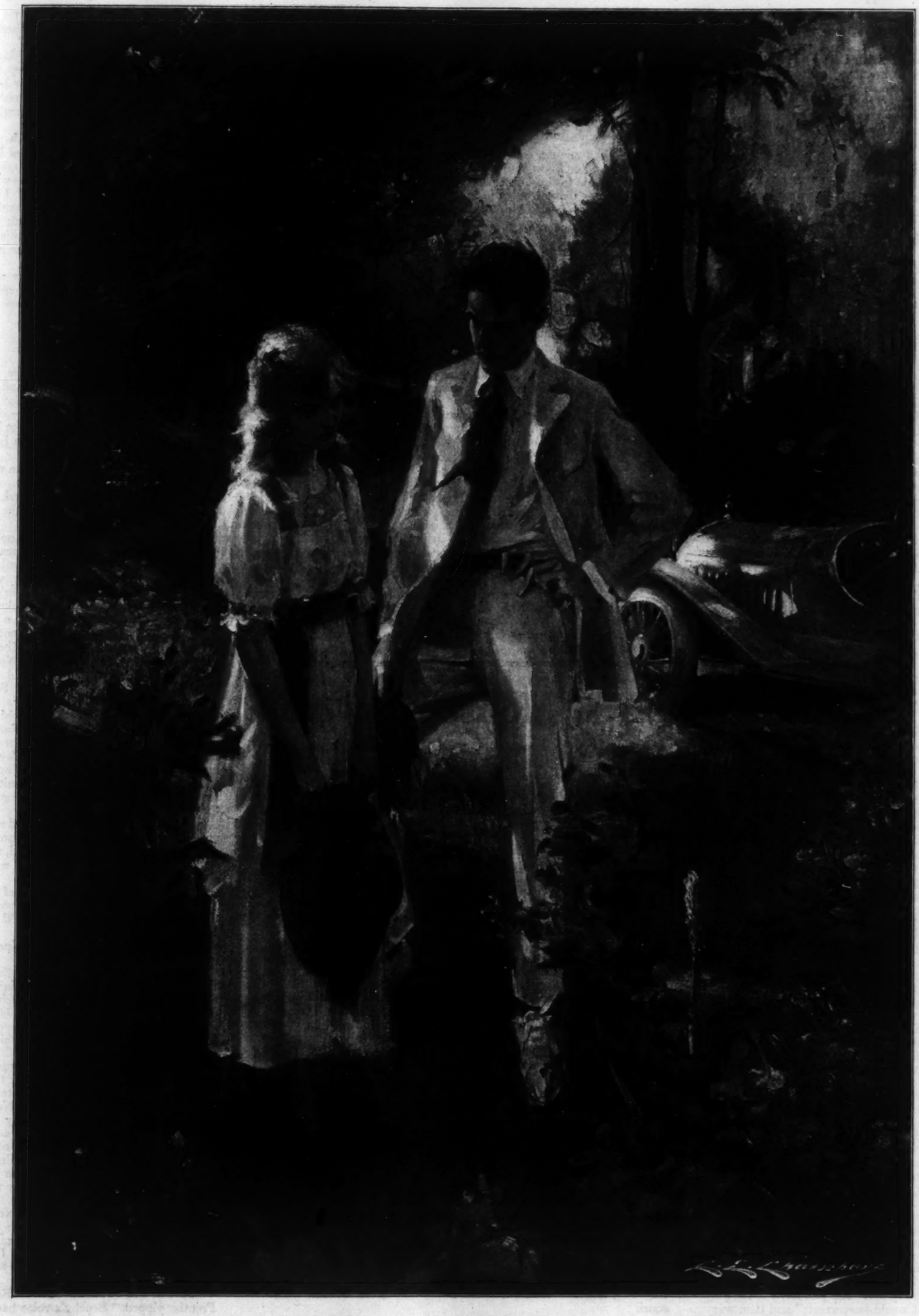
Tonight

by

Sara Teasdale

THE moon is a flower of curving gold,
The sky is still and blue;
The moon was made for the sky to hold —
And I for you.

The moon is a flower without a stem,
The sky is luminous;
Eternity was made for them —
Tonight for us.



"I've come back for you. I want to — to make up for this morning," Julian told her

They both knew that the tutor was sent along as a policeman — an insult — that he would be sent down in the fall to fetch Julian back in the same way. But Calk was all right; Calk could never be an insult. It had been a breakneck business getting the roadster up here. It would be as much as his life was worth to get down. The danger was doubled if he stayed until after dark; so he rolled over on his back again and lay staring up at the sky while the afterglow died out along its blue, twilight came slowly as it does over those western waters, and finally great white stars looked down at him.

Oh, God, what was life — death — anything? The world-pain engulfed him, a mighty ache! the great, unformulated arraignment of youth that finds the framing of things all wrong.

Why hadn't he been born to people who really wanted children — who liked them? There was Uncle Ben — he thought Uncle Ben must be a failure so far as money was concerned; staying on in the house as a sort of caretaker when the pastures were all rented; doing his own cooking; couldn't get the money Thatch needed — but this evening at dinner when Thatch sat with his head down and seemed discouraged, Uncle Ben kept looking at him — such a look! Never in his life had anybody looked at Julian that way.

He roused to the feeling of the dew on his hair. His coat sleeve was all damp. When he got up and went down to the roadster its leather cushions were swimming wet. He sopped them off with a big handkerchief, snapped on his lights and coasted down in enjoyable danger.

It was near midnight when he turned in at the McCulloch gate. His eyes, accustomed to the dark, could see the mass of shadow that was the house, and a blaze of illumination showed that somebody had the lights going in the dining-room. The gate was open, but the roadster made so much noise going up the rise of the drive that whoever it was came and stood in the dining-room door.

"That you, Jule?" It was Ben Dye's voice.

"Yes, Uncle Ben."

"You'll have to leave your Go-devil under the big oak tree. We didn't get the garage cleared for you yet."

He ran the roadster to the spot indicated. There was no use covering it. It couldn't be wetter. No dew fell under the big tree.

"Girls been 'phonin' about that picnic tomorrow," old Ben's voice came to him rather plaintively. "Invited Mr. Calkins — an' even invited Thatch — so as to fill up your old little Go-devil an' have you drive for 'em in the big car."

"Thatch can drive them." Julian was coming down into the light. He spoke brusquely, ungraciously.

"Well, you wasn't here — an' that's what they wanted — to have you drive 'em," old Ben persisted. "It's all fixed up now, Jule. Guess you can't get out of it."

The old man, in shirt and trousers, continued to stand in the lighted doorway, his slippered feet set a little wide. The yard was still in wild disorder, where he had made hasty, slovenly preparation to receive them; some of the furniture standing out in it getting drenched with the dew. When he and Calkins arrived at noon, Julian's sleeping-tent had just been pitched, its cot got in and made. Uncle Ben said he had trouble getting help; but Estancio, the Spanish boy, had hung around Julian and carried things for him and waited on him. Estan was after the tip, of course. As Julian was going to his tent now old Ben called again:

"Something in a bowl on the table for you, covered so the cats wouldn't get at it."

"Thank you, Uncle Ben." But Julian went on into the tent, undressed and lay down. He had just reached out and snapped his light off when he heard shuffling footsteps crossing the yard toward him, and the old man spoke outside the tent curtains.

"Jule, boy," it was almost a whisper, "what did your mother send you up here for, 'stead of lettin' you go to Juneau?"

"Something I did." He had meant to be very quiet; but under old Ben's sympathetic eyes a heat flared up in him and made him say, "She knew I wanted to go to Alaska more that I ever wanted anything in my life. She just liked to hit me where it would hurt worst;" and then was a little ashamed of having spoken so.

"Uh-huh," Dye nodded. "Know how you feel. Boy o' your age — certain localities do call 'im. The north's called you — like it called your Uncle Tom."

Julian said nothing, and gazed steadily at the tent wall.

"See here, boy; does your mother scare you with talk about your Uncle Tom dying of consumption?"

"It doesn't scare me — particularly. She says a good deal about it."

"Well — " the old man broke off and frowned helplessly a minute, concluding with a bolt, "Look-a-here, Jule. You know your Uncle Tom an' me ran partners. He come to the Coast from Virginia on account of his lungs — that's true. But by the time I first knew him he was as sound and well a man as I was myself. Over six feet; black as a Mex. You've got the look of him."

Again he broke off.

Julian lay back on his pillows and waited. That was what his mother said: that he was like his Uncle Tom.

"Jule, I'm a-goin' to trust you, like I'd have trusted Tom himself; and I've trusted him with my life. I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin' that your mother's always kep' quiet." The old man came across and stood over him, looking down at him.

"My, but you're long! Six foot — ain't yuh? — an' not twenty yet! I could think 't was Tom himself, in this light. Tom, for all the world; them girls — out after ye a'ready. 'Minded me — Your uncle wasn't to say a ladies' man, Jule, but lemme tell you now, ever' woman's head would turn when he'd come into the room. He was the best kind of a man's man. If he drank — and he did, sometimes — I never seen him when he couldn't carry his liquor. If he lost at poker — everybody gambled more or less in Juneau, them days — he was a good loser." He shook his head a little. "Big, still, black feller — kep' everybody guessin', and done his own thinkin', an' said, 'Yes,' and 'No' . . . an' the world could fall while he stuck to it. Ah, Lord! I sure loved that man. I cried like a baby at his funeral."

He pulled up suddenly. Julian watched his face.

"Yuh see, his wife had went first; with a pore little baby that didn't live. I was the one that picked him up off'n her grave, stone dead. Your mother — you know how she is — wanted it hushed up, as collapse of the lungs. I didn't see as that was any harm; but if she's goin' to get you buffaloed about inheritin' consumption — well — that's different again."

"He didn't die of consumption? What killed him?" The little tent in the sheltered valley was very still. It was as though the night and the world drew back, finger on lip, hearkening for the answer to that question.

"A bullet from his own gun. He'd shot himself — on her grave."

At the words, it was as though Julian's flesh were suddenly illumined from head to foot; a flood of light that began in his very toes and finger ends, surged to his heart, welled up out of it and flowed over the whole world! He wasn't conscious till afterward of Uncle Ben's saying good night, of his answering and thanking the old man. More than once he said, "Thank you, Uncle Ben — thank you," as the old man got himself out of the tent, leaving Julian alone — with the great new Fact.

Lying there long, long in the dark, he saw what life might mean — with love. There must be something somewhere, that was his — intended for him — that he could seek and find.

Chapter II — Lynnie Willis

THE recollection that had gone with Julian into sleep — the remembrance of what old Ben had told him — was warm and vital at his heart, next day. If he only could have got away by himself with it — down the coast to Wolf Canyon, or into the hills at the head of the valley! But no, here was this bore of a beach party on hand.

After breakfast, there sounded, far down the road, the long, chittering whimper of an exhaust horn.

"Heh — she's after you early," Thatch called.

Julian glanced at his watch and started into the tent for his cap.

The car came to the gate below, and stopped noisily. Paula, behind the wheel, noting that Julian was making no haste, sounded the horn at him again; and Zoe Haslett, standing up, catching sight of his white flannels, began to hum, "Here comes the bride!"

As he slowly walked down the slope, he looked at them and past them. Siloam was glorious, with a light wind going under a blue sky; but these were not the people with whom he could share the gift of new life that had come to him. No, no; nothing which belonged to the old days was going to hold over with him. Somewhere, somehow, he would find his own.

"Hurry up, Jule!" Paula, an old silk dust cloak pulled on over her swimming gear, moved across and left the wheel for him. She took Zoe on her lap — Zoe still humming the wedding march, looking like a saucy small boy in her bathing-suit and scarlet cap. "Hurry, please; we've got all the rest of 'em to pick up."

Calkins came out on the porch and called good morning to them while Julian was getting in. A pleasant, round-faced, near-sighted, old-young man, he moved with a slight halt.

"We'll be at the beach ahead of you, then," he said. "Dye's going to stop at the garage and vulcanize a tire. I'll walk on down and make the fire."

"Awfully good of you," Zoe piped as Julian started up the ancient car.

They went from ranch to ranch, gathering the load Thatch had predicted; Julian had a sense of sympathy with the machine he drove; it was certainly a gallant old pile of junk; the way it staggered and moaned and managed to keep out of the ditch was a miracle.

Of the tanned, loud-talking young people who soon packed it, some belonged to the valley, others were down from Stanford and others from the San Vicente Normal for the Easter vacation. Finally they had five girls in the back of the machine, and four young fellows swinging on the running-board; talking all over him, he paying no attention except when they bawled directly at him. They were ready for the swim.

"For goodness' sake, Zoe! Nobody could drive with you falling on them like a ton of brick every three minutes. I'm furious if anyone touches me when I'm at the wheel. You'll make Julian wish he had gone in his own machine."

"Sure — why wouldn't he?" Benchy Prentiss yipped. Benchy's voice had two registers; one squeaked and the other roared. "Way [*Continued on page 44*]

A New Monroe Doctrine

by **Oliver Herford**

WHEN Old Doctor Monroe discovered and patented his famous anti-monarchical specific, warranted to prevent Effete Despotism, Imperialitis and Throne Trouble, why didn't he invent some equally Reliable Nostrum to check the epidemic of Old World names that was spreading like a blight of infantile paralysis among the thousands of husky young cities then springing up all over the United States? Rome, Syracuse, Troy, Thebes, Memphis, Ithaca, and a host of others, names dark and ill, ominous to chubby young cities with no evil traditions to live down to, staining their bright banners with bloody blots and black bars of sinister tradition where should only be the golden stars and crimson bars of freedom.

Indian names such as Oshkosh and Kankakee were to be had ready-made for the asking; but they were few and for the most part too grotesque and Asiatic sounding for the liking of a serious-minded young republic just starting out in the city-raising business.

But it is no easy task to find new names for cities, above all names that are euphonious, and the last place one would expect to find them is the Medical Dictionary. The names of diseases? And why should that deter us? If a Rose by any other name will smell as sweet, surely a Rose with any other smell will at least look and sound as pretty. Good Doctor Watts (or was it Mr. Wesley?) when adapting music-hall song tunes for his new hymn-book answered his critics by exclaiming, "Why should the devil have all the best tunes!"

Why, indeed! And by the same token, why should the Diseases have all the prettiest sounding names?

Try one on your city and see if you don't like it.

Has not Dyspepsia, Maine, an austere dignity about it that no old-world city name could possibly confer?

Neurasthenia, Kansas, on the other hand, brings up visions of shady sidewalks, pleasant gardens, and glimpses through slender trees, of a sun-kissed river. If your doctor should prescribe for you mountain air and outdoor exercise would you not instantly buy a ticket to Colic, Vermont? What more catchy name than Measles, Illinois, or Diphtheria, Wisconsin? Stripped of medical association there is scarcely a name in all the *materia medica* that is wholly lacking in euphonistic charm.

Why not bring the matter before a Special Session of Congress? Anything is better than Persepolis and Pekin—even Tonsilitis, Missouri.

Four Cylinders and Twelve

By a Brand New Author,

Leon Kelley

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

MAX Finkelstein and Rose Kirschbaum and Herman Lichtman all lived in a small town on Long Island, some twenty-five miles out of New York, and they each lived there for a different reason.

The quaint, shady town had copied enough characteristics of the big city — such as electric lights, running water and good train service! — to attract Gothamites who could afford, or pretended they could afford, a summer home. It lay only a few miles from a seaside resort reputed to be exclusive, though really not exclusive at all. One of its proudest summer homes was owned by Max Finkelstein's father. Barney Finkelstein, stockbroker and bull trader, furthermore owned, among other things, a winter home on Riverside Drive, and a big twelve-cylinder car in which Max burnt up the Long Island countryside o' summer nights, after his much-less-than-eight-hour day in the New York offices.

Max himself was tall and lean, with an insipid mustache, and shoulders falling aft in a more or less becoming dancer's droop. His general mien hinted at dissipation. Max had slick hair and a way with the girls, and wore many diamonds.

The quaint, shady town also attracted Gothamites who were down and out. Here they could snugly await some turn of chance which might take them back to live among the gay lights. And so it had attracted Rose Kirschbaum. Rose and her stout, fretful mother had taken a comfortable bungalow after Mr. Kirschbaum had died, leaving them a pinching income from his small Sixth Avenue dry-goods business, now being run on the percentage basis by Mrs. Kirschbaum's brother Julius.

Rose was a slender, frivolous girl, dark-eyed and black-haired. Her great passion was for dancing and singing, and she was "dead sure" that only her mother separated her from a glorious footlight career. (Mrs. Sadie Kirschbaum's Rosie should go on that stage when there was a little money left yet? She should better see about getting herself a good husband!) A monthly commutation ticket to New York, retained when possible in the summer, unfailingly during the winter season, was Rose's most cherished possession. So far as she was concerned, the quaint, shady town was a place good enough to sleep in!

And lastly, by way of introduction, among its rich and poor alike, there dwelt in this town a horde of theatre-goers — movie fans! That was why Herman Lichtman lived there. Herman owned and managed The Palace, capacity five hundred, admission ten cents, pictures changed daily, matinee and vaudeville Saturdays.

Herman was a rather short, rugged man, seemingly older than his actual years, slightly marked by the continuing burden of supporting since boyhood his careworn mother and his paralytic father. Herman, too, had been a New Yorker until a suave real estate agent had sold him that golden opportunity, The Palace. At first a losing proposition, Herman Lichtman's diligence and keen wits had built it into a flourishing money-maker.

In fact, Herman owned one of those first signs of prosperity, a second-hand automobile — a roadster. As compared to Max Finkelstein's twelve-cylinder car, it had only four cylinders, and could do only forty when pushed to its gasping limit, instead of ninety. But Herman was every bit as proud of his four as Max was of his twelve; and in his spare moments he polished its brass trimmings and washed down its scratched metal body with the consummate care and affection of a pawnbroker fondling his collection of odds and ends.

Above his mother, The Palace and his four-cylinder, the conscientious Herman reared only one idol supreme — Rosie Kirschbaum, whom he worshiped dreamily from afar with as much secret ardor as any Shakespearian lover.

Rosie was the liveliest person in the livest little circle in the liveliest place on the beach

Toward the end of a bright, June afternoon, Herman Lichtman drove his four-cylinder into Pearl Street and stopped before the Kirschbaum bungalow. He raced the motor with a final flourish and hurried to the porch where Mrs. Kirschbaum sat largely behind the screens, rocking to and fro vigorously.

"Hello, Hymie," Mrs. Kirschbaum smiled blandly. "Just like a millionaire he comes. That t'eatre bus'ness must be getting good!"

"Hello, Missus Kirschbaum!" Herman ignored her flattery as a customary trifle. "Where's Rosie?"

"Rosie? She's upstairs dressing yet. That girl — she 's always going, and never stops. At twelve she got up today and went to New York to get a new hat so she can stay out late tonight again. She's getting swell, Hymie. My Rosie will be in fine society yet — you see!"

"Oh, she goin' out? Now ain't that too bad! I wanted she'd ride over to the beach and go to my grand opening tonight. I ain't been over to see Rosie and you lately because I'm so busy getting ready.

One face in the dark was happy

Say, I've got seven reels of latest feature pictures out in the car now. You didn't *know*, Missus Kirschbaum! I'm opening a new theatre on the boardwalk down there tonight. Some day I'll have a chain of them all over Long Island!"

"Tonight! — a grand opener? — *your* t'eatre, Hymie? Some day you'll be rich like Max Finkelstein maybe!"

"Huh?"

"You know, Hymie — the rich broker's son that only lives here in the summer?" Mrs. Kirschbaum glanced cautiously over her spectacles. "Hymie, I guess Rosie couldn't go tonight."

"You said Max Finkelstein!" Herman said suspiciously.

"Yes, positif! Tonight he takes Rosie to dance again. Oh, she's getting right in it, Hymie. Tonight makes three times already."

At that point they were interrupted by Rosie herself, emerging from the house as crisp and fragrant as a newblown flower just bathed in dew. She wore a blue diaphanous dress and her dark eyes sparkled.

"Hello, Herman — stranger," she said, frankly shaking Herman's extended hand. She glanced toward the street, eyes twinkling mischievously, and added: "In your foolish four?"

"Same bus," Herman said weakly, reddening. Rosie laughed; Mrs. Kirschbaum coughed loudly and eyed Rosie reprovingly. "Now don't she look great, Missus Kirschbaum? Want to take a ride to the beach, Rosie?"

"Sure — Hymie opens up a new t'eatre *am* boardwalk," Mrs. Kirschbaum explained impressively. "Ain't that *fine*, Rosie? Tonight it begins and he has seven rolls movies to take down!"

"Splen-did, Herman!" Rosie exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"Next door the Princeps Hotel. You know. I called it the Bijou. The Palace on Main Street will go on just the same. The Bijou is for summer only — nothing doing down on the beach in winter. Go down and see it with me, Rosie?"

"Not now, I couldn't, Herman. Some other time. It's too late. At eight Max will call for me."

"Huh?"

"Max Finkelstein. Some car he has, Herman — twelve cylinders and all, and goes like anything. Some crowd he travels with, too. Some speed! He's a good friend, too — a good spender, Herman!"

"It's easy to spend," Herman objected caustically.

"But, Herman — he treats everybody — and everybody says what a good sport he is!"

"No wonder they do — that's why!"

"What, Herman?"

"Nothing." Herman drummed on the screen netting. "Come on, Rosie. I didn't see you so long that I've got some things to say over to you. We can grab a bite and be back by eight. Would you, Rosie — please?"

"Go ahead, Rosie!" Mrs. Kirschbaum urged. "Go with Hymie for a ride to the beach, huh? He's so busy he can't come to see us much."

"Oh, I get enough riding!"

"Hymie shows you the new show t'eatre. Some day he will run over Long Island a chain. Then he'll be getting married to some nice girl. Am I right, Hymie?" She shook her finger slyly. Rosie glowered.

"Ma, then you'll have to eat supper alone," Rosie suggested.

"I should care yet. You don't worry how much I eat alone in the morning when you stay in bed. You don't worry winter nights about your *mutter* when you never come home until that last train and sometimes all alone, and I have to eat all the *lockschen* that I made for you! *Go* with Hymie, Rosie. Go *on* and don't be *foo*-lish. Eight o'clock you're back already to meet Max."

"Oh, all right then! Wait a minute, Herman."

When they were alone again, Mrs. Kirschbaum fired a round or two of steel-head sympathy at Herman, who jambed his pudgy fists into his trousers pockets, pressed his snubby nose against the screening and scowled at his four-cylinder, disappointed and hurt. When Rosie came out, wearing a saucy looking straw hat, Herman shook himself into a more presentable mood.

As Herman's car went off in a splurge of sound, Mrs. Kirschbaum wagged her head sideways and said softly to herself: "*Ach* such *kinder!* Such a fine boy, too. If only he was rich, like Max. Ugh! that skinny Max!"

At the beach Herman proudly showed Rosie into the Bijou, gloriously swelling its four stories of fresh brickwork and pressed-metal front to the boardwalk and the open sea beyond. A thick brass rail led past a marble ticket window. A heavy carpet ushered their footsteps to the row of swinging doors, from behind the glass panels of which there peeped silk curtains.

"It's fine, Herman—*fine!*" Rosie cried excitedly. "Has it all over the old Palace, hasn't it? You must be making money, Herman." She laughed. "What do you do with it all?"

"I have to be careful, Rosie. I'm taking it all on my shoulders. It looks big, but if it don't make a success I'm in the soup for fair — I'm positively ruined."

"Well, you could go out and dance a little, anyhow."

"Ah, Rosie — dance! You like it. I don't care so much — I don't dare *let* myself care. I don't have the time. I have to *make* money, not spend it, like Max Finkelstein. His *father* makes it."

"Herman, you don't know anything about Max. He's in partnership with his father. Sometimes they make thousands in one day. They *must* because he told me so!"

Herman sighed. What else could he do? "Look, Rosie, inside here. See — big seats — nice and comf'table. For down front there I have hired a ten pieced orchestra, first class number one, and next summer maybe I'll get a pipe organ, if bus'ness is good!"

Herman left the seven reels of motion picture prints in the Bijou's orderly little office, in charge of a well-dressed young fellow whom he introduced to Rosie as: "Looie, manager of the Bijou when I ain't here." He instructed Louis to start the show at eight fifteen sharp, whether he had returned to the beach or not. Then Rosie and he went from the boardwalk down to the street and into the grillroom of the Princeps Hotel, where they were served amid the chattering of diners' voices, the clattering of dishes, the flattery of waiters, and the crooning of a small Hawaiian orchestra

When they had eaten, the orchestra started to play a seductive fox-trot and several summery couples floated about a small dance floor in the center of the low room.

Rosie instantly began to sway her lithe body, almost unconsciously. "Dance, Herm?" she begged.

The lights flashed up, the music stopped, and amid uproarious applause, Rosie was presented with the big silver cup

"What is it — a fox-trot? I can't," Herman told her.

"Ah, come on."

"It's nearly eight. Anyhow, you'll dance enough tonight with — with Max Finkelstein."

"Just one, Herman. We have time. We haven't danced so long."

"All right."

Herman stiffly led Rosie between the tables and they mingled with the other dancers. Herman danced with an awkward, self-conscious step — Rosie with the pretty grace of a nodding black-eyed Susan. They presently collided with several of the other couples and fell out of step, so that long before the orchestra had finished the piece, Rosie stopped short.

"Gee, I can't dance with you," she said. "What's the matter with you, Herman?"

They walked back to their table. In confusion, Herman paid his bill and they went outside to where he had parked his four-cylinder. They got in and started home, silently.

"It's too bad I couldn't dance. It's all the practice," Herman said lamely, strangling the four's thin steering wheel in agitation. "I like it. Do you think I don't, Rosie? Don't you think I got some life, too — like other fellers? I wish I could dance nice, only so I could dance with you all the time. You know *that*, Rosie!"

Rosie stared at the meagre play of the four's headlights on the smooth boulevard ahead, and listened to the irregular sputter of its exhaust in the rear. Herman's earnestness reminded her of many scenes of their friendship of the past.

"Rosie — how much do you care about this Max and his crowd?"

"You make me sick. What's the difference to you, Herman?"

"Rosie — ple-e-ease! How many times did I say how much I like you!"

"I've heard you *say* how much, yes — but I never saw you do anything to prove it!"

"Rosie! Why do you think all this time I work, work, work, day in and night in?"

"So you can get rich, I suppose, like the rest!"

"Well, don't *you* like rich men, Rosie?"

Rosie flounced in her seat. A vagrant grin, which admitted the truth in his reasoning, crept unwillingly to her lips.

Suddenly Herman's car coughed, sputtered, jerked, and then came to a dead halt in the middle of the road, directly and conspicuously beneath a glaring boulevard lamp. Herman looked at Rosie in vacant surprise; Rosie looked at Herman with petulant fire in her eyes.

"What now?" she said dangerously.

Herman scrambled out of his seat; lifted the greasy bonnet and felt around the hot motor here and there; adjusted the switch — reaching timidly under the dash past Rosie's dainty ankles and slippers; cranked and cranked, until exhausted; and then stood beside the balky four-cylinder, face perspiring, gazing in chagrin at the inflamed Rosie.

"It won't go!" he announced lugubriously.

"Herman Lichtman—what time is it?"

"A quarter past" — looking at his watch.

"Eight?"

"No — three A. M." — with sarcasm

"Don't get fresh, Mister Smarty. Supposing Max Finkelstein shouldn't wait. I think it's a put-up job!"

"Rosie! Honest it ain't. What can *I* do? It won't *go*, I tell you!"

[*Continued on page 54*]

Why I Am No Longer a Pacifist

by Ernest Poole

(*of The Vigilantes*)

HERE is an article for this hour, written by a man with profound convictions — one who has not been ashamed to tell the brief story of his change of heart. Ernest Poole wrote "The Harbor," that big, vital book of New York. He has vision, he has ideas. We wish every pacifist in the country would read what he here has to say

THREE years ago I did not believe that any real good could come from war Now I feel sure that there will emerge out of the agony and death of these dark years a larger life for humanity, with an advance in democracy and international accord such as might not have come to the world for many generations without this mighty shock of war. And this belief I know is held by millions of social democrats and other radicals here and abroad, who felt as I did three years ago.

I wish some of those Americans who attack the pacifists here could know that over in Europe at least a third of the men who are serving in the trenches and in work behind the lines were pacifists before the war; that Hervé and Thomas, in France, and Lloyd George, in England, were attacked as pacifists at the start, and that the same passion and purpose in life that made these men pacifists have made them ardent leaders now in this war for democracy. Their followers are millions, and of these I am but one. But since in a sense I might be called typical of all the rest, it is interesting to try to explain what has caused this change in me. It is not easy in these days of stress and strain, here in Washington, to think out such a question to the end — for it goes deep into the life I have lived, and it is always difficult to tell the truth about one's self. Still, I shall do the best I can; for if we are to keep silent until everything is clear as day, it may be long before the dawn.

I was a pacifist in the sense that I was intensely opposed to war. But I was not against the use of force. When I left college and went to live in New York in a settlement down on the Lower East Side, within a year I came to feel that the people in the tenements who suffer such vast and needless wrongs must work out their own salvation. Others might be able to help them, but the main part must be their own. And in their ceaseless struggle for happier and ampler lives, one of their greatest weapons was force. I witnessed many strikes those days. In the strike some thirteen years ago in the Chicago stock yards, though I went as a correspondent I stayed on as a volunteer publicity man for the union, and what I saw in those August weeks only deepened my belief in strikes. But I was against violence. I believed in the force of folded arms.

Then in the autumn of 1904, just on the eve of the great attempt at a revolution in Russia, Catherine Breshkovsky came over to America. I had some long talks with her and was able to help in some degree in presenting her message here. Her message was to this effect: that the only hope of making Russia a free and liberal nation lay in revolution by force.

I went to Russia a few months later, as *Outlook* correspondent, and found I could be of use here and there in the work of the revolutionists. I was only twenty-four at the time, and what I saw of the Russian uprising — so tremendous in its dreams, so tragic in its failure — was the great experience of my youth, and widened my whole point of view to that of world democracy.

I was for revolution, but against war. For I came to feel, as a socialist, that the hope of the common mass of mankind lay in their measureless might when united not only in nations but throughout the world; and that war, which started the masses to slaughtering each other for purposes of little avail to their future common good, was the principal obstacle in the way of realizing the ideal set forth in the Communist Manifesto:

"Workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have a world to gain!"

I became an internationalist. And although over here in our country there was at that time no militarist movement for radicals such as I to oppose, I became a warm admirer of the anti-militarist movement in France. Hervé and his fellow writers on their paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, became heroes in my eyes and martyr adventurers in a great cause.

I remember a visit my wife and I paid to their office in Paris, up in a few bare attic rooms. I wanted to see two comrades there, but was told that they were out. One had just been sent to prison and the other had fled from France. Arthur Bullard, a close friend of mine, was an even more ardent supporter of theirs. It was only about ten years ago that he stood with a dozen Frenchmen near the Arc de Triomphe on the Quatorze Juillet and shouted, "*A bas l'armee!*" at the advancing columns of troops marching back from Longchamps. A moment later, this little group was the interesting center of as frenzied gendarmes as even Paris can display. But times have changed, and Bullard today is here in this room where I write, doing publicity work for the war — while over in France, Hervé and his comrades are among the most active patriots who believe that unless the autocracy of Prussia is now swept away there is but grim hope for democracy.

BUT to return to my own case. When the war began I was confused, the ground all knocked from under me. For a world had revealed itself to my eyes that gave little assurance of anything but bitterness and chaos and other wars in the years ahead. Most of all was I disturbed by the failure of the socialists to rise against their governments. The call of his country to each one had driven all of them insane. At least, so it appeared to me. For what possible good could come out of war? How could it do anything but harm to the common cause for which we had been working? The German social democrats seemed to me to be most to blame. And as for other Germans I knew, I soon heard views that amounted almost to exultation in the prospect of what loomed ahead.

I recall a long talk I had with a German friend who was on his way home to fight. I remember his eulogy of war and of all it could do for a nation. In vain I argued against him and spoke of substitutes for war — of our tremendous labors here in the conquest of a continent, of the vast adventures of our engineers, of digging canals and bridging wide rivers, of tunneling mountains and watering deserts. I urged that such tasks were better than war to keep up the stamina of the race. I remember quoting William James and his idea of an army of peace. But my friend from Berlin smiled at that. There must be blood and guns, he said, to bring out the iron in men's souls. Without war every generation or two, the human race would sink to decay.

Those were chaotic days for me. I was finishing my book, "The Harbor," and I threw into it some sense of the confusion in my mind. But I wanted to face this spectre, War, and see exactly what it was like; and so when I had finished my book, I went over to Germany. Even then I felt that my pacifist friends would do well to see closer that which they decried. Just as a socialist friend of mine once took a position in a bank because he said that at least one socialist in the world ought to have a good look at the enemy, so I went over to Germany and got to the front-line trenches; and there I had a look at war in all its grim perfection.

And I was given a great surprise. For in that scene of ruin, mud and drenching rain, of the crash and boom and rattle of guns, and of endless columns of tiny men and wagons crawling over the land, I had it borne in upon me that for miles in every direction these numberless moving specks of men were working and fighting and dying, each without a thought for himself. On this side it was Germany, and on the other it was France — but on neither side was it Myself. Here was sacrifice on a scale that I had never seen in peace, and here were cooperation and comradeship of brothers in arms.

"War is hell!" That had been my idea. But I found it was more than that. In a strange grim manner that life has of springing surprises on a man, I was shown that the thing I had hated was in some ways on a higher plane than was the peace I had extolled. On the other hand, in field hospitals and dressing-stations along the front, I saw the human cost of it all; and in Belgium I was shown what our Prussian staff officer described as "interesting shell fire" — scores of ghastly villages where the houses were in ruins and a few old men and women and children glared at the *boches* as we swept through. I saw the bread lines and listened to tales of the hideous underside of war.

And I reached home with the beginning of a conviction in my mind that this relentless Prussian system of autocracy must be destroyed, that these German people must be free in order that others might be secure. I still had hopes, however, that the German socialists would rise in revolution. And so, soon after my return, I helped to send a radical friend abroad to go all through the German and Austrian empires, especially to the industrial centers, in search of symptoms of revolt. I had made a somewhat similar search, from the Polish frontier to Belgium, but with no success whatever. His search was no more successful than mine. And so in time I came to feel that this job would have to be done by war.

Then as months passed I saw what war was doing for France and England, the new social ideals and visions and the drastic methods of cooperation which the demands of this mighty combat were forcing upon the governments there, while infusing the hearts and minds of the people with the idea of comradeship and universal service — service in a cause world-wide. And with this I compared our peace over here. We were getting very fat and rich, and the contrast was confusing. Were we, by keeping out of this struggle, merely growing money-gross?

But the issue was not yet clear to me. To join with France and England? Yes. But with Russia? There the trouble lay. For I had seen too much of the Holy Russian Autocracy to believe that any good could come out of the aims and purposes of the Allies, with Russia one of their great ones. Here was the same government against which my friends in Russia had fought and by which they had been sent to die by thousands in Siberia. How could such a government champion democracy? The scant news that came to America spoke of a growing Russian unrest, but I saw little reason to hope for revolution there. Catherine Breshkovsky, the heroic old woman leader of the cause of Russian freedom, wrote me only last Christmas from the Siberian village to which she had been banished for life:

"I wonder how long humanity will suffer all the wrongs this same history is crowding over its heads? The tortures our people experience are over all descriptions. Only the hope of better future gives force to support them."

And that hope seemed very far away.

THEN came the peace note of our President, and in reply from Germany their submarine defiance of the entire civilized world. And as our relations rapidly drew toward the breaking point, I went to my pacifist friends in the hope of discovering some means by which our dispute with Germany could be settled without war. But they seemed to me so determined to prevent war at any cost that they gave little real thought to the question of what was at stake across the sea. War was bad in *any* cause. That was their contention.

And then while I was [*Continued on page 67*]

"Being Wicked"

A Love Story

by

Leila Burton Wells

Illustrations by Fanny Munsell

She knew in a minute that he was the man

IT began this way. She went one day to one of those places where girls tell stories they think are naughty, and talk about men they think they know, and drink Orange Pekoe tea, because they think it's good. In this company a complaint was registered. It had to do with men — by way of variety. Every little fluffy-skirted, narrow-hatted young lady there, affirmed and reaffirmed, that the reason she didn't marry, and wouldn't marry, and couldn't fall in love, was that she never met any "nice men." She knew there were nice men in the world, for she saw them hurrying home from business at night in the subways, and elevated trains and surface cars, and even on the streets; but they didn't go into society where she could meet them.

This socialistic protest against "things as they are and ought never to be" was so vehemently applauded and subscribed to by every lady present, that it gave Her the idea for a story. Now the worst thing about her is, that she always has an eye out for a story, and you're never sure when she's getting them! She is liable without compunction of any sort, to pick one up at a (to you) most sacred moment; for she declares she must have a grain of truth to begin on, though where the grain is when she gets through it would puzzle anyone to say. . . . But to revert. She *did* get an idea for a story. It was to be called by the name of the heading of this page, for this is really all about it, and the reason She is not writing it, is because of "the fatal fiasco."

Because of this same fiasco she swears that she would "perish rather than indite one line;" and this confidence having been imparted to me, as her best friend, one evening when we were seated before the fire, I undertook to wager that I could write the yarn myself in three hours' time! She bet I couldn't. Well, of course being a mere man, I'll have to pay no matter who wins.

You see, it all came to her in a minute while she was sipping the Orange Pekoe tea — the idea of a young society girl, so ardently in pursuit of the "nice man never met" that in pure desperation she determined to speak to one of the er — creatures who had deigned to find her slim little feet, and slim little shoulders, and slick little head attractive on the street — Hold on, there seems to be something wrong with that sentence!

Where was I? Oh, yes. . . . The trouble with her great idea was that she wasn't sure what "they" said when they spoke to a girl on the street — the whole *modus operandi* of the thing. For, in spite of living all by herself down around Washington Square where all of her kind think it is incorrect not to live, she is possessed of a New England conscience, and, though she is a free thinker, because of the N. E. conscience, she is a conservative actor. And she solemnly affirms that she had never done anything but drop her eyes to the pavement before the most attractive man in the world — up to the time the great idea came into her head. She asked a few men of her acquaintance what a man would say in the circumstances, hoping to get the necessary data for the tale without appreciable effort; but they all affirmed that they didn't know because they had never *done* it! and so it looked blue for the story. But suddenly she decided to tell the N. E. conscience to go 'way back and sit down, while she went out and got realistic material, as any artist would — by experience. She told the conscience soothingly that she just intended to be the "least tiniest bit" wicked — just go a few steps of the way and find out, and then — stop! She knew herself pretty well, and she knew men pretty well, and she thought she could manage any man in creation pretty well, too.

Of course, she had noticed men "noticing" her on the street — she couldn't tell how many times — and all she had to do was to select a nice one and begin. As it happened, (and I suppose it always does happen that way) from that time on she passed oodles of men on the street every day, and some of them looked at her and she looked at all of them, and she couldn't find one she was quite sure was, er — nice enough.

Now this is the way it happened. It was about half-past five, and she was hurrying home. She preferred to take the Fifth Avenue 'bus as an aid to locomotion, but for motives of economy was in the habit of getting on the Sixth Avenue L, and getting off at Bleecker Street, and thence hurrying discreetly to her home. On the day it happened she had on a little brown suit with a high ruff of fur that went up to her very nose, and a tight little fur hat crowded down on her gray eyes, and as she stopped on the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue to get a newspaper, she was suddenly conscious of a man who stood beside her. She didn't lift her eyes to him at all, but she said she was "conscious" of him, whatever that means. She put down her penny and took the *Evening Journal* and saw him fling down his and take the *Evening Sun*. She said that though she didn't look at him at all, she knew all the time the man was looking at her. And because she knew he was looking at her, she turned hastily toward the Elevated steps, and the man also turned, keeping close to her. She was "conscious" of this, too, she said.

She mounted the steps as quickly as she could with her high-heeled shoes, and he kept right on beside her, as if he were bent on passing. However, he did *not* pass. At the turn of the stairs, he touched her arm — accidentally! — and lifted his hat, saying, "I beg your pardon . . ." and then she looked at him.

She said that she knew in a minute that he was *the man*. I asked her how she knew, and she replied, that "he looked big and Western, as if he could shoulder the world out of his way," and, though I hate to question her veracity, I must say that I run across the fellow nearly every day of my life and have never yet seen — but I suppose I would not be considered a fair judge — under the circumstances. She was right about one point, though. He *was* Western.

She says that she knew in a minute that he *liked* her. She said she knew it because she became "more" conscious of him, even though she hurried on without another look. She could feel his eyes on her narrow little back, and she said she felt embarrassed and "fluttery" inside. The train was sliding in and throwing out its previous occupants just as she reached the coin window. She opened her purse, and her powder vanity-box and some papers and some samples and I don't know what else, got in her way, so that in spite of a most desperate fishing, the bells rang and gates began to clang before she could get her hand down in the bottom of her purse where she expected to find a nickel. And because it was so necessary for her to catch this particular train, why — when the man held out a brown hand with some tickets above the glass box, murmuring, "I have two — if — you will allow me," she just bent her head in acknowledgment, and they rushed together through the gates into one of the cars.

She hadn't intended to do it, she says. It just seemed to do itself. Of course, the car was full; they always are. And there were a lot of almost men who didn't care a hang about gray eyes, and sullenly refused to offer their seats; so she had to reach for a strap, and she felt humiliated about it, too, for she had on an elbow-sleeved waist and short gloves; and quite a gap of bare arm showed between her coat-sleeve and the top of the glove. This was an awkward moment for any wrist, and she felt she was taking an unfair advantage of it, especially as she saw the man looking. So she let go the strap and, fortunately or unfortunately, lost her balance and lurched against the front of the nearest coat. . . . She flushed and murmured, "I *beg* your pardon," and then for some reason she looked up into his eyes.

It was one of those looks anyone who knows her would recognize in a minute. He, poor fellow, wasn't prepared for it, and to plagiarize her word, it made him feel infernally "fluttery" inside, too. So fluttery that the train had rushed by a few dozen blocks before he managed to say, "I hope you haven't hurt yourself." She shook her head, and while she was shaking it, someone got up and gave her a seat. The man moved over and stood in front of her, hanging to a strap. A thought struck her; she began to fumble in her purse. After a minute, she found the lost nickel. She showed it to him.

"I'm very much obliged," she said politely. "Please let me return — this." She held it out between her thumb and forefinger.

The man looked at the nickel and got very red. He muttered something that sounded like "Don't mention it," and waved the nickel back. Up to this moment she had not absolutely decided to carry her scheme through. She didn't know whether she *could*.

Of course, she knew that the kind of girl she was pretending to be wouldn't give back a nickel, and — and. . . . She glanced to right and left to see if the frightful wickedness going on was being observed, and then with a superhuman effort, she burned her bridges behind her and calmly put the nickel back in her purse. She considered this an irrevocable step on the downward path, and the man evidently considered it so, too; for she said his manner changed at once.

"Changed?" I demanded curiously. "Changed in what way?" She replied that he seemed more at ease and more arrogant. I protested the last adjective, saying that I didn't see why he should seem more arrogant or what he had to be arrogant about — yet. She didn't, either, she said; but he was. She said he sat down when one of the occupants of the seats on either side of her got up — sat very close to her and talked about silly things. I asked *what* silly things, and she said it didn't matter; she couldn't remember

And the Western man, leaning over, said, "And I was so down on my luck to think that nobody in this blamed town cared whether I lived or died that I—that I . . ."

them, but they were silly. They were so silly that she was startled when they reached the Fourteenth Street station, and jumped quickly to her feet, for she had decided not to go on to Bleecker Street; she did not, under any consideration, want this — this "bounder" to know where she lived.

The minute she got up, the man arose, too, and perforce they hurried side by side to the platform and down the Elevated steps. He actually dared to put his hand under her arm to keep her from falling. She said he "felt" nice and strong and seemed to consider this worth detailing, though to me, I must admit, it seems immaterial. When they got down into the street with the crowd jostling around them and the lights beckoning up and down, she murmured something about having to go home. He echoed the word "home" in consternation.

"Home!" he repeated with as much horror as if he were declaiming murder. "Home at *this* hour! Why, look here, — I can't lose you like this." He stretched out his hand as if to forcibly prevent her contemplated flight, and there was an awkward moment of silence while she looked downward at her little gaitered feet, and he struggled with some unuttered words. . . .

When the silence had lasted much too long and was becoming embarrassing, he stammered something about being "awfully lonely," and then after a few moments' hesitation, said, "Come and have — dinner with me." He stammered a little over the "dinner," for some reason, and just as she was opening her mouth to return a very decided "No," he added a "please" in such a "nice" tone that — well, she says it was a tone that would have made any woman hesitate, "strong and yet gentle;" and he looked strong and gentle, too. She ceased to be a proper heroine right then and there. *She went!*

The man hailed a passing taxi, gave the name to the driver and helped her in. It all happened very quickly, she says, or she would have "demurred" at the taxi. She said the minute she got into the taxi, she knew she should have "demurred," for her heart was turning somersaults in her throat, and there was a terrible air of intimacy in the taxi. She realized in a minute she was doing a "perfectly awful thing," and she thought of her dead father and mother and of her New England ancestry, and many other sacred things; and she determined if the man was impertinent by so much as the quiver of an eyelash to — to — but he wasn't! He just sat very gravely in the corner of the vehicle, and stared straight ahead, and while she was deciding which speech of the several she was turning over in her mind would be the most becoming in which to clothe her determination *not* to go to dinner at all — the taxi slid up to a sidewalk where a lighted portal gleamed.

THE man opened the door and jumped out. She glanced at the electrically-lighted sign over the doorway, and saw it was a place to which she had often come with parties but never with a man alone! She was in what the vulgar might call a blue funk, by this time, and sat staring mutely at the hand the man was holding out to help her alight. She said she would have drawn back even at this eleventh hour; she was all *ready* to draw back when the porter at the door of the restaurant advanced, and there seemed nothing for her to do but step out, and "demur" later. It was the dignified thing to do, and she did it.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. From that time on, she affirms, she found herself in a seeming "dream state," acting without her own volition. This alien yet convenient volition carried her complacently beside the man into an open door, waited for him while he checked his hat and coat, and propelled her after him along a hall into a big room where there were many tables around a dancing square, and much music and laughter.

A waiter advanced — and instantly they were steered to a little table in a corner pushed well back against a wall. The table had two chairs tip-tilted against its sides. The waiter quickly righted these, and still acting with somebody's else's volition, she found herself sinking down into one of them. The waiter stood ready with a pad, the bill-of-fare was handed to her companion, and glancing over it, he said in a matter-of-fact sort of voice, "What will you have?"

She says that never until that instant had she realized what she was doing. She solemnly assures me that this was the very first moment that the thought that she would be compelled to eat this strange man's dinner had approached her mentality. She says, in a nebulous sort of way, the idea of "being wicked" had floated around her, and it had seemed exciting and adventurous — and necessary, under the circumstances; it had just meant going into a restaurant and — and all that. Not — not eating a strange man's food — not letting him *pay* for it! — not being under *obligation* to him! She assures me that if it had not been for the waiter, then and there she would have "made a scene." And nothing in heaven or earth would have made her stay if she hadn't seen that, in spite of everything, her companion was a gentleman. He was also, she says, the kind of man she "liked." He was tall and dark and had "twinkly brown eyes" and an "iron jaw" and the "nicest hands" . . . .

I was getting pretty sick of feminine psychology by this time, and I told her so. I also informed her I wasn't going to hoodwink the reader any longer on this subject. So between you and me, whoever you are who are reading this, just take the "extra" that she's put before "ordinary" away and you'll have kodaked the man in a minute. A million like him in any American city. . . .

But to return. She says that while she was pulling off her gloves, the man was fingering his cigarette-case, and after a moment's hesitation he handed it across to her. She didn't smoke because of the N. E. conscience, but she knew in a minute that to get any data, it was an absolutely essential thing to do; so, trying to look just as dreadfully and carelessly wicked as she possibly could, she took one of the white things between her fingers and put it into her mouth. He struck a match and held it for her. The little red flame flared between their faces. . . .

SHE says she had the strangest feeling then, a feeling as if she had known him a long time instead of only a half hour; and the funniest part was that she felt that he *knew* that she felt that way, and she remembered something very interesting she had once read about reincarnation, and was just making a mental note of her determination to investigate the subject further, when he glanced away from her as quickly as if he had been detected in a theft, and began to talk about the war and other every-day subjects. . . . He told her a lot of things about himself, as he had come on from Chicago to make an important business deal with a man who was crossing from the other side, but that the steamer had been late in docking, and that he had been hanging around waiting for three days. He didn't know anyone in New York and thought it was a "slow old town — after Chicago!" This sacrilegious remark so horrified her that she allowed herself to get into quite an argument with him. She realized that she should not have condescended to argue with a man who had — with *such* a man, but she just couldn't help it. For she says she might have been sitting talking to one of her own acquaintances so far as getting any material for the story was concerned. The conversation and everything else had been quite barren of "copy." Something must surely be wrong. Was it possible that Being Wicked had always such a condensed-milk flavor? The light from the little pink candle-shade on the table fell on the man's face as he talked and she had to make a concentrated mental effort to believe that he was "what she *knew* he was."

She glanced around the room. It was a bit noisier than the places she was accustomed to going to, but the people seemed much the same. The exhibition dancers in the center of the room were going through the same old evolutions. . . . She looked across at her companion and asked a question. She had taken off her coat, and her thin chiffon waist fell away from her young throat. Her big, childish eyes were wistful. He seemed surprised at her question.

"I don't know what you mean by 'Do I always do it this way?' " he said. "Do *what* this way?"

She looked up and down and then made a little gesture with her hand that mussed the forks at her place. "Say the same things to — them — " she made patterns on the table-cloth with her finger.

"Say the same things — to whom?" He was puzzled. "To whom?" he repeated, raising his eyebrows.

"To — to — the girls you take out — take out *this way*, I mean." Her eyes were downcast.

He hesitated. Pondered. Looked at her, smiled and then hazarded, "Do you — to the men?"

As she opened her mouth indignantly, the waiter came and put down some oysters. . . . She looked at them and felt the blood slowly mount to her cheek. And she realized for the first time that there are oysters and oysters. These were *his* oysters. Up to this moment she had never thought that it made any difference to whom oysters belonged. She found out her mistake. It did. The difference made her feel quite faint. She says each oyster felt like "liquid vitriol" as it slipped down her throat, for you see she was compelled to — to eat because of the waiter standing by, and the most excruciating part of the whole performance was that there was silence — a queer, intimate sort of silence. She thought of a hundred things to say but couldn't find one. She kept making noiseless discards, until the silence was so unpleasant that in sheer embarrassment she stammered out:

"I thought — I thought — this was a very *gay* sort of place."

The man was in the act of squeezing some lemon over his oysters and he let his eye wander appraisingly over the room. "Gay?" he repeated questioningly.

Stammered she, "Don't they say that it has — that it has — hasn't it the name of being rather — " lurching around for a word and not finding one, she repeated her previous "gay" rather lamely, and flushed, because she was not in the habit of being stupid.

He shrugged his square shoulders. "Oh, it'll be gay enough later — if that's what you want," he said. Then he looked at her curiously.

She flushed again, and was about to make an indignant rejoinder when he flung down his napkin and arose suddenly to his feet.

"Let's dance," he said abruptly. His tone wasn't a request, at all. It was a command. Now, she was not used to being commanded and she said she would have rather died than dance in a public place with the kind of man — well, with the kind of man he was, but that good old volition again helped her. *She* didn't get up on the floor. *She* didn't touch her hand to his shoulder and resign herself to his arms. It was the volition!

She had, of course, danced with strange men before in a ball-room and thought nothing of it. She had never thought about it at *all*, but the minute she felt this man's arm around her, she had a perfectly "awful" feeling. She was quite out of breath when they stopped —and so was he.

They went back to their chairs. They didn't look at each other. The man began to crumble some bread crumbs between his fingers. . . . His eyes were on the tablecloth. When he spoke, it was more to himself than to her. "It's a rotten world," he said. There was pity in his eyes.

Her voice was trembling. "What — what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

He made an impatient gesture as if he would brush something disagreeable aside, and changed the subject as abruptly as he asked her to dance. He began to tell her about a big cattle deal he had made in the West. He talked a lot about things she had never heard much of — chiefly business. She says she had never known before what an interesting subject business was. And she leaned forward, listening with her soul in her eyes, for she thought she might possibly get an idea for a story. He, poor devil, didn't know that. He wasn't used to women — hadn't had much time for them, and he took her very simply. He liked the look in the gray eyes. The look made him think of homes and firesides and babies and things like that. He didn't know, of course, that it had had the same effect before; in fact— that there were others. He just felt that he had never seen such very gray eyes, such a sweet mouth, such white, white temples, on a woman before, never seen such a pathetic little appealing child of a woman . . . a woman who needed so very badly a big man to protect her; a woman so suited to run to the front door to meet — er — anyone coming home from a hard day's work. . . .

And — *she* says that while he was sitting there silent, looking at her, *she* was feeling that he was the most comfortable sort of man she had ever met. She says he was the kind of man that made you feel as if you were crouched down in a big armchair before a fire with a perfectly grand book and a perfectly grand box of chocolates beside you — or were walking along a sunshiny road with your dog, singing at the top of your lungs — or had found something you had lost for ages and were glad, glad, *glad!*

IT must have grown very late, she says. She doesn't know how late, but the smoke was getting thicker in the room, the crowds noisier, and more people were coming in. The waiter had put the dessert course before them and the man had a cigar-tray full of ashes before his place. Champagne corks were popping and the band was playing the national anthem.

Suddenly the man leaned over. "Little girl," he said, and he tried to touch her hand. She drew it away, her heart beginning to thump in an unpleasant manner. She was afraid, really afraid. Up to this time she had gotten no material for the story, but something in his eyes made her feel it was coming now. He began another sentence, interrupting himself, and at last muttered, in an uneven voice, "I was awfully lonely when I met you tonight. . . ."

The professional dancers who had been whirling in the center of the room got up and began to march around the dancing space, singing noisily. The diners joined in. One couple after another jumped up and joined the marching line, the girls dragging the men along.

And the Western man, leaning over, said, "And I was so down on my luck to think that nobody in this blamed town cared whether I lived or died that I — that I — "

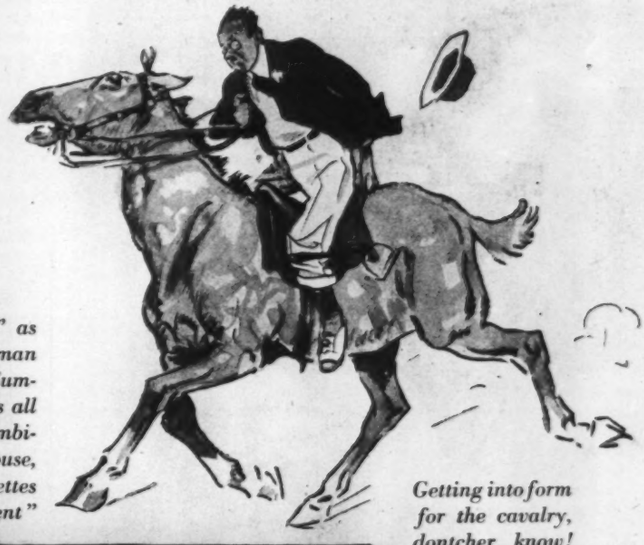
"Oh, look at that poor girl!" The gray eyes had grown bleak with pity like a wintry sky. "How terrible that she should laugh! Why does she *laugh?* Why does anyone laugh — here!"

"*Listen*," said the man. "I didn't intend to speak to you — at first — I — I didn't [*Continued on page 64*]

Vacations in War-Time—*by* Tony Sarg

or Patriotic Purpose in the Pursuit of Pleasure

"War is——" as General Sherman said. But the Summer Girl meets all comers with a combination of middy blouse, khaki skirt, cigarettes and "temperament"



Getting into form for the cavalry, dontcher know!

If you can't serve in the army or navy do your bit by increasing the fish supply. The skipper will help

Volunteer to look out for enemy submarines. They are particularly active at daybreak on rainy mornings. Besides, Nature is ALWAYS wonderful

Keep fit by tramping: The Home Defense League may get you yet. Your friends will cheerfully sympathize, whatever your difficulties

She was like a mad woman shrieking, clawing, writhing

A King in Babylon

The Great Mystery Novel

by Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

DINNER, that night, was a melancholy meal. Davis had been strangely silent ever since we emerged from the tomb, and I wonder now that I did not guess the reason. My only excuse is that I was myself too deeply shaken to observe anything closely. Creel was still obviously agitated by his experience, in spite of an effort to appear at ease — an effort which flickered out almost at once. Ma Creel and Mollie had not yet recovered from the shock of Jimmy's disappearance; and I believe that they suspected something more had happened, though they asked no questions. Perhaps they were afraid to!

As for Mlle. Roland, she was curiously pale, languid, and distrait, with no curiosity whatever, apparently, as to the occurrences of the afternoon. I started to describe to her the opening of the tomb, but I stopped after a second sentence, for it was obvious she did not hear me, and I had a curious feeling that she somehow knew all about it. Indeed, her eyes were so dull and vacant as she glanced up from time to time, that I doubted if she either saw or heard any of us. As I looked at her a sudden thought startled me. Could it be that she was addicted to some drug? Could that be the explanation of her pale face and languid air and lack-lustre eyes? The thought troubled me — and yet left me strangely relieved. If that was all — well, it would be deplorable, of course, but it was, at least, understandable!

Only Jimmy was anything like himself. He was almost feverishly so, and I think I found his careless unconcern and misplaced jests and determined gaiety more disquieting than the deepest depression would have been. And then that queer look in his eyes — of bravado, of defiance. Surely the heat had touched him — how else *could* he sit there rattling away like that — how else could a man who had gone through what he had gone through that afternoon reel off, one after another, ostensibly for Mlle. Roland's benefit, those stale, moth-eaten stories of the New York studios — stories which had been common to all studios since studios began! — more especially since Mlle. Roland did not smile — did not even listen? It got on our nerves; but it was Creel who broke down first.

"For heaven's sake, Jimmy," he blurted out, "stop that silly patter! Those stories are a thousand years old!"

"I know it," agreed Jimmy cheerfully; "but I thought perhaps they'd amuse Mlle. Roland."

"Look at her; look at her!" said Creel still more irritably. "Does she seem amused? Why, they'd be chestnuts to Sekenyen-Ré!"

"Sekenyen-Ré?" echoed Mlle. Roland, looking up suddenly with the first appearance of interest she had shown. "Who was he?"

"A king of ancient Egypt," answered Creel. "It's his mummy the professor has found over there in the tomb."

"A mummy? Really?"

"The professor has found a block of granite," Creel explained grimly, "with a football carved on top of it, which he says contains the missing link. We'll see tomorrow, when he opens it, whether it is with or without a tail!"

"You are jesting!" the girl protested, and turned her eyes inquiringly upon Davis; but that worthy refused to be drawn into the discussion, and went on silently with his meal; though a moment later I caught him watching Mlle. Roland furtively. Had the same thought occurred to him, I wondered, that had occurred to me? He was something of a physician, I knew; doubtless his long sojourns in the east had familiarized him with drugs and their effects. I resolved to probe him a little, when I had the chance.

Again silence fell like a pall over our party. Mlle. Roland asked no more questions; Jimmy seemed to have been effectually squelched. The blanket of gloom was so thick it was almost suffocating!

Creel got through his meal first, as he almost always did.

"I'll want you, Princess, first thing in the morning, in your harem togs," he said, as he rose; "and you, Jimmy, in your khaki," and then he walked away to the tent, where I saw him presently poring over the manuscript of his scenario by the light of the oil lamp.

I had gone in to get some tobacco, and I tried to slip out without disturbing him; but he heard me and looked up.

"That you, Billy?" he asked. "Come here a minute. Look at that!" and he held the back of his hand out under the light. "See that welt?" and I saw that there was an ugly red welt across the knuckles. "No wonder I dropped the torch, eh?" and he laughed unpleasantly.

I stared down at the welt, scarcely about to believe my eyes. Creel had hissed into my ear the statement that the torch had been knocked from his hand — but I hadn't believed it — I had credited it to the hysteria of the moment. But there was tangible evidence.

"But look here, Creel," I protested, "nothing could have struck you! There wasn't anything there to strike you! Even if there really was something in the corridor, it was only a sort of gray cloud — and it was too far away."

"I know it!" broke in Creel, testily. "Good heavens, man, do you suppose I haven't told myself all that a hundred times! But there's the welt!"

Yes, there was the welt; there was no denying that!

"You struck your hand against something," I said at last; "against one of those pillars, perhaps — they have sharp corners — or against that block of granite."

"Yes, perhaps I did," said Creel, ironically. "I wish I could think so; but it happens that I know I didn't. However, let it go at that! Run along!" and he turned brusquely back to his manuscript.

I looked around for Mollie, as I came out of the tent, hoping to inveigle her into another tête-à-tête; but she was nowhere in sight. In fact, there wasn't anybody in sight, except the natives cleaning up the dinner things, which seemed to me a little queer; but I could only guess that everybody had found everybody else insupportable, and had fled to their several quarters.

So I walked out to the edge of the oasis and sat down with my back against a hummock of sand, and lit my pipe, and tried to think things over. But it wasn't any use — there wasn't anything to *think* over — nothing to get hold of — no place to start! The only thing I seemed able to do was to ask myself questions I couldn't answer — or whose answers I was afraid to think of! How was it going to end? What was going to happen?

That something was going to happen — something shocking and decisive, beside which all that had already happened would be mere child's play — I never for an instant doubted!

How still the desert was, how beautiful — and menacing. I pictured to myself the dim processions of caravans which had drifted across it for thousands and thousands of years, out to this oasis, and then on again, on again. And almost before they had passed, the drifting sand had covered all trace of their passage, and they were as though they had never been.

"Like snow upon the desert's dusty face," . . . That was old Omar, and I tried to recall the rest of the stanza.

My heart jumped suddenly into my throat, for far out across the sand I fancied I had seen something moving. I strained my eyes through the darkness — yes, there it was, coming nearer; and then I saw it was a man; and then, with a sigh of relief, I recognized the spare figure and white beard of our old Egyptologist.

"Hello, professor," I called, as he reached the oasis, a little to my right. "Been out for a walk?"

"That you, Billy?" and he paused a moment.

"Yes; come over and sit down." I was somewhat surprised to find myself very anxious indeed for his company!

He paused a moment longer in indecision; then, to my immense relief, came over and sat down beside me.

"I thought I knew your voice," he said, and took off the soft hat he always wore after dark in place of his white helmet, and held his face up to the breeze. "I smelt your pipe, away out. It's remarkable how far the odor of tobacco carries sometimes. I fancied I smelt it tonight away over there at the ruins."

"My pipe isn't that strong!" I laughed. "Have you been over there?"

"Yes. I wanted to take another look at the tomb. I don't open a tomb every day!"

"You didn't go by yourself!" I gasped.

"Surely — why not? I had both torches. Queer thing," he added; "mine is working all right again."

"But to go over there alone——"

"I wanted to be alone," he broke in, impatiently. "I can't do any real thinking with you fellows around. Besides, you're afraid of your own shadows!"

I winced at his tone.

"Look here, professor," I said, "didn't you see anything over there this afternoon?"

"I saw nothing unusual."

"You didn't see someone standing at the end of the corridor?"

"Certainly not! Neither did you."

"Yes, I did," I said. "A sort of gray shadow in front of that white wall."

Davis threw back his head and laughed softly.

"That's just what I was saying!" he cried. "That you were afraid of your own shadow!"

"It wasn't my shadow!" I protested.

"Then it was Creel's or mine! One of the simplest propositions of physics, Billy, is that there can be no shadow unless there is some more or less opaque body to cast it!"

"Oh, I know!" I said, impatiently. And then I resolved to cast a bomb at him. "Creel says something knocked the torch out of his hand."

"Nonsense!" retorted Davis, equably.

"He showed me tonight where he had been struck — a red welt right across the knuckles."

Davis wasn't so prompt with his answer this time.

"He probably struck his hand against something," he said, at last.

"So I told him," I agreed eagerly; "but he just laughed at me."

"But suppose what he says is true," Davis went on, evenly; "suppose something *did* knock the torch from his hand — what of it? Why should we be frightened? The Egyptians believed that the tombs of the kings were defended by guardian spirits, and that it meant death to rifle or defile them. It was a belief which the kings themselves did everything they could to foster — for obvious reasons. But most of them have been rifled and defiled, and I never yet heard of anybody dying of it! So tomorrow I open that sarcophagus. Even if I saw a guardian angel standing beside it, ready to strike, I would still open it!"

There was something in his manner which sent a little chill over me.

"Then you think," I stammered, "you think——"

"That some catastrophe will follow? No, I don't. My reason tells me that such a fear is absurd."

"But there is something deeper than reason," I began.

"No, there isn't!" he broke in sharply. "The moment you admit that, you set yourself adrift; you deliver yourself over, bound hand and foot, to all the old fears and superstitions which have come down to us through the ages."

"You talk as though you were trying to convince yourself," I said.

"I am," he admitted. "Good Lord, man, it's in my blood, too! But I'd be ashamed to yield to it. I'd feel like a traitor to civilization! By heaven, we *are* traitors, every time we permit ourselves to yield to unreasoning fear! If any catastrophe *does* happen——"

"Well?" I asked, as he paused.

"It's nonsense even to suppose such a thing," he said, savagely, and got quickly to his feet. "Good night!" and he strode away between the palms.

I filled my pipe again, feeling unaccountably cheered and heartened, and settled back for a final quiet smoke before turning in. Davis was a great old boy, and he was right — a man *was* a traitor who yielded to unreasoning fear!

Just then, I happened to glance aside, and there, at the edge of the oasis, not twenty yards away, stood the figure of a man. I had heard no sound, and seeing him there suddenly like that gave me an awful start; but I am glad to say that I won *that* fight, for I fought back the impulse to jump to my feet, and looked at him again — and recognized Jimmy Allen.

He was gazing out across the desert toward the ruins, as though expecting someone. At least, that was the impression his attitude gave me. Once he took a few steps forward into the sand, and then thought better of it and came back and stood there in the long grass, tense and expectant, staring out across the waste.

At last I could stand it no longer, and I knocked out my pipe loudly against my heel.

"Why, hello, Jimmy," I said, as he started around toward me at the sound. "I didn't see you. What are *you* doing here?"

"What are *you* doing here?" he demanded, with what seemed to me unnecessary fierceness, and he strode over and stood above me in a manner which can only be described as threatening.

"I came out for a quiet smoke," I said. "I was just going to turn in."

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, quite a while."

"Have you — have you seen anyone?" he asked.

"Why, yes — I saw Davis."

"Davis?" he repeated, peering down quizzically at me.

"He'd been over at the ruins nosing around," I explained. "I saw him when he came back. He sat down and talked for a few minutes."

I could hear Jimmy's quick breath of relief.

"So it was *Davis*," he said, and dropped to the sand beside me.

"Who did you think it was?" I demanded

"I didn't know — I saw something moving out across the sand quite a while ago — and I thought — I fancied — anyway, I had a good notion to go over there and see for myself."

"Over to the ruins?"

"Yes, and into the tomb — there's a fascination about it——"

He stopped and gazed out across the sand. It seemed to me that this was worth another pipe, so I filled up.

"Yes, there *is* a fascination about it," I agreed at last, "but it's a fascination a fellow ought to fight against."

"Why?" Jimmy broke in.

"I don't know," I stammered. "It may lead too far. And Davis says that every time we yield to unreasoning fear we're sliding back."

"And Davis is right!" rapped in Jimmy. "It's you who are yielding to unreasoning fear, not I. You fear this fascination because it leads to the unknown — but why should one be afraid of the unknown?"

I could only shake my head helplessly. Of course he was right — only fools and cowards were afraid of the unknown! Yet And there was about his attitude something morbid, something unhealthy.

"I feel that I shall never be afraid again," Jimmy added, after a moment. "Never again — whatever happens!"

So that was the change we had sensed in him — he had shaken off fear.

"You mean that you have been afraid?" I asked.

"Oh, desperately. It wasn't the heat, Billy,

The Princess had ceased struggling and walked with drooping shoulders

that sent me off like that. It was fear — fear and bewilderment — a sort of feeling that Fate had brought me here after the lapse of centuries for some awful purpose of its own. I seemed to recognize this oasis; the first time I looked down into that excavation, it somehow looked familiar; when we dug out that ghastly mummy, I knew that I had seen it before——"

"Of course you had seen it before!" I broke in.

"No, I hadn't. I'd never laid eyes on it till Creel and I dragged it out of that hole."

"It was manufactured in our workrooms about a month ago," I pointed out, "so if you mean you had seen it out here, or in some former existence, or anything of that sort — why, it's ridiculous!"

"I know it," Jimmy agreed. "Perhaps it was one like it — I suppose they all look alike. But the biggest shock was when we laid it on the sand, and I stared down at it, and saw it change——"

He passed his hand before his eyes, and let the sentence trail away into nothingness.

"The trouble with you is," I said brusquely, "that this infernal picture has got on your brain. You've moiled over it so much that you are beginning to think it's true, and to imagine you really see what you are only supposed to see! It makes your acting better than I ever knew it — I'll say that — but it must be blamed hard on your nerves!"

"You may be right," Jimmy agreed. "As a matter of fact, I suppose you *are* right. But all that was nothing to the sensation I had when I crawled through that hole this afternoon— and it had nothing to do with the picture, either!"

"I could see that you were scared," I said.

"Scared! Scared isn't the name for it. It was all I could do to claw my way through that hole, because I knew that it was my own tomb I was entering, and that something was waiting for me inside."

I felt the desert chill strike into me, and I snuggled back closer into the sand.

"Well, was there?" I asked, in a voice I tried vainly to make unconcerned.

"Yes," answered Jimmy, in a low tone, "there was."

"What was it?" I asked, and all pretense had fallen away — I had slipped back shamefully into unreasoning fear! — and my voice was only a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know what it was," answered Jimmy, quietly; "but I know that it took me by the hand, as if in welcome, and raised me from the place where I had fallen, and led me through that narrow door, and along that corridor, to the spot where I lay buried; and it said to me, 'Kneel here!' " . . .

He broke off suddenly, and rubbed his head bewilderedly.

"There's a crook somewhere," he said; "I can't think straight — I can't disentangle reality from unreality — it's all mixed up. Do you suppose I'm going mad, Billy?"

"Mad?" I echoed. "Nonsense, man!"

But there was a chill in my blood; perhaps that was it!

"My mind seems extraordinarily lucid," he added, "and all my senses seem somehow more acute. That's one reason I wanted to go over there tonight — I could see things and hear things and smell things——"

"Nonsense!" I said again, and rose abruptly — he'd be asking me to accompany him, next! "You're going to bed — that's where you're going. We've all of us got a hard day ahead tomorrow, and we'll need all the rest we can get. Come along!"

Jimmy rose with an obedience that surprised me.

"Whether I'm mad or not," he said, as we started back, "there's one thing I'll promise you — I'll never be afraid again!"

Chapter XX

HE was as good as his word.

Next morning, while Davis and two or three of the natives were chipping away at the cemented lid of the sarcophagus of Sekenyen-Re, we made a re-take of the discovery of the mummy, and Jimmy went through the whole gruesome program without a shiver. The mummy was lifted through the hole, and then Jimmy entered, while Creel, again in khaki, posed the natives, with the invaluable assistance of Mustafa. The scene, of course, was to follow immediately the one we had taken the day before, when Jimmy entered the tomb, and the audience that viewed the picture would never suspect the exciting events which had occurred between!

Creel got everything ready, at last, and gave me the signal, and I started cranking, and then he went forward and peered through the hole; and then he backed away, and Jimmy appeared in the opening with the mummy in his arms. He held it closely, even lovingly, and as he passed it out to Creel and Mustafa, he cast an exultant glance at Mlle. Roland, who was waiting, attired in her harem costume, to do the fade-aways. Her attitude was one of calm detachment, as though the proceedings rather bored her; but Jimmy's eyes were shining as though he had somehow won a great victory.

Then the mummy was laid on the ground, and he went through the business of staring down at it, and tumbling in a faint; but he didn't do it half so convincingly as he had the day before! I don't mean to say he didn't do it well — Jimmy was too good an actor to do anything badly — but his performance lacked the gripping, hair-raising reality which it had possessed before. Then it had given me the shivers — now I watched it quite unconcerned.

It wasn't till Mlle. Roland came forward to do the double-exposures that I saw how pale she was. Creel noticed it, too.

"Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I am quite well," she answered, and took her place on the sand.

"For heaven's sake, don't *you* get to falling over!"

"Have no fear; I am not that sort," and she smiled up at him much as she was supposed to smile up at Jimmy.

Creel stood looking down at her for a moment with a puzzled face — perhaps it was the jibe at Jimmy which puzzled him! — then he turned away abruptly.

"All right, Billy," he said, and I made the double exposure, just as I had the first time.

Then we did a short scene of four natives carrying away the unconscious Jimmy, while the girl, materializing apparently out of the body of the mummy, sat up and leered after him in triumph — and, heavens, the way she did it! Then, as the sun had grown uncomfortably hot, we went over to the oasis, and gathered up Ma Creel and Mollie, and did two or three fillers with the palms and the native camp as backgrounds; and finally Creel dismissed us with the injunction to be ready at three o'clock in Oriental costume.

I knew that he was going to do the burying-alive scene — the biggest scene of the film, upon which its success would very largely depend— and I soon realized that he was nervous over it, for he actually came and asked me for advice — me, the camera-man! — as I was putting away my box.

"I don't half like the idea of those natives handling the Princess," he said; "especially in that harem rig. You remember how they looked at her."

"Do they have to handle her?" I asked.

"Well, naturally, there has to be a struggle. She's not going to let herself be put inside that tomb without a fight. Of course, from the picture point of view, the more brutal the fight is the better — I'm afraid it will get too brutal."

"If we had some swords or spears——"

But Creel shook his head impatiently.

"That wouldn't do. She'd throw herself on the spears rather than be buried alive. Anybody would! No — she's got to be handled roughly! This is the big scene, and we've got to put it over. What the king would really have done would be to have his men strip her and lash her with whips into the tomb. We can't go that far, of course, but we've got to get as close to it as we dare!"

"You'd better find out how much the Princess will stand for," I suggested.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that — she's an artist — she'll stand for whatever is necessary. Digby can do most of it, with Mustafa to help. I think we can trust Mustafa. If that isn't enough, I'll have to put on a coat of bronze myself. Come along and let's look over the ground. You don't mind the sun do you?"

"No," I said; "I seem to be sun-proof."

So Creel summoned Digby, and together we walked over to the excavation.

The natives had knocked off work, but Mustafa routed out a couple for us, and under Creel's direction, the entrance to the tomb was squared up, and the stones to fill the opening were piled up neatly close at hand.

"We'll have to have something for mortar," said Creel; "black mortar like that in the wall."

"Sand and water will do," said Digby. "I can darken it with some lamp-black."

"All right," Creel agreed. "You didn't forget those trowels, did you?"

"Sure not," said Digby, who never forgot anything.

"There's one place up there where the masonry's broken. You'd better have that repaired, Mustafa, and then have the whole front of the tomb scrubbed off, so that it will look clean and new. And sweep up all this débris. I want it to look as it did four thousand years ago, when it was first built."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, and sent a native off for brooms and water.

"This stone with the oval in it," Creel added, "will be the last one in — the seal, as it were, closing up the tomb. You want to do some figuring, Digby, so that it will fit in properly. Do you know anything about masonry?"

"I know enough to pull off this job," Digby assured him. "I'll pile up the stones the way they go — it ought to be easy, then."

"That's right," Creel agreed. "And of course, if you get stuck, we can stop the camera. And get your props ready, Digby — we'll want the whole outfit, you know, to make the scene as impressive as possible. And get the sand cleaned off those steps, [*Continued on page 48*]

War's Lost Romance

by Waldemar Kaempffert

TRENCH warfare has destroyed much of the romance of war. The battle-plane has restored it. No mythological hero performed mightier deeds than the leather-clad, helmeted officer seated in a fighting monoplane, so nicely constructed that ounces have been saved, so admirably engined that it climbs and darts with an eagle's sureness and rapidity. He steers with his feet and with one hand, this new warrior of the air, and pulls the trigger of a machine-gun with the other. Airmanship and marksmanship — in a word, personal skill — wins the day.

Individual prowess counts for as much as it did in the days of ancient Greece. Names will stand out in the history of this war like those of Ajax and Achilles in the epic of Homer. Lieutenants Immelmann and Boelke on the German side have brought down nine and ten adversaries in mortal combat. Their exploits are tinged with a chivalric glamour which seems anything but modern. When Boelke landed to aid an enemy whom he had wounded he was greeted with the comment: "Since it is Immelmann who beat me, I am satisfied." When the German replied that it was "only Boelke," the interchange of compliments seemed like a parley between Hector and Ajax.

The analogy between Homer's battles and twentieth-century aerial combats extends even to the vehicles used. What is a flying-machine but the ancient war chariot soaring on wings? In many an encounter two-man machines still battle for supremacy — one man an observer, the other a pilot. The observer is the fighting hero of old, wielding a machine-gun instead of a sword; the pilot his faithful charioteer. Carry the analogy still further and consider how much is at stake when battle-plane meets battle-plane. The fate of an ancient army depended on a prince in his war chariot; the fate of an army corps now hangs on the information gleaned by a victorious flyer.

The very manner of fighting in the air recalls the studied jockeying for position in the clattering chariots of old. But the ancients were probably better fighters in their chariots than we in our high-powered airplanes. The first aerial battles were clumsy exhibitions — more like the haphazard scrambling fights of schoolboys than the swift wheeling and counterwheeling which we have come to expect. Sometimes victory fell to the slow instead of to the swift; sometimes pistol or carbine triumphed over machine-gun. But soon a kind of dueling system was developed, akin to that followed by Greek and Roman charioteers. Late reports reveal clearly enough that officers make telling use of superior weapons and that at close range they tax their machines to the utmost — a perfect parallel to the lashing of ancient horses. The art of aerial attack was developed only after the art of defense had been learned. Climbing availed little; bombs dropped from a higher machine are useless against a pilot who wheels with the suddenness of a gnat. Even the slower of two machines can elude a higher bomb-dropper. Speed is just as essential in a modern flying-machine in order to block avenues of escape as it was when galloping horses rushed into battle with Roman patricians standing tense and alert in their war cars. A quick, downward swoop brings a daring aerial gunner close to his quarry with a suddenness that no artful dodging can circumvent. Hence the tiny Fokker, the supreme development of the racing monoplane, may be regarded as a lineal descendant of the battle chariots with which we associate names of Homeric heroes. Because of the airplane, war has reacquired some of its lost Attic picturesqueness.

The Gee-Whiz Guy

Another in This Popular Series of Baseball Yarns

by Jerome Beatty

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

There's great charm in a uniform. A fancy package sells the goods

GEORGE WASHINGTON COATES was a born big leaguer. He had the eye and he had the frame. Thanks to the system used by organized baseball for discovering and developing its talent, George became one of the greatest short-stops in the business. That is—thanks to the system, and Alice. We mustn't leave out Alice, brown-haired, big-eyed Alice.

George certainly was a lucky fellow.

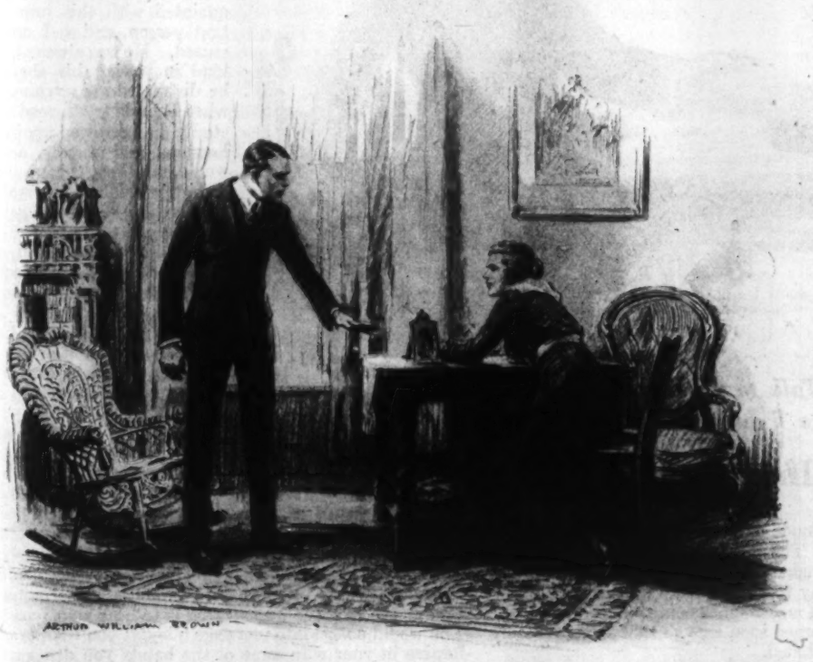
Scattered throughout this great land are hundreds of born bank presidents, born grand-opera tenors and born newspaper editors who are running pawn-shops, selling fish or reading proof. They're in such a fix because the National City Bank, the Metropolitan Opera Company and the New York newspapers do not support a company of scouts who tour the backwoods with snares set to catch talented young men to be brought to the city and trained for $10,000 jobs. Organized baseball does.

There are but two kinds of truly great baseball players—those who have rare intelligence, and those who have none.

The latter class predominates. Any fan, returning from a game that the town boys have lost, can name at least nine.

In the national game there is only one tip-off—the way a man performs in a crisis. The great ball-players are those that have as complete control of their faculties in a decisive world's series game with the score tied and a party trying to steal home, as in batting practise on a training trip.

Not until he was eight years old did George Washington Coates get firmly established in his mind the sequence of the days of the week and their significance.



"Why did I ever pick you up and marry you? You make me sick!"

Every now and then he would reach the school-building and find it closed. Upon inquiry he would learn that the day happened to be Saturday or Sunday and that it was a holiday.

"Oh, yes," George would say, and walk home with his mouth hanging open.

After he became big enough to hold a bat he often failed to reach the building at all. He became quite discouraged when he found that just when he had learned the days of the week, he didn't need them.

Although at that time nobody advised McGraw to send a scout out to Junction City, Kansas, to look him over, George was showing unmistakable signs of being of the stuff from which one of the two kinds of first-class pinch-hitters are made.

"George must have been affected by that blow he got at the Blue Mound picnic when he was a kid," the citizens of his home town used to say. "Remember how he was catching and Bill Martin threw a bat and hit him on the head?"

Unwittingly they were trying to take from Nature credit that was justly hers. No mere blow from a bat could in any way affect the head George was born with.

George was a whale of a hitter and a short-stop with a powerful arm and what is known as "a grand pair of hands"—meaning hands governed by an unerring instinct for snapping up a hard-hit ball taking twisty leaps over a clod-strewn diamond.

He was big, lumbering and good-natured but lazy and careless. He played by instinct and, though awkward, on the diamond he was fast and accurate.

George finally went to work for Jim Neville, racking up balls in Jim's pool hall and cigar store, which was down in the block that unescorted women always avoided.

Folks thought George was entirely good-for-nothing, but they were wrong. At times, George was ambitious to become an inventor. He frequently tried to think of a way to build a machine that would rack up the balls automatically so that he could sit in the front of the place with the gang and do his work by pressing buttons. He had a great idea but somehow never got around to working it out.

George didn't know it, but, nearly a year before, the system had started its plans for making him a great baseball player. A traveling salesman for a furniture house had happened to see George play a couple of games. Because the salesman always admired the Giants, he wrote to McGraw telling him about George. The Giants sent the letter to the Woteka club, where it lay until Spring, when the manager of the team began to realize that he might be able to use a spry young infielder.

It was one of the first warm days of March. George lounged in front of the pool hall, his chair tilted back.

A tall, thin man, a stranger, obviously, by the pearl buttons on his vest, approached.

"This is Mr. Coates, isn't it?" he asked. "I'm Henry Middleton, of Woteka. I—"

George leaped to his feet.

"Glad to meet ya," he said, suddenly roused to action. Henry Middleton, as everybody knew, was the former brewery agent who, finding he couldn't beat the Kansas prohibitory law any longer, had "turned square" and had bought the Woteka club.

"I saw you play yesterday," said Mr. Middleton. "I'd heard about you. Thought I'd take a run out and look at you. Maybe we can use a short-stop that can hit. Like to have you come to Woteka and report next Monday for Spring practice. Got money enough to get there?"

Nearly every Saturday night George lost his week's wages in some gambling game. Only a few days before he had paid twenty-five dollars for a machine guaranteed to turn dollar bills into fives, and the darn thing so far never had worked the way the man said it would.

No, George didn't have enough money to get there.

Mr. Middleton produced a handful of silver dollars. With one more look at George came another thought. He returned the money to his pocket.

"I'll leave a ticket for you at the station," he said. "I want to be sure you report."

They gave him a great send-off when he left Junction City. The *Daily Union*, which usually referred only briefly to George's work, printed nearly a column headed "Home Boy Bats Way to Fame," which caused some of the *Union's* subscribers to smile. But it looked fine to George.

At the park in Woteka, Bill Weeks, manager of the club, seemed unimpressed by the home boy who had batted his way to fame.

"Go over an' get a suit," said Bill.

On his way back from the dressing-rooms, George was met by two reporters who asked him his name. George spelled it out for them, then ran and got copies of the Junction City *Union*, which, he told them, they could clip, to save the trouble of writing about him.

The next morning George bought the Woteka *Eagle* and scanned the front page. He found nothing. He turned to the sporting page. Nothing. Oh, yes, there was, too. This:

> Hank Middleton has picked up another busher to try out for the infield. His name is Coates and he says he was a riot in Junction City.

The *State Journal*, the evening newspaper, was even more careful about not wasting words. It said:

> Coates, of Junction City, an infielder, also reported.

"The tramps!" exclaimed George, meaning the reporters. "Them papers cost me a nickel apiece and I bet they took 'em to their offices an' read 'em and then threw 'em away!"

George wronged the reporters. They did not read them.

A week passed and nobody was making a fuss about George Washington Coates. He spent most of his time at the park batting flies to the outfielders. Bill Weeks tried him at short-stop and wept as he watched him.

"If Hank Middleton ever wishes another hearse horse on me, I quit!" he told himself.

Overawed by the company he was in George did nothing but go through the motions. He had nothing

to say, he couldn't seem to get over the ground, and in batting practise even the kid pitchers that hadn't thrown a ball all winter found they could fool him with a slow one and make him bite at a curve.

George wanted to become a great ball-player. Great ball-players, he knew, lived in luxury and got their pictures in the papers. That story in the *Union* had given him an appetite for printed praise. He wanted to become rich and famous and then retire.

He did not realize that *he* never could quit baseball as long as he could see a ball or swing a bat. George was a fellow whose heart beat only when he was wearing spikes. In "citizens' clothes" he was a harmless, stolid, bone-headed nincompoop. In a ball game, once started, he was a fiery savage, fighting skilfully but governed, withal, only by instinct.

In Woteka he couldn't get started. Few of the men and women, loyal fans, who sat in the stand every day watching the Woteka club mould into form, had even noticed that he was there.

On Saturday afternoon the stand was well filled, for admission was free.

George dragged his way through infield practise. He didn't relish that sort of work. His way of practising was to play a game. And anyway he thought everybody was down on him. He went to the bench and threw a sweater around his shoulders. Reporters, recruits and friends of the management filled all the available space and he strolled over and sat on the steps of the stand. His view was bad and he climbed up into the lower row of seats so he could watch Tom Kelly, the regular Woteka short-stop.

Weeks was batting to the infield. He sent a smart bounder to Kelly, who tossed it to second.

"He's afraid to try to get it over to first," said a girl's voice behind George.

"His arm's gone. Another big leaguer done for," another girl replied.

George turned. He had been too filled with discouragement to notice that he sat in front of two pretty girls. He smiled. They smiled. His eyes widened. It was Spring and George sat up straight, took a deep breath and tightened his belt.

"Think Kelly's through?" he asked, relieved that he did not have to begin with "Haven't I met you before?"

"All done," replied the blonde, without hesitation.

"Why don't you go out and get his job?" the other, a fascinating brunette, wanted to know.

George rose and sat beside the brunette.

"I don't want to take an old man's job away from him," he said. He didn't care particularly about talking baseball. "Lived in Woteka long?" he asked.

These girls didn't object at all to chumming with a baseball player, even if he was a rookie. There's great charm in a uniform. A fancy package sells the goods.

"All our lives," smiled the brunette. "I suppose you, being a ball-player, travel around a lot?"

"Not such a terrible lot," said George, modestly. George had been to Kansas City several times but he was not the sort of fellow who would boast about it. "I only got here a week ago. Kinda lonesome. Wisht I had somebody to show me around."

The blonde giggled invitingly. The brunette, not so easily won, shrugged her shoulders. George, with man's inborn perverseness, began paying exclusive attention to the brunette.

He progressed rapidly. Her name, it seemed, was Alice Ray and she was a waitress in Sills's tea-room. She detested being a waitress, she detested Woteka. She always had wanted to see the world.

"Where did you play before you came here?" she asked.

"I was on a minor league club."

"More minor than this? You must have been drafted by Woteka from the Philadelphia Athaletics," she grinned.

"Is *that* so?" said George, who always had an apt reply. "Is *that* so?"

Crushed by his repartee, Alice let him proceed.

"I hit over .400 an' I was so good 'at Middleton came down himself to sign me. Lots o' scouts was after me, but I thought I'd rather come here." He beamed on her. "I'm glad I did, now, girlie, since I met you. Weeks says I'm a wonder an'—"

"Funny I don't see anything about you in the papers."

"He's keepin' me under cover. Surprise. He—"

Weeks, who had been standing at the plate, looked toward the bench, searchingly. Then he peered into the stand.

"Hey, you, whatever your name is. Come here and hit to the outfield."

"Yes, sir," said George, leaping to his feet.

Alice Ray held his sweater.

"Be back?" she asked coyly.

"Guess so."

"What if you don't?"

"Doin' anything tonight?"

"Nothing," smiled Alice. "Meet you at the transfer station at eight."

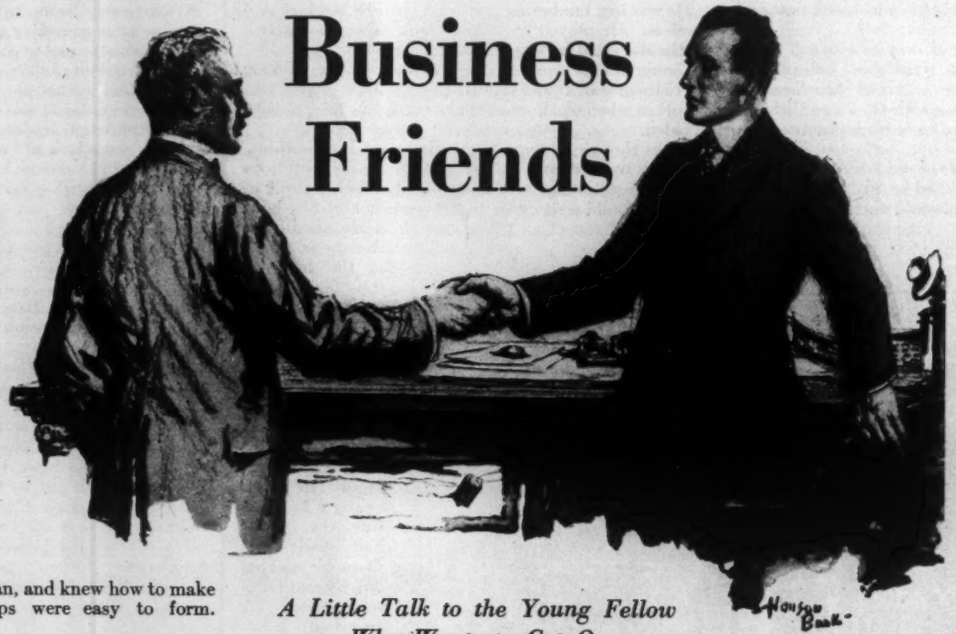
"Gotcha," said George; and he went out and began batting flies with such vigor that he chased the outfielders back against the fence and lost five balls before Weeks took the fungo stick away from him and wanted to know if he thought the Woteka club was made of money.

That evening in a little restaurant on Kansas Avenue there came to George Washington Coates a new philosophy of life.

You may say that it takes brains to be a philosopher. You're wrong. A pig is a philosopher. He knows that unless he hustles and fights, the other pigs will get his food. That was George's philosophy and Alice Ray, finding herself with a pitiful example of a helpless youth on her hands, taught it to him.

George was the first person Alice ever had found who seemed anxious to be advised by her. He was in need of guidance, and all women love to guide. She actually liked him. It was, perhaps, the [*Continued on page 58*]

Business Friends



A Little Talk to the Young Fellow Who Wants to Get On

by **Alfred Grunberg**

WE were talking — my elderly friend and I — about young men in business.

"What do you consider the most difficult thing for a young fellow to learn?" I asked.

The answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"How to select friends and make friendships that will last and be of value."

For a second, because I was so young, I felt inclined to smile. Surely making friends was not difficult! If one was a gentleman, and knew how to make himself agreeable, friendships were easy to form. Finally I said as much.

My companion smiled. "You are like the other sheep," he said. "One leads and the others follow. Just how carefully do you size up a person whom you meet? If you are struck by his personality or charming manners, do you say to yourself, 'Here, this chap may cost me money and happiness. Find out something about him before you make him your friend'? If you do, you are wiser than most of your generation.

"Don't you see how important this thing of making friendships is?" he asked. "The man who is not keeping his eyes open and weighing everyone who he thinks may become more than a casual acquaintance is doing himself an injustice. And it is usually the young man who is easily deluded.

"He is bewildered for the first few years in the business world and it takes a long time to clear the fog from his brain. I know from my own case how it was. When I entered business, I had ambitions to get to the top with the speed of a locomotive. I was blinded by talk and deed which looked daring to my inexperienced eyes. Instead of shrewdly estimating the worth of the men I rubbed elbows with, I took everything they said for granted, and believed I was seeing the gospel written for me. I never stopped to think whether Jones or Smith or Brown was a man worth knowing. The biggest bluffer in our office was my hero. I thought that the way he strutted around was the ideal way to act. To my one-cylinder brain, his talk and walk and manner made me believe he was important. I learned soon enough that I was the only one who was deluded.

"This man, seeing I thought he was really worth while, began to make capital out of my eagerness to be his friend. He was always short of money, and soon the amounts I lent him from my meagre salary became an important item to me. I stood too much in awe of this big man to think of asking him to pay his loans. Whenever I saw him enter the office of the head of the firm, I thought he was consummating some important deal. He was my hero, my ideal man.

"Then, one day, he came to me with a proposition that we should share an apartment together. I considered this a splendid chance to become closer acquainted with this important person, and so I consented. He was always behind in paying his share; he distracted me, evenings, when I would try to read or study; he borrowed my belongings and money, and would have kept this up indefinitely if I had not realized one day that I was getting very little out of his friendship. I moved into a room by myself, and got along much better than when I had been with him. I can hardly estimate what he cost me in time and money. Later, he began to borrow from my friends to whom I had introduced him."

As we shook hands upon parting, this shrewd man looked at me quizzically a moment, and then said:

"I hate preaching. That's why I never go to church. I can't stand being preached at. But, for the sake of the thousands of men who have never given this matter a thought, I want to preach. I want to get out on the housetops, and shout this gospel from the roofs:

"Choose your friends as carefully as you would choose your wife. You certainly would use discrimination in selecting the woman who is to bear your name. You would not go into marriage blindly; you would not forgive in your wife some of the habits you disregard in your friends. The right thinking man would not marry simply for money; the same type of man would not capitalize his friends solely to make money. You wouldn't marry a girl who didn't come up to your specifications, morally and physically. Apply, then, the same test to your friends."

When I left that man, I started to examine my own career and friends. What type of man had attracted me from the start? How carefully had I judged the various men whose names came to my mind? Had I weighed them in any way to see what they had in them? And to all my questions, I was forced to answer,

"No." I had accepted them on faith, just as everyone else has done.

But it was not until I had watched my friends for some time that I realized how truthful my companion had been. Apparently, the only test I had for a chap was his general appearance. If he was neatly dressed, had a pleasant smile, and an interesting face, I liked him. If he was deficient in any of these respects, I did not care one way or the other about him. In other words, it was personality, and that alone, which was guiding me.

One night I began to jot down some thoughts about a few of my friends. I drew these conclusions:

After Ten Years In New York

Albert Berwick: Has borrowed over $100 in small amounts and rarely pays anything back. A rather silly fellow, never has any ideas, but knows a lot about the theatres, and actresses, and is entertaining. Is a nice dresser, and I like him.

John Thompson: A mediocre man with whom I do business. He always talks politics, and insists he is right. Rather than start an argument, I agree with him. I certainly have learned nothing from him, and he has cost me real money in time and thought. Still there is something about him that I like.

Harold Smith: A clever, bright chap. I like him a great deal. We often discuss things and interchange ideas. He has given me some timely advice and valuable criticisms. I really need him.

Arthur Simpson: I have a weakness for poker, and Arthur knows it. He always wins and often induces me to play. I cannot afford the time or the money. I should certainly rate him as a liability.

Frank Hastings: A wonderful dancer. Has introduced me to many girls who fritter away my time. They call me up to go to dances, and I hate to refuse. Many an evening has passed on the dance floor, due to Frank and his friends, which I could have spent far more profitably at home.

A pretty poor showing! Out of the five men I know best, just one is of any value to me! I was actually discouraged by this revelation, and when I met the head of a large corporation through my brother, I mentioned the facts I had learned and put the question up to him.

"You have hit upon one of the most delicate matters in the business world," he said. "I often have wished that some genius would invent an instrument that would give me 'friend warnings' just as a barometer gives storm warnings to sailors. It would have saved me thousands of dollars and hours of worry.

"Yet it is the youngster who is in the greatest danger. He is on the edge of a new world, a world of making money, and he is fascinated by the newness of it. Ecstatically, almost deliriously, he plunges into the great game of picking up silver and gold by the handfuls, and he becomes intoxicated. He is blinded by the lure and rush and the glamour of battle. His vision is obscured, and he does not see things or men in their proper light. He is so eager to please everyone, and to be friendly, that a word of flattery or a bit of help makes him worship you as his best friend. He does not stop to value or appraise. He does not ask himself if this friend will be a profit or a loss to him. The youngster hasn't sense enough to realize these things until his hastily made friends begin to pull him down the ladder instead of up. Then when he gets heavily hit by losing his job or money or self-respect, he begins to open his eyes. Often, it is then too late."

In my office I saw an example of a fellow who was on the right track. He had made a friend of the man directly over him, and he was learning points that were invaluable to him. I often saw him talking to this particular man, and the expression on his face when he would come out of the office was mystifying.

"What's the idea?" I asked him one day. "You look as if someone had given you a thousand dollars."

"I've got more than a thousand dollars out of Mr. Anderson," he answered. "I've never met such a wonderful man. He has taught me more in three months than I learned in four years in the other place where I worked. He inspires me every time I talk to him. When I leave him, I want to go out and do big things, bust up the world."

His rush of words stopped for a moment. Then he burst forth again.

"I can't explain it well enough," he said. Then, putting his hand on his chest, he said abruptly: "It's in here that I feel it. It is something bursting and swelling under my chest."

I don't think I have to add very much to that. It was simple to see that Anderson had become that fellow's ideal and hero. Anderson encouraged and inspired this chap to do great things, and at the same time he gave me a tip for my views on friendships. I realized how inspiring a friend could be.

No matter what your business is, writing, selling, buying, anything, it is good business for you to find among your friends one person who can be sympathetic and encouraging, and yet, withal, a kindly critic. If the successes of the past generation were analyzed it would be found that every successful person had someone in particular who helped him to get ahead. It may be your mother, your sweetheart, or your own roommate in college. Who it is, does not make a great deal of difference, so long as your choice is a wise one. Select your friends wisely, I say, but make one in particular who will be just the one you need.

The other day, while walking down Broadway in New York I met a man I had known some years ago. At that time he was doing good business and it seemed as though he were one of those selected for the heights.

I was surprised to see him looking so seedy. He had always been a nice dresser, and a pleasant fellow. He was known to be conservative and cautious in business.

He seemed embarrassed when I stopped him, and after we had talked a moment, he said with a sad smile: "Well, you were right, after all." I asked him what he meant.

"Don't you recall how you warned me to keep away from Smithson?" he said. "At the time, I thought your words were needless because I had never gone in for speculation or playing the stock market. Well, one day Smithson came whispering that he had a sure thing. I needed some cash, so I put a lot of money on a stock and lost. To get that back, I acted just like the other fools, and speculated again. I gave up all my time to watching the stock market."

He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use?" he asked. "I'm down and out." Then he walked on before I could say a word.

The incident impressed me. I knew how I had always advised this chap to keep away from speculation — and Smithson. I firmly believe that it was Smithson who put this fellow out of business. He never would have speculated if Smithson had not filled his ears with talk about huge profits.

"Smithson was my friend," he had said. And to friends of that type many failures are due.

Why is it that men are susceptible to tips and advice from friends? Just how well do you know Bill Jones, the man you met at the club a few weeks ago? Have you had any business dealings with him? Have you met his wife and his family? Do you know anything about his character in business and out? And yet, you will listen eagerly while Jones pours a delightful tale of speculation in your ears, whereas you will look with skepticism upon a total stranger who walks up to you and proposes a scheme. To all intents and purposes you know as much about the stranger as you do about Jones. But you believe Jones — because he drinks cocktails with you! The expression, "my friend," takes a great deal for granted. It covers a multitude of ignorance.

Learn to value conversation as you would value goods. If you talk to a man for an hour and do not get anything worth while from him, either begin to suspect yourself, or suspect him. If you have brains you should have got something from him. If he had nothing to give, then you have wasted your hour.

The ordinary man rarely learns very much from conversation, because if he did, he would not be classed as ordinary. What you would call a good, skilful man keeps his ears and eyes open most of the time and learns about what he should. The star man, the big fellow, picks his friends as carefully as he signs a contract, and then he proceeds to make those friends produce worthwhile ideas. If they don't, he drops them, and gets new ones.

Look at friendships from the viewpoint of liabilities and assets. If you are determined to get ahead in the world, you know that you cannot be seeking pleasure every night, and do efficient work the next day. You know that time and thought are needed for your job, and that if you are thinking of the dance of the night before, or how Bill won the last pot in the poker game, you are not putting one hundred per cent. efficiency into your job. Therefore, if you have friends whose sole thoughts are upon pleasure and good times, count them as liabilities.

Friendships which can be counted as assets are those that help you to get along in the world. Friends who stimulate you, encourage, advise, warn and aid you are worth cultivating. Sincere, warm-hearted affection of one man for another is a rare thing. If you can inspire it in another, do so by all means. It will make life brighter and better for you.

An incident of a man totally unlike Smithson comes to my mind. I never knew him personally, but I was told about it by a man in the office where it happened.

"Have you ever seen these old bookkeepers who keep their eyes on the younger men of the office and offer them timely advice?" he asked me one day, while we were lunching together.

"Yes," I replied, "and a mighty good thing it is," I added. "A young man can make no better friend than an old bookkeeper or someone old in the employ of the firm."

"Well," he said, "one of this type certainly did good work in your office yesterday. Jameson is his name. Jameson had been trying to make friends with one of the new men in the office for some time. This chap was young and thought he was being smart by running around with clever salesmen who were making from fifty to sixty dollars a week and could afford to spend a lot of money. But Jameson knew he was married, and several times he had answered the telephone when Harrison's wife called up to ask for her husband, hours after he should have reached his home.

"Finally, yesterday, Jameson called Harrison into a private office and told Harrison what he thought about his conduct. He told him how his wife had wept in talking to him on the telephone, and he made the young fellow see what a fool he had been. By talking to him, Jameson discovered the fellow had yearnings to be a salesman. Last night Jameson took him over to Cooper Union and got him to register in the salesmanship courses. Then he told him to go home and tell his wife what he had done.

"This morning, the youngster walked up to Jameson, held out his hand, and said, 'I want to thank you. You are the best friend I have ever had. Things are going to be different now.'"

Contrary to the general mass, I have always been attracted to the man with few friends. The popular man is easy to understand. His tricks are few and well known. It is the young man with reserve and dignity that will bear watching. He is usually the far-seeing chap who has realized that to have many friends is to be burdened with wasters, and so he limits his friendships to a few who will bring him something in return. He is the man who values *quality* rather than *quantity*.

The president of a nationally known bank said one day, in the presence of several friends:

"Show me a young man who has a small, select number of friends, and I'll show you a young man who is bound to rise to the top. The two things go together. The hearty handshaker and always-willing-to-have-a-drink fellow makes thousands of friends. Fine! If he is a salesman, it is the best thing for him. He must know a lot of people, and he cannot afford to pick and choose. But a young man in my bank does not have to be bothered by every Tom, Dick or Harry. If he permits himself to be annoyed by hundreds of acquaintances, I do not call him efficient. He is giving part of himself to people from whom he is getting nothing in return. If a fellow is not smart enough to win his introductions, and get rid of the chaff, I don't want him in the bank."

It seems tragic, since it is really only a matter of selection, that more young men are not shrewd enough to pick winners in their friendships. By that I do not mean that you should become a friend of a man just because he is the boss's son or because you think you can get something out of him. A policy of that sort would be low and base. But you can use wisdom and forethought in keeping away from the men who can only work injury on your time and thought and future.

Love's Immortality

by

Harry Kemp

AH, it is naught to love and win,
For then Love bids good-by;
Anon he is, anon is not,
As a star leaves the sky;

But he who's loved — yea, loved and lost —
Has broken earthly bands;
Has tasted immortality
And felt God with the hands!

The Right Kind of Training

Read This Brilliant Article, and Learn How to Help Your Children

by Cleveland Moffett

A LITTLE girl who had heard her father talking about the war, said recently to her mother:

"Mother, it says in the geography that Russia is the largest country in Europe."

"Yes, dear."

"And Russia has the largest population?"

"Yes, dear, it has."

"But father says Russia doesn't amount to much in the war. Why is that, mother, if Russia is so big and has so many people? Why can't they do anything they want to?"

The mother hesitated, being a little puzzled herself.

"Why — er — I suppose it's because the Russian people haven't — er — they haven't had the right kind of teaching, the right kind of training."

Well spoken! The most learned man could not have answered better. That is what the anguished world needs today, not only in Russia, but in all lands — the right kind of teaching, the right kind of training! There lies

Morning scene at "Boyville"

the sole hope of tortured humanity, the only relief from all-encompassing miseries and injustices. And now that Russia has become a democracy, the light will dawn for her.

We Americans pride ourselves on many excellences in our educational system — our public schools, private schools, colleges. Here, at least, in whatever goes to the making of good citizens, there has been no neglect of national preparedness. We say this confidently, we believe it, knowing that if our educational system fails everything fails. And yet. . . .

How about our system of physical training? What kind of citizens shall we have without proper physical training? What kind of fathers shall we have? What kind of mothers?

I talked about this recently to Dean Briggs of Harvard University and found him inclined to favor the idea that physical training should be made compulsory in American colleges, at least for Freshmen. And, as showing a trend in this direction, he pointed out that Harvard, for the last year, has adopted a plan of compulsory physical examination for all new students, a thing that would at one time have been regarded as a gross violation of personal liberty.

This first physical examination of Harvard's Freshman class (completed March, 1917) leads to some startling conclusions: four-fifths of the new class, numbering 746 students, are found to have defective posture; that is, they slouch forward, or are narrow-chested, or have protruding abdomens or bad feet. In other words, they are more or less physically unfit.

This is a matter of great importance, for defective posture indicates constricted lung space, impaired breathing power, a crowding together or displacement of vital organs; in short, a tendency to disease which is borne out by a higher percentage-record of illness among bad-posture boys than among those who stand and carry themselves properly.

There is no reason to doubt that the same condition exists among students at Yale, Princeton, Columbia — in fact, in all our colleges and high schools and among all American boys and young men. As a nation we are untrained physically. Take a million American men of military age from all classes, let them be examined according to standards of the United States army; one-half of them will be rejected as unfit for military service.

This is the opinion of physical trainers, athletic instructors, army officers. It must be the opinion of any intelligent citizen who keeps his eyes open. Look at the men and boys you pass on the street and judge for yourself. How many of them are physically fit? How many are over-fed, under-exercised, short-winded, weaklings, dyspeptics, alcoholics, incapable of endurance? How many carry themselves well — head up, shoulders square, stomach in, chest out? Not half of them, certainly; which is not saying that they could not benefit by training, but simply that they *need* training; they need it for themselves, they need it for the country, just as Englishmen needed it three years ago!

"The United States has become effeminized," said Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske recently. "George Washington would not know us, and General Grant would be shocked to see the difference in manner and carriage between the young men of today and the young men that marched behind him only fifty years ago."

Table-work drill at Allen-Stevenson School

I must add that, if our men and boys are thus physically defective, it is evident our girls and women must suffer even more from inferiorities. Look at them — in the shops, on the streets, anywhere! Note how many girls of high-school age are round-shouldered! Is there any reason, except ignorance and neglect, why American girls should be round-shouldered?

Watch our women waddling or mincing along, handicapped by restricting garments, by absurd shoes! Handicapped by unwholesome fat! Think how differently God meant them to walk. Picture the Indian maidens, the Syrian women, straight as arrows, lithe and slender, striding over mountains and plains, nature's princesses, with water-jars poised on their heads! How can American mothers expect to have fine children unless they take better care of themselves? How can they render efficient military service, in case of need, unless they are better trained physically?

Oh, if some apostle could rise up and teach American women that *beauty depends upon health*, not upon anything that is bought in a bottle! And inspire them to pursue the health ways of bodily exercise and food abstemiousness as assiduously as they powder their noses and rub cheap lotions into their faces!

Let us now consider the education of American boys. What is wrong with this education? How can we better train our precious acorns to be oaks?

In the first place, we can make sure that our children have proper physical training. Every father, for example, should teach his children at an early age to do simple setting-up and breathing exercises, say for five minutes every morning before dressing. Here are three such exercises that will help wonderfully in lung development:

1. Stand erect, arms at sides. Inhale slowly but hard, mouth shut, raising the arms and stretching them sideways until backs of hands touch over head. Return slowly, exhaling through the mouth. Do this six times.
2. Stand erect, arms reaching forward. Raise arms overhead and stretch, inhaling through nostrils. Return slowly, exhaling through mouth. Do this six times.
3. Lie flat on floor, heels and toes together, knees together, chest arched, abdomen in, chin in. Place arms over head with back of head on floor. Inhale and exhale repeatedly, raising chest and abdomen alternately. Do this ten times.

Also every father should see to it before his children are ten years old that bad conditions, due to tonsils, adenoids, mouth-breathing, obstructed nasal passages, eye defects, ear defects, teeth defects, have been properly attended to by private experts or in public hospitals. These things have a direct bearing upon the child's general health and efficiency.

Also every father should have his boy learn to box at an early age.

"Boxing is good for little fellows from six to ten," says a former physical trainer at Yale University. "It teaches them to stand on their feet. Boxing makes for good lungs and a strong and regular heart action. It quickens the eye and clears the brain. It improves the blood circulation, steadies the nervous system and promotes a good digestion."

And there are moral values in boxing. A boy learns *not* to use unfair tactics; he learns self-control, self-reliance.

At the Allen-Stevenson School in New York City, where an admirable system of physical training prevails,

Table-work at "Boyville" summer camp

I have seen little fellows of twelve or thirteen from sheltered homes who, in a fight, could make it very uncomfortable for the average Third Avenue tough *because they have been trained!*

Here are some admirable "Hints for Boxing Bouts" as used by these boys:

"Look your opponent squarely in the eye, always with a smile. Don't let him punch that smile off your face. Try out

your man, study his reach, his style, his weak points. Don't get rattled under punishment. Grit your teeth and take what comes—smiling! Never taunt your opponent. If you win, find some praise for the loser; if you lose, praise the winner. Remember that boxing develops men, and men are always gentlemen."

"We regard physical training as the foundation on which everything else rests," Mr. Stevenson said to me. "If a boy is doing badly in his studies, if he is irritable, careless, disobedient, our first idea is not to preach to him or punish him, but to find out if anything is wrong with his bodily condition. We send for Anton Muller, our physical director, and take up the case with him. For weeks this boy is studied from a standpoint of physical health, sometimes with the co-operation of a doctor, and nine times out of ten the cause of the classroom trouble is located and remedied in the gymnasium."

As indicating the fine result obtained at this school through Mr. Muller's care and co-operation with the teachers, I may mention that a recent physical examination of one hundred Allen-Stevenson boys (every boy is photographed stripped before a measuring-screen) discovered *only two who showed bad posture!*

It was a joy to me to watch these young fellows, bare to the waist, go through their table work and boxing bouts, then stand for inspection — straight backs, even shoulders, magnificent chest development, skin alive and glowing. And I saw the same fine results of this work continued at the "Boyville" summer camp.

"When I get through with my boys," said Mr. Muller with pride, "they are broader, heavier, bigger in all proportions — and you ought to see some of them when they start!"

Another point in the new educational wisdom is that physical training must be universal; our schools and colleges should be concerned not with the making of a few star athletes (usually unbalanced persons) but with the making of a large number of *all-round* men. I would not send a boy to a preparatory school or a college where excessive importance is attached to the results of athletic competitions with rival institutions in football, baseball, rowing and track events. In such schools and colleges the inevitable tendency is to overtrain a few dozen students who "make" the teams (and often suffer for it in later years) and to neglect the training of several hundred other students who are not considered important by the trainers since they have not the making of star athletes.

I would send a boy to a school or college where the reasonable physical training of *every student* is considered as important as that of every other student, and where such reasonable physical training is *obligatory for all students with no exceptions!*

I have recently visited two excellent preparatory schools where athletics are practised in this way — for real health and manhood values, not for team glory in the newspapers. I refer to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, and to the Asheville School in North Carolina.

A few years ago, the Andover principal, Dr. Stearns, a famous athlete in his day, decided, in spite of opposition, that they must abandon the old athletic system of professional coaches and excessive training for a few picked men and no adequate training for the whole student body. Instead of this there must be compulsory physical training six days a week *for every boy in the school*, for the most confirmed bookworm as well as the most promising athlete.

And so it happened, with the best results, although there may have been fewer spectacular victories over teams from Exeter, the school's historic rival.

"I would rather lose football matches," said Dr. Stearns, "by having every boy in school get some good out of the games than win with clever picked stars."

At the Asheville School I observed the working of an admirable system which insures a medium amount of athletic work for all students, while guarding against any excess for a few. Sports are divided into two classes: major sports, where boys work as members of teams and submit to team discipline, and minor sports which call for individual skill. Every boy in the school is required to take part in both major and minor sports, but for each season there is a choice. Thus, in the fall, every boy plays baseball or football twice a week and tennis or track-racing twice a week. In the winter every boy plays soccer or basketball twice a week and squash or gymnastic work (including rowing-machines) twice a week. In the spring every boy rows on the lake or plays baseball twice a week and does track work or tennis twice a week.

For these athletic contests the whole school divides into two Clubs, the Olympians and the Corinthians, between which there is the keenest rivalry with hard-fought annual competitions for a supremacy in which *every boy has his personal part and pride!*

In addition to general athletic games in which all students *must* take part it is important that individual physical needs and defects of certain boys be studied and exercises supplied to meet such individual needs.

At the Asheville School I talked with the gymnasium trainer, Jasper Richardson, who takes in hand round-shouldered boys and *requires* them to go through certain back-straightening, lung-developing movements until they have attained correct posture. Or he takes flat-footed boys and gives them helpful foot exercises — rising on the toes, walking on the outside edge of the feet while toeing in, ankle-turning and stretching exercises which develop weakened foot-muscles. Or he takes boys with well-developed legs but thin arms and builds up their arms symmetrically with dumb-bells, wands and rowing machines.

"One thing that I am keen about," said Mr. Richardson, "is to see that the boys do exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles, trunk twisting, sideways bending, up-and-down abdominal exercises. This is an important part of physical training, since it has to do with digestive and intestinal hygiene, and it is often neglected."

There are encouraging signs that the importance of universal physical training is coming to be understood also in some American girls' schools and girls' colleges. One of the best girls' schools in New York City has in its new building given up an entire floor to an open-air covered gymnasium for use in all weathers, my only criticism being that some of the seances here are optional instead of compulsory with the pupils.

And Vassar College has so far awakened to the need of better physical training for its young women that quite recently Anton Muller was called upon to make suggestions looking toward the introduction of his posture-building system.

It is certain that if thousands of bad-posture society débutantes, many of them beautiful girls, only knew how easy it would have been a few years ago (when they were twelve or fourteen) for them to have developed straight backs, even shoulders, full busts, and how much better they would feel and look, they would be indignant at parents and teachers who allowed them to fall into sagging, stooping ways.

"I believe I owe half of my success in life, half of my ability to rise above difficulties and troubles," said a very efficient woman advertising manager to me, "to the

(*Continued on page 42*)

SUMMER

By Edith Wharton

The Conclusion of This Brilliant Serial

CHARITY lay on the floor on a mattress, as her dead mother's body had lain. The room in which she lay was cold and dark and low-ceilinged, and even poorer and barer than the scene of Mary Hyatt's earthly pilgrimage. On the other side of the fireless stove Liff Hyatt's mother slept on a blanket, with two children — her grandchildren, she said — rolled up against her like sleeping puppies. They had their thin clothes spread over them, having given the only other blanket to their guest.

Through the small square of glass in the opposite wall Charity saw a deep funnel of sky, so black, so remote, so palpitating with frosty stars that her very soul seemed to be sucked up into it. Up there somewhere, she supposed, the God whom Mr. Miles had invoked was waiting for Mary Hyatt to appear. What a long flight it was! And what would she have to say when she reached Him?

Charity's bewildered brain labored with the attempt to picture her mother's past, and to relate it in any way to the designs of a just but merciful God; but it was impossible to imagine any link between them. She herself felt as remote from the poor creature she had seen lowered into her hastily dug grave as if the height of the heavens divided them. She had seen poverty and misfortune in her life; but in a community where poor thrifty Mrs. Hawes and the industrious Ally represented the nearest approach to destitution there was nothing to suggest the savage misery of the Mountain farmers.

As she lay there, half-stunned by her tragic initiation, Charity vainly tried to think herself into the life about her. But she could not even make out what relationship these people bore to each other, or to her dead mother; they seemed to be herded together in a sort of passive promiscuity in which their common misery was the strongest link. She tried to picture to herself what her life would have been if she had grown up on the Mountain, running wild in rags, sleeping on the floor curled up against her mother, like the pale-faced children huddled against old Mrs. Hyatt, and turning into a fierce bewildered creature like the girl who had apostrophized her in such strange words. She was frightened by the secret affinity she had felt with this girl, and by the light it threw on her own beginnings. Then she remembered what Mr. Royall had said in telling her story to Lucius Harney: "Yes, there was a mother; but she was glad to have the child go. She'd have given her to anybody. . . . "

Well! after all, was her mother so much to blame? Charity, since that day, had always thought of her as destitute of all human feeling; now she seemed merely pitiful. What mother would not want to save her child from such a life? Charity thought of the future of her own child, and tears welled into her aching eyes, and ran down over her face. If she had been less exhausted, less burdened with its weight, she would have sprung up then and there and fled away. . . .

The grim hours of the night dragged themselves slowly by, and at last the sky paled and dawn threw a cold blue beam into the room. She lay in her corner staring at the dirty floor, the clothesline hung with decaying rags, the old woman huddled against the cold stove, and the light gradually spreading across a wintry world, and bringing with it a new day in which she would have to live, to choose, to act, to make herself a place among these people — or to go back to the life she had left. A mortal lassitude weighed on her. There were moments when she felt that all she asked was to go on lying there unnoticed; then her mind revolted at the thought of becoming one of the miserable herd from which she sprung, and it seemed as

though, to save her child from such a fate, she would find strength to travel any distance, and bear any burden life might put on her.

Vague thoughts of Nettleton flitted through her mind. She said to herself that she would draw from the Savings Bank the twenty dollars she had left, and find some quiet place where she could bear her child, and give it to decent people to keep; and then she would go out like Julia Hawes and earn its living and hers. She knew that girls of that kind sometimes made enough to have their children nicely cared for; and every other consideration disappeared in the vision of her baby, cleaned and combed and rosy, and hidden away somewhere where she could run in and kiss it, and bring it pretty things to wear. Anything, anything was better than to add another life to the nest of misery on the Mountain. . . .

The old woman and the children were still sleeping when Charity rose from her mattress. Her body was stiff with cold and fatigue, and she moved slowly lest her heavy steps should rouse them. She was faint with hunger, and had nothing left in her satchel; but on the table she saw the half of a stale loaf. No doubt it was to serve as the breakfast of old Mrs. Wyatt and the children; but Charity did not care: she had her own baby to think of. She broke off a piece of the bread and ate it greedily; then her glance fell on the thin face of the sleeping children, and filled with compunction she rummaged in her satchel for something with which to pay for what she had taken. She found one of the pretty chemises that Ally had made for her, with a blue ribbon run through its edging. It was one of the dainty things on which she had squandered her savings and as she looked at it the blood rushed to her forehead. She laid the chemise on the table, and stealing across the floor lifted the latch and went out. . . .

The morning was icy cold and a pale sun was just rising above the eastern shoulder of the Mountain. The houses scattered on the hillside lay cold and smokeless under the sun-flecked clouds, and not a human being was in sight. Charity paused on the threshold and tried to discover the road by which she had come the night before. Across the field surrounding Mrs. Hyatt's shanty she saw the tumble-down house in which she supposed the funeral service had taken place. The trail ran across the ground between the two houses and disappeared in the pine-wood on the flank of the Mountain; and a little way to the right, under a wind-beaten thorn, a mound of fresh earth made a dark spot on the fawn-colored stubble. Charity walked across the field to the mound. As she approached it she heard a bird's note in the still air, and looking up she saw a brown song-sparrow perched in an upper branch of the thorn above the grave. She stood a minute listening to his small solitary song; then she rejoined the trail and began to mount the hill to the pine-wood.

Thus far she had been impelled by the blind instinct of flight; but each step seemed to bring her nearer to the realities of which her feverish vigil had given only a shadowy image. Now that she walked again in a daylight world, on the way back to familiar things, her imagination moved more soberly. On one point she was still decided: she could not remain at North Dormer, and the sooner she got away from it the better. But everything beyond was darkness. . . .

As she continued to climb the air grew keener, and when she passed from the shelter of the pines to the open grassy roof of the Mountain the cold wind of the night before sprang out on her. She bent her shoulders and struggled on against it for a while; but presently her breath failed, and she sat down under a ledge of rock overhung by shivering birches. From where she sat she saw the trail wandering across the bleached grass in the direction of Hamblin, and the granite wall of the Mountain falling away to infinite distances. On that side of the ridge the valleys still lay in wintry shadow; but in the plain beyond the sun was touching village roofs and steeples, and gilding the haze of smoke over far-off invisible towns.

Charity felt herself a mere speck in the lonely circle of the sky. The events of the last two days seemed to have divided her forever from her short dream of bliss. Even Harney's image had been blurred by that crushing experience: she thought of him as so remote from her that he seemed hardly more than a memory. In her fagged and floating mind only one sensation had the weight of reality; it was the bodily burden of her child. But for it she would have felt as rootless as the whiffs of thistledown the wind blew past her. Her child was like a load that held her down, and yet like a hand that pulled her to her feet. She said to herself that she must get up and struggle on. . . .

Her eyes turned back to the trail across the top of the Mountain, and in the distance she saw a buggy against the sky. She knew its antique outline, and the gaunt build of the old horse pressing forward with lowered head; and after a moment she recognized the heavy bulk of the man who held the reins. The buggy was following the trail and making straight for the pine-wood through which she had climbed; and she knew at once that the driver was in search of her. Her first impulse was to crouch down under the ledge till he had passed; but the instinct of concealment was overruled by the relief of feeling that someone was near her in the awful emptiness. She stood up and walked toward the buggy.

Mr. Royall saw her, and touched the horse with the whip. A minute or two later he was abreast of Charity; their eyes met, and without speaking he leaned over and helped her up into the buggy. She tried to speak, to stammer out some explanation, but no words came to her; and as he drew the cover over her knees he simply said: "The minister told me he'd left you up here, so I come up for you."

He turned the horse's head, and they began to jog back toward Hamblin. Charity sat speechless, staring straight ahead of her, and Mr. Royall occasionally uttered a word of encouragement to the horse. "Get along there, Dan. . . . I gave him a rest at Hamblin; but I brought him along pretty quick, and it's a stiff pull up here against the wind."

As he spoke it occurred to her for the first time that to reach the top of the Mountain so early he must have left North Dormer at the coldest hour of the night, and have traveled steadily but for the halt at Hamblin; and she felt a softness at her heart which no act of his had ever produced since he had brought her the Crimson Rambler because she had given up boarding-school to stay with him.

After an interval he began again: "It was a day like this, only spitting snow, when I come up here for you the first time." Then, as if fearing that she might take his remark as a reminder of past benefits, he added quickly: "I dunno's you think it was such a good job, either."

"Yes, I do," she murmured, looking straight ahead of her.

"Well," he said, "I tried —— "

He did not finish the sentence, and she could think of nothing more to say.

"Ho, there, Dan, step out," he muttered, jerking the bridle. "We ain't home yet. You cold?" he asked abruptly.

She shook her head, but he drew the cover higher up, and stooped to tuck it in about her ankles. She continued to look straight ahead. Tears of weariness and weakness were dimming her eyes and beginning to run over, but she dared not wipe them away lest he should observe the gesture.

They drove in silence, following the long loops of the descent upon Hamblin, and Mr. Royall did not speak again till they reached the outskirts of the village. Then he let the reins droop on the dashboard and drew out his watch.

"Charity," he said, "you look fair done up, and North Dormer's a goodish way off. I've figured out that we'd do better to stop here long enough for you to get a mouthful of breakfast and then drive down to Creston and take the train."

She roused herself from her apathetic musing. "The train — what train?"

Mr. Royall, without answering, let the horse jog on till they reached the door of the first house in the village. "This is old Mrs. Hobart's place," he said. "She'll give us something hot to drink."

Charity, half unconsciously, found herself getting out of the buggy and following him in at the open door. They entered a decent kitchen with a fire crackling in the stove. An old woman with a kindly face was setting out cups and saucers on the table. She looked up and nodded as they came in, and Mr. Royall advanced to the stove, clapping his numb hands together.

"Well, Mrs. Hobart, you got any breakfast for this young lady? You can see she's cold and hungry."

Mrs. Hobart smiled on Charity and took a tin coffeepot from the fire. "My, you do look pretty mean," she said compassionately.

Charity reddened, and sat down at the table. A feeling of complete passiveness had once more come over her, and she was conscious only of the pleasant animal sensation of warmth and rest.

Mrs. Hobart put bread and milk on the table, and then went out of the house: Charity saw her leading the horse away to the barn across the yard. She did not come back, and Mr. Royall and Charity sat alone at the table with the smoking coffee between them. He poured out a cup for her, and put a piece of bread in the saucer, and she began to eat.

As the warmth of the coffee flowed through her veins her thoughts cleared and she began to feel like a living being again; but the return to life was so painful that the food choked in her throat and she sat staring down at the table in silent anguish.

After a while Mr. Royall pushed back his chair. "Now, then," he said, "if you're a mind to go along —" She did not move, and he continued: "We can pick up the noon train for Nettleton if you say so."

The words sent the blood rushing to her face, and she raised her startled eyes to his. He was standing on the other side of the table looking at her kindly and gravely; and suddenly she understood what he was going to say. She continued to sit motionless, a leaden weight upon her lips.

"You and me have spoke some hard things to each other in our time, Charity; and there's no good that I can see in any more talking now. But I'll never feel any way but one about you; and if you say so we'll drive down in time to catch that train, and go straight to the minister's house; and when you come back home you'll come as Mrs. Royall."

His voice had the grave persuasive accent that had moved his hearers at the Home Week festival: she had a sense of depths of mournful tolerance under that easy tone. Her whole body began to tremble with the dread of her own weakness.

"Oh, I can't — " she burst out desperately.

"Can't what?"

She herself did not know: she was not sure if she was rejecting what he offered, or already struggling against the temptation of taking what she no longer had a right to. She stood up, shaking and bewildered, and began to speak.

"I know I ain't been fair to you always; but I want to be now. . . . I want you to know . . . I want . . ." Her voice failed her and she stopped.

Mr. Royall leaned against the wall. He was paler than usual, but his face was composed and kindly and her agitation did not appear to perturb him.

"What's all this about want?" he said as she paused. "Do you know what you really want? I'll tell you. You want to be took home and took care of. And I guess that's all there is to say."

"No . . . it's not all. . . . "

"Ain't it?" He looked at his watch. "Well, I'll tell your another thing. All *I* want is to know if you'll marry me. If there was anything else, I'd tell you so; but there ain't. Come to my age, a man knows the things that matter and the things that don't; that's about the only good turn life does us."

His tone was so strong and resolute that it was like a supporting arm about her. She felt her resistance melting, her strength slipping away from her as he spoke.

"Don't cry, Charity," he exclaimed in a shaken voice. She looked up, startled at his emotion, and their eyes met.

"See here," he said gently, "old Dan's come a long distance, and we've got to let him take it easy the rest of the way. . . ."

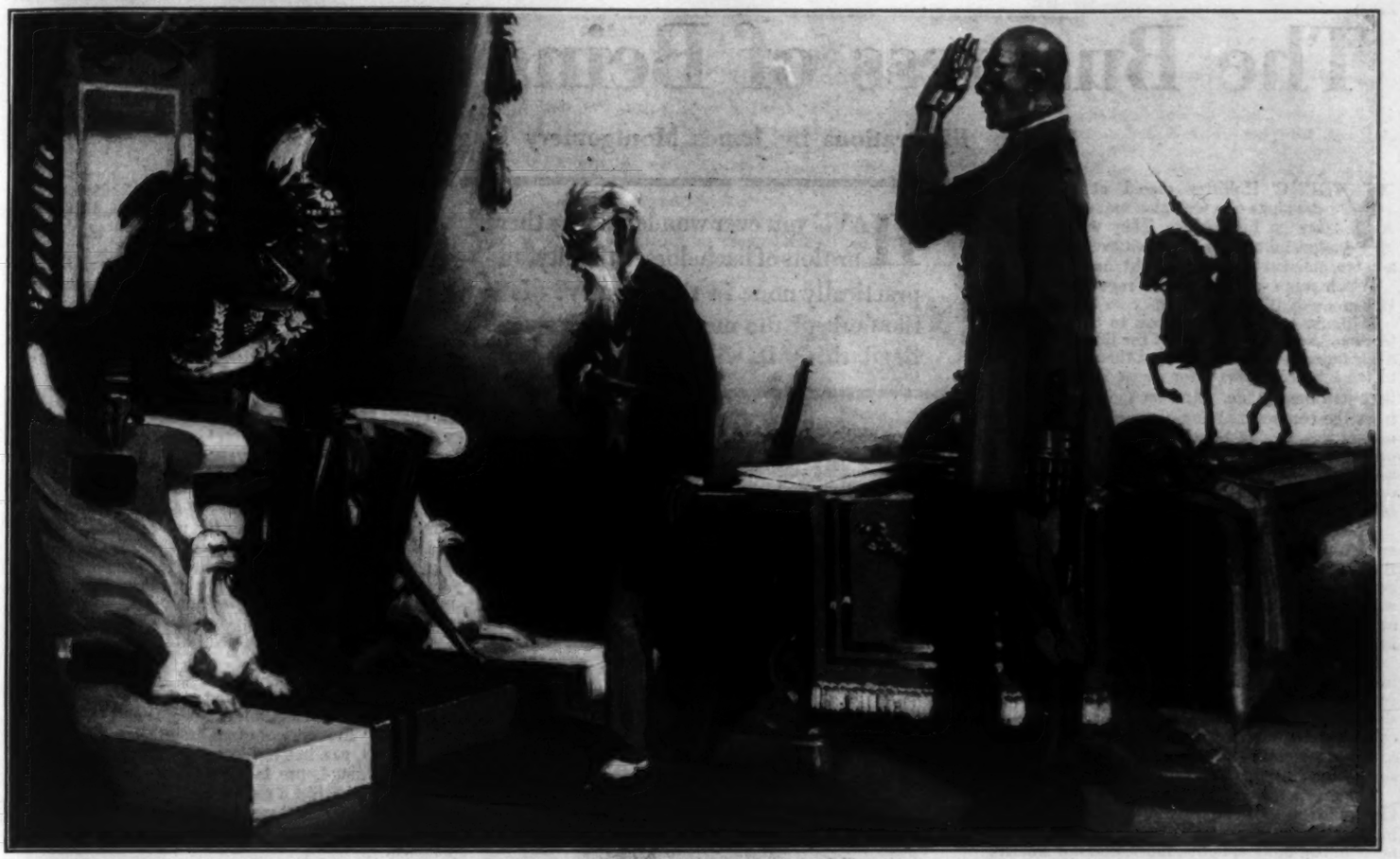
He picked up the cloak that had slipped to her chair and laid it about her shoulders. She followed him out of the house, and then walked across the yard to the shed, where the horse was tied. Mr. Royall unblanketed him and led him out into the road. Charity got into the buggy, and he drew the cover about her and shook out the reins with a cluck. When they reached the end of the village he turned the horse's head toward Creston.

XVIII

THEY began to jog down the winding road to the valley at old Dan's languid pace. Charity felt herself sinking into deeper depths of weariness, and as they descended through the bare woods there were moments when she lost the exact sense of things, and seemed to be sitting beside her lover, with the leafy arch of summer bending over them. But this illusion was faint and transitory. For the most part she had only a confused sensation of slipping down a smooth irresistible current; and she abandoned herself to the feeling as a refuge from the torment of thought.

Mr. Royall seldom spoke, but his silent presence gave her, for the first time, a sense [*Continued on page 40*]

COMING: A big new series of articles on the drink question. James Hay, Jr., and Cleveland Moffett have prepared important manuscripts, to follow the anonymous story in September. Then will appear human documents in the form of confessions — from men who write because they must, and because they know. A wonderful series



"From a shattered, bleeding wreck of no value to his country I have made him into an efficient man."

Efficiency: A Play in One Act

by Perley Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis

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Illustration by T. D. Skidmore

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

THE EMPEROR
THE SCIENTIST
NUMBER 241

THE EMPEROR: A person attired in military costume, indicating the highest order of elaborate modern mode, sage green in tone. He wears a short, olive-colored cape coat, the left flap of which is thrown back disclosing: (1) the Order of Merit; (2) the Triple Cross; (3) a seven-starred emblem of diamonds, emeralds and rubies, known as the Reward of Heaven, designed by the EMPEROR himself and bestowed by the grace of the Almighty upon His Majesty's Imperial person.

THE SCIENTIST: A small, thin man, garbed in frock suit, flowing black tie; thin of face; bulging eyes; horn spectacles; heavy head of gray hair; thin, straggly, gray beard and small mustache. He is very animated. He wears a long, Inverness style dark overcoat and carries a portfolio containing reports and statistical matter.

NUMBER 241: Stands six feet; is very erect and stiff of posture; closely cropped hair; large face, rather heavy of expression. Upon entering he is garbed in full-length war-gray cloak, with wide band at waist buttoned in front; the conventional metal war helmet now in general use; hands in white-cotton gloves. He moves with the deliberation of an automaton. In reality he is fifty per cent. human and fifty per cent. machine, being composed of: (1) left artificial leg; (2) two artificial hands; (3) artificial right forearm and elbow; (4) artificial left eye which SCIENTIST has converted into a telescope; (5) artificial left ear which is also a telephone; (6) all his teeth are metal — synthetic gold — but cheaper and harder. He can bite barbed wire in twain. Underneath his great cloak he wears the regulation infantry uniform and a bayonet in a scabbard. His speech is labored.

SCENE: Private audience chamber of an Emperor, in purple and gold, with magnificent throne-chair carved elaborately, a canopy extending over the seat. Regal flat-top table left center containing mounted figure of THE EMPEROR in bronze and a large mushroom gold gong. A purple-and-gold cloth falls over both ends of the table. The cloth is decorated with crown and scepter. Heavy purple curtains fall from back wall. A modern rifle leans against the left back corner.

[At rise of curtain stage empty. ENTER the EMPEROR followed by the SCIENTIST — the EMPEROR with a curt and preoccupied air, the SCIENTIST with an air of fawning enthusiasm.]

EMPEROR: [*crossing toward throne-chair, in which he seats himself*] Proceed! Proceed!

SCIENTIST: [*placing portfolio on table and smilingly rubbing his hands*] Modesty, Sire, causes me to falter.

EMPEROR: [*without enthusiasm*] My time is limited. The Crown Prince awaits me.

SCIENTIST: [*quivering with enthusiasm*] When your Majesty comprehends this greatest of all birthday gifts! — a million cripples transformed into a million fighting units! — your Majesty's might becomes terrible!

EMPEROR: [*indulgently*] Generalities!

SCIENTIST: I particularize. [*as Emperor makes sharp gesture that he is ready to listen*] The keynote of efficiency is the elimination of waste. Our problem was to eliminate the waste represented by the wounded. In brief — we have succeeded.

EMPEROR: [*beginning to display interest*] How so?

SCIENTIST: After countless experiments, we can now take a soldier, no matter how badly wounded, and return him to the trenches — a supersoldier — no longer a bungling, mortal man — but a beautiful, efficient machine!

EMPEROR: [*laughing*] You are enthusiastic but — not contagious! [*deprecatory gesture*] — but — [*sternly*] — your promises have not always been kept. The proof!

SCIENTIST: [*with impulsive devotion*] Your majesty, I foresaw your doubts. I brought —

EMPEROR: Ha! A — specimen!

SCIENTIST: [*appreciating the jeu d'esprit*] Perfectly! He is in the ante-room.

EMPEROR: [*curtly*] Bring him in! Bring him in!

SCIENTIST: Er — I beg your majesty's pardon — but — he is not — altogether pleasant to look upon.

EMPEROR: Nonsense! Whatever makes for the strength of the dynasty is agreeable to the imperial eyes.

SCIENTIST: [*with tremulous delight*] May I?

EMPEROR: Certainly! Make haste!

SCIENTIST: [*nimbly crosses to door, opens it, and ejaculates command*] Attention! Forward! Hep! [*there is a momentary silence, then a metallic clatter as if caused by a movement of iron, then a heavy step.* ENTER 241, *erect, with measured tread, observing nothing. He comes down to center of stage, where he stops in response to the* SCIENTIST'S *order*] Halt!

[*As 241 stands at military attention, the* SCIENTIST, *with manifest delight, flutters bowing before* EMPEROR *and explains*] The ultimate triumph! — our two hundred and forty-first experiment — Hence — Number Two Hundred and Forty-One! [*during this explanation* 241 *does not stir. The* EMPEROR *stares at* 241 *with a sort of horrified fascination*]

EMPEROR: He — marches — splendidly!

SCIENTIST: The least of his accomplishments. Permit me! [*returns to* 241, *whom he prods,* 241 *remaining impassive*] Magnificent! [*gesture of approval as he carries on inspection of arms, hands, body and head of* 241. *Runs finger around left eye, taps gently left ear. Contemplates ensemble and makes gesture for* 241 *to open mouth.* 241 *opens mouth and shows glittering array of metallic teeth; he shuts them with click like a steel trap.* Perfection! Right arm! [241 *lifts right arm in stiff but sweeping gesture*] Left knee! [241 *crooks left knee twice*] Hands! [241 *opens and closes both cotton-gloved hands and manipulates fingers*]

EMPEROR: You guarantee his efficiency?

SCIENTIST: Absolutely.

EMPEROR: Demonstrate. [*Continued on page 56*]

The Business of Being a Bachelor

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

HAVE you ever wondered why there are lots of bachelors in the city, and practically none in the country? Is it the fault of the men — or the women? Read this. It will make you sit up

YOUNG Hollister glared at the finished drawings of a Georgian manor house which lay on his table. They were extremely good drawings, of which even an older and a more eminent architect might have felt proud.

Which was exactly why hot rage burned within Hollister's soul!

He knew what would happen to those drawings. Gordon, the junior member of the firm, would make a few unimportant changes, and then carry them off to the tobacco magnate for whose Maryland estate they had been made. And on the profits accruing from the commission Gordon would probably take one of his twelve-month jaunts to South America or to Japan. Meanwhile, Hollister would toil through a germ-infested winter and a sweltering summer, drawing more plans to enrich his firm, at the munificent salary of thirty-five dollars a week.

Not that he believed himself the genius of the concern, but he knew he was worth more money. Also there was some method by which fellows in his position got ahead, eventually attaining offices of their own, with other newcomers in the field glad to work for them at thirty-five dollars a week, a method which so far had eluded him.

Hollister belonged to the great army of young men in New York who do commendable work, struggle for recognition, live in second-class boarding-houses, and slowly but surely pay off the money borrowed for college or technical education. Hollister was sending his mother twenty-five dollars a month against the sum she had advanced for his year at the Beaux Arts, Paris.

The reaction from weeks of grilling work had set in. He needed a new winter overcoat and new shoes, but he decided that he needed much more a well-cooked meal among flowers, lights, music and fair women.

His thoughts traveled quickly over his list of acquaintances. Most of the girls he had met were a bit second-class in style for the hotel he had chosen, and his co-workers in the office were a trifle too bohemian. He wasn't in the mood for a table-d'hôte or red ink. Then he recalled Dutton, the chap he had met at the bank, a likeable fellow who always looked well groomed and decently tailored. He reached for the telephone.

Men in steel, men in cotton, men in ammunitions, men who could paint good pictures and write good music, a sprinkling of men from the different embassies at Washington, a few bronzed Englishmen who had been hunting big game in the Northwest, not mere spenders, but doers, and most of them accompanied by women more or less beautiful, wondrously gowned! The great dining-room of the hyphenated hotel radiated the spirit of success. Hollister was depressed no longer. The memory of those drawings, now lying on his chief's desk, thrilled him with a sense of achievement.

He leaned across the table and spoke in a low, vibrant voice to Dutton.

"And all of them had to start, old chap, as you and I are starting, somewhere near the bottom. What's the trick of getting ahead in this town?"

Dutton looked back at the eager face of the young architect and smiled in friendly fashion from the depths of his greater experience.

"Knowing the right people."

Hollister laughed a little bitterly.

"Tell me something easier!"

"That's the easiest thing in the world for a detached man. You know how to wear evening clothes, don't you? And the difference between a fish and an ice-cream fork? You could dance if you had to, play tennis if you practised up, run a motor boat if you had a few lessons?"

He stopped, flinging Hollister an interrogative glance. Hollister nodded his head mechanically.

"But who's going to ask me to do any of these things?"

"If you're game, I'll see that you get the chance. How much money do you suppose the bank pays me?"

"I don't know. You're in the bond department, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I'm under bond, too. Well, the bank pays me just twenty-five dollars a week. And you're wondering how I live? I share an apartment with three other men. We have a maid who cooks breakfast. The bank serves lunch for all its employees, and nice, well-to-do women, all dressed up and no place to go, supply my dinners. Every city is full of middle-aged women, with or without daughters, whose sons are in college and whose husbands are so absorbed in making money that they can't play around in the social game. A bachelor who holds his head and avoids intrigues, makes himself useful and agreeable, can dine out seven days in the week and choose his hostess at that."

Hollister stared incredulously.

"You don't believe it, eh?" said Dutton. "Well, look at that table two aisles over, one woman in bright green, the other in white. The one in green is the wife of a man who is making millions in South America. He has to be down there most of the time. She is a fine woman, good taste, beautiful place down on Long Island, not quite in the smart set, but a lot nicer than some of the women who are. She has a daughter of eighteen and a widowed sister of thirty-five on her

Young Hollister, Bachelor

hands. All their male relatives are busy making money. A detached man who knows his place in the social game and who isn't a bore will find 'welcome' written on their door mat any time. If you don't believe it, come down with me to their place for a week-end, and see a practical demonstration in the business of being a bachelor."

Hollister, whose knowledge of the so-called smart set was limited to articles in Sunday papers and fiction in near-clever magazines, stared at his guest in wide-eyed amazement.

"I wouldn't make a hit as a tame cat."

"Tame cats have gone out," answered Dutton. "The man who's too busy doing things to hang round morning rooms and tea shops has come in. That's where fellows like you run strong. You come of good mid-west stock, you've had college training and a couple of years abroad. You read good books and use good English, you're clean cut and decent, and you wear your clothes well. Finally, you're in the thick of things, with a future. You'd make a hit with Mrs. C ——"

"You mean the lady over there in green?" whispered Hollister uncertainly. "How do you know she'd invite me to her house at all?"

"I'll stop at their table as we go out and introduce you. When she telephones for me to come down for the week-end, I'll remind her of the introduction and suggest that if she is short a man for her party — and the average hostess feels that she can always use one more man — you'd fill in corkingly. Then it's up to you to be ready with up-to-date evening things, a storm coat, a sweater and plenty of fresh linen. Well, are you game?"

Hollister looked thoughtful. He had always paid his way through life and earned professional recognition.

"I suppose I'd meet a lot of people with money who might need the services of an architect."

"In time, yes, but incidentally you can cut out your cheap boarding-house, take a room at your frat house or a club, and live like a gentleman. You'll find that the new environment will react on your work in fine style."

Hollister was doing mental arithmetic with his bank balance.

"When we go down Saturday, do I take the ladies flowers, candy or anything of that sort?"

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Dutton with a chuckle. "They raise flowers in their hothouses, and probably have a standing order for bonbons. And remember — in that set, they're all 'girls,' not ladies. Treat them just as you would the — er — stenographer you've probably taken to the theatre now and then. And don't feel too grateful for being entertained. Remember that five feet ten of physical fitness, good manners and an intelligent line of conversation are bachelor assets that you can always discount for the best that the social market affords."

All of which came about as Dutton had prophesied! The invitation to spend a week-end at Great Gate was received. Hollister and Dutton cut their lunch on Saturday, to make a 1 o'clock train.

"They'll serve tea before we're really hungry," the experienced Dutton explained, "and if we wait till a later train, we lose the best of the afternoon and cut into Mrs. C ——'s plans."

At the station nearest Mrs. C——'s estate, they were met by one of her machines. From that time until a high-power car rushed him back for an early train Monday morning, Hollister lived the country life of the immoderately rich.

He motored over wonderful roads in a rakish roadster, and he cut through the waters of the Sound in a record-breaking motor boat, mentally deciding that when he came down again, he'd take a try at the engine. This because the daughter of his hostess steered like a veteran, and chatted of men who could get the *nth* power out of an engine. The Japanese mechanician, Hollister decided, should be called into service in case of accident only. On Long Island, everybody who was anybody at all did things himself!

On Saturday afternoon he roamed through a dog show, and on Sunday morning he rode a blue-ribbon horse, cantering beside his hostess, who sat her horse better than her daughter did, and who wore riding breeches quite as well. He was a bit bored by insufferable movies, but later in the evening he was compensated by the privilege of dancing with some of the prettiest girls from near-by estates.

His expenses for the stay of forty hours amounted to his railway fare and a small tip to the servant who had unpacked his bags. Yet he had no uncomfortable sense of obligation to his hostess. He had canceled his debt with courtesy to her guests, and with unfailing interest in her home, her sports, herself. He had enjoyed his morning on the horse — who wouldn't, in such company? He had been able to help her decide

a vexed question concerning her sunken gardens, which were not looking quite as they should. He had been just a little more attentive to her daughter than to the more attractive young persons who gathered for the Saturday-night dance. He had set her Sunday luncheon table into gales of laughter with a really good story of his student life in Paris, and he had promised to send her a book she would surely enjoy.

Hollister had made good in his first plunge in the business of being a bachelor, and he knew that the fair neighbor of his hostess, who had inquired for his telephone number, meant to ask him down to her place.

He had given her the office telephone. He realized that it wouldn't do to give her the number of his second-class boarding-house in the upper West Side. Which realization led him to apply that very day for an inexpensive room at his fraternity club-house.

During the ensuing week, he was asked to fill in at a dinner given at her club in town by a woman he had met at Mrs. C——'s, and later he saw the most popular play of the hour from a box which his hostess had purchased through a ticket agency at a shocking premium. Her limousine carried her guests from club-house to theatre. Hollister's expenses for a delightful evening were represented by ten cents in carfare and twenty-five cents in tips for coat checks.

During the evening his hostess talked frankly about her big son in Harvard and how much she missed his services as an escort. Her husband, Hollister knew, was abroad floating something or other.

On the following Saturday afternoon, he attended a tea given jointly by Dutton and his chums in their old-fashioned apartment near Washington Square.

This bachelor group consisted of an illustrator, a composer, a blond giant who was studying for Orders in the Episcopal Church, and the bond clerk. The theological student had an inherited income of six hundred dollars a year. The composer had a suburban organ job at a thousand dollars a year, played accompaniments for singers and worked systematically toward the day when he should rank among the recognized writers of good songs. The income of the illustrator was irregular, but he had never failed to meet his home-making assessment. Dutton, with his twelve-hundred dollar salary, ranked as the moneyed man of the quartet.

All of these men had come to New York from comfortable homes in small cities or towns, and had met through mutual acquaintances. Tiring of hotel and boarding-house life, and finding themselves congenial, they had rented the apartment for seventy dollars a month and set up their Lares and Penates. They had chosen and superintended the decorations, thereby securing individual and artistic results, and they had furnished the rooms partly with new stuff and partly with heirlooms, mahogany in particular, supplied by affectionate mothers and elderly maiden relatives. A middle-aged Scandinavian servant swept, garnished, mended, and economized for them, nursed them when they were ill, and rejoiced that her labors rarely included the preparation of a dinner. The four men figured on giving two or three teas each season as one means of paying their social debts.

In the interest of economy this particular tea had been planned for the day after the illustrator's birthday. His up-state mother had sent him a box of good things, including jellies and marmalades, which, with olives, cream cheese, lettuce and mayonnaise, supplied fillings for the sandwiches, and two home-made cakes that outclassed any French pastry which would be turned out by the chefs of their guests. Bread for the sandwiches, some unusual Russian tea and lemons represented the outlay for refreshments.

Came to these rooms women of wealth and social standing in search of the glamour which surrounds men who do unusual things; also several big singers who were gracious enough to sing some of the composer's songs, a prominent author whose last story the illustrator had done, and a group of men and women whose pictures had been hung at the fall exhibit. The matrons who entertained in their town and country houses, and who placed horses, motors and boats at the disposal of impecunious bachelors, lingered at the tea, listened to tales of student life, early struggles, and first rewards, and enjoyed the contact with artists and musicians. It was a jolly break in their endless round of dinners, dances, and charities.

As Hollister mingled with the different groups representing wealth and artistic achievement, he realized for the first time the difference between the tame cat who a generation ago dawdled in Mrs. Newly-rich's morning-room or boudoir, retailing gossip and planning freak entertainments, and the young men of definite activity who today find favor as cavaliers for women whose men-folks have been caught up by national affairs or big business. He saw the unattached man as a definite and legitimate social figure in the world where there are always more women of leisure than men, and he was convinced that men like himself and Dutton gave value in full for courtesy extended. Nor did he find the women shallow seekers of profitless pleasure. They sought diversion, yes, but they were deeply interested in the achievements of those who still struggled and anxious to be identified with or useful in the upward climb. In fact Hollister left the tea so thoroughly converted to reciprocity between those who had wealth and those who had artistic and social gifts that he never again felt qualms about accepting invitations.

Within six months he reached the point where he could weed out undesirable invitations, and he welcomed an occasional night off at an Italian table d'hôte with some of the men who worked in the office. In a year he was living in one of the most fashionable apartment houses for bachelors in the heart of the club district—in the least expensive apartment, to be sure, but the address was what counted. His firm had raised his salary because his social connections were valuable.

Within two years after his memorable dinner with Dutton, he was engaged to the daughter of a corporation official whose Italian gardens and Roman bath he had planned. His prospective father-in-law was glad to have his girl marry an upstanding young man who had made his own way in the world, and who proposed to continue working in his chosen profession. So Hollister was offered the backing for offices of his own, and the paternal wedding gift was a small estate on the Hudson, within sight of the Roman baths over which he had burned much midnight oil.

The day after the engagement was announced, Hollister and Dutton lunched together in the same hotel where they had dined together the first time.

He had enjoyed his morning on the links. Who wouldn't, in such company?

"She's the finest girl in the world," Hollister said with conviction.

"Sure," said Dutton cheerfully. "Money's no handicap when a girl is the right sort."

"Well, I just want you to know that I owe her and a lot more to you and that week-end visit to Mrs. C——'s."

"Rot!" said Dutton cheerfully. "You won out because you worked and kept your head. You played the business of being a bachelor like a good sport. That's all! Some men can't stand up under it. They turn into loafers or lackeys, or, worse still, they fall in love with women who merely want to use them. But it's a great game, just the same. Being a bachelor is a cinch in almost any city."

Dutton was right — and wrong.

There is a special niche for the diplomatic bachelor of small means in any city which boasts a social life, but the profession of the bachelor guest is not always a "cinch." Eligible men have always enjoyed special privileges at the hands of matrons with marriageable daughters. But during the past five years the bachelor has gained a new utilitarian value not necessarily matrimonial.

The reason for this is simple. America has no true leisure class, as it exists abroad. The American man who has no absorbing interest, professional, commercial, or political, is rare. The newly made multi-millionaire may no longer need to work, but money-making has become a habit with him. It is the great interest of his life. He depends upon his women folk to advance their social interests and his. Even the man who inherits money prides himself on conserving and increasing the family fortune, and maintaining the family position in the financial or industrial world. The sons of the well-to-do are off at college for four years, after which they, too, plunge into business.

So you have the husband, son or brother of the rich attending only such dinners and dances as his wife, mother and sisters deem necessary. And he drops into an opera-box just long enough to put in an appearance or act as escort. Most of his leisure hours are spent outdoors in order to keep physically fit — riding, motoring, golfing, hunting, and, in summer, cruising on a sailing-boat in preference to a steam yacht. Most of his evenings find him at his club, and, if his opinions are sought, at banquets or public meetings where vital topics, from military training to the cost of food products, are discussed by eminent men.

While he is in the thick of his business and his personal interests, he is willing and anxious that the women of his family shall enjoy the leisure and the luxury which his money can buy for them. So he welcomes, rather than objects to, the presence of nice young men in his home — to dance and ride and motor and dine with his wife and his daughters, to occupy his chair in the opera-box, to enliven the week-end on his country estate. But he expects his wife to pick such bachelor guests with discretion — young men who conduct themselves discreetly and creditably, and who, if their host should turn up, can play a good game of golf, tennis or billiards, and tell a clever story which the host in turn can tell at the next banquet he attends.

Where are such desirable bachelors to be found?

In the arts — painting, sculpture, illustrating, writing, music and architecture; in the financial world, banks, bonds and stocks; in the commercial and industrial world, ambitious young fellows in the selling, contracting and advertising departments of big corporations. They spring from good families of moderate means. Most of them have worked their way through college or technical schools, or have risen from humble beginnings. They are too much interested in their future to join the ranks of the idle spenders, and they

are not rich enough to participate in public affairs or to lounge in clubs. And so they are found, not singly, but in groups, sharing, without expense, the privilege and pleasures of the rich, the near-rich, and the merely prosperous—filling in at dinners, theatre and house parties, week-end motor runs, always supplying that which is essential to a wholesome social life, the masculine element. They are not grafters, nor panderers nor social lackeys, but important and useful factors in urban social life.

From the millionaire hostess on Long Island who wants to insure the young women of her week-end party a pleasant time, to the wife of the Ohio steel magnate, the Michigan automobile maker, and the Nebraska packer with a dinner-dance at the country club on her hands, the bachelor of small or moderate means has a utilitarian appeal all his own.

Not every man is constituted to play successfully and squarely this modern game of being a bachelor. To begin with, he must have the true spirit of give-and-take. The man who starts out deliberately to graft on a hostess is headed straight for failure. Nor will he succeed if he figures on his hostesses as so many meal tickets, or as so many steps by which he climbs to professional or financial success.

Women who offer these opportunities are quick to identify and rid themselves of a man who is merely a grafter, a parasite, and a panderer. They want congenial companionship, true equality, and common interests, not obsequious flattery. They can hire a dancing teacher by the hour and forget his existence.

The man of small means who makes a place for himself among hostesses of quality is the man who has individuality, ideas and independence enough to assert his opinions. There is a great difference, too, between a bachelor who is a desirable guest and the protégé of musical or other artistic gifts who needs financial assistance and helpful introduction. The modern matron keeps these two classes distinct. The bachelor desirable is her equal.

This fact was brought home to a young writer who thought that every woman who was nice to him wished to advance his career. Here was a young man who had graduated from a prominent university, had traveled abroad, and had settled at his fraternity house after selling a few stories to second-class magazines. The first women to whom he attached himself were successful writers, illustrators, actresses, and business women who maintained cozy apartments and entertained delightfully. By skilful management he was able to lunch or dine with one of these women almost daily, but they soon tired of him because he talked of nothing except himself, the stories he was writing, and the nice things which editors said about his work.

Another type of man who fails utterly is the man who is infected by the luxury and ease enjoyed by his hosts and their families. He loses interest in his own career, and begins to hate his work and the hours which it absorbs. He may figure on making a rich match and cutting out business. He is too eager to accept invitations, too assiduous in his attentions. He leaves the office early to dance attendance on some rich women or her daughter at an afternoon tea, or at a benefit for war-sufferers. He may even begin to spend quite a little money, repaying entertainment in kind, whereupon his hostess turns suspicious. Why is he neglecting his work? What is his source of income? What are his intentions toward the young women to whom she is introducing him?

The bachelor guest who is desired and respected by a worth-while hostess, no matter what her income, is the man who works, who likes his work, and who refuses to sacrifice it to what are commonly known as the pastimes of the idle rich.

But the fatal attitude for a bachelor to assume is the belief that he must make desperate love to, or at least flirt to the danger point with, his hostess. The intrigue develops in all strata of social life, but it is a matter of individuals, not of any one class. So the bachelor who lasts and who serves society best is he who is courteous, attentive, and diplomatic rather than flirtatious and amatory. His hostess likes to be admired and deferred to, but she rarely stands ready to consider all "well lost for love."

The life of a popular bachelor runs something like this:

He breakfasts at his rooms or club, particularly if he is in business, and during the day he attends strictly to his business. If he accepts any luncheon invitation at all, it is with men downtown, often with the husbands of his different hostesses at their clubs. He does not attend teas or afternoon dances. Since dancing and skating have been in vogue, men are often urged to drop into tea rooms or skating rinks between the close of office hours and dinner-times, but the bachelor who puts his business future ahead of social pleasure refuses all such invitations.

He goes directly to his room after business, bathes, rests, and reads, because a successful man keeps in touch with current events and affairs of national and international interest. He rides to the home of his dinner hostess in a trolley or 'bus, and if cocktails are served he has the first drink of the day. In many homes, however, the modern cry of efficiency through sobriety has banished the cocktail, and the only liquor served is a light wine with the roast. After dinner he is included in the party which attends a concert, play or opera, or there may be informal dancing. He may have a bite of supper after the play or opera at the home of the hostess or one of her women guests. But by twelve o'clock he is on his way home for the sleep which will fit him for his work the next day. Strange as it may seem, the men most in demand are those who decline steadfastly to attend afternoon or all-night affairs.

When the weather is seasonable, the week-end usually finds him at some country estate or one of a party at a country club. During severe winter weather, particularly in large cities like New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, Sunday has become a day of heavy entertaining. It starts with a little breakfast for intimates at eleven or twelve, includes several téas during the afternoon, and closes with dinner, and music or even dancing or cards in the evening.

The bachelor's day is broken with telephone calls and his mail is filled with invitations. The consideration shown by the up-to-date hostess for a popular bachelor is proved by the fact that she frequently telephones his apartment before business hours, rather than interrupt his affairs at the office. So it is not unusual for his telephone to begin ringing at 8 A. M. or earlier.

It is impossible for a popular bachelor to accept all the dinner invitations which he receives, and he proves himself a true diplomat by the manner in which he distributes the favor of his presence, and especially in the excuses he offers in declining oft-repeated invitations. Many men, after a season or two of dining out, make a practise of reserving one evening in the week for complete relaxation.

The matron and the débutante who dine and dance night after night rest and read during those hours when the bachelor guest is absorbed in business. So it becomes necessary for him to snatch occasional evenings for rest when the season is at its height, or his business will suffer.

This statement was illustrated by the compact entered into by a group of Chicago men who had rooms in clubs or apartment houses downtown. They were all hard-driven during the day, and in order to attend dinners in outlying fashionable districts, they had to rush from their offices to their rooms, dress without any chance to relax, and then ride interminable distances in crowded elevated or surface cars. While they enjoyed the dinners and the social intercourse which the dinners afforded, they began to feel that the long trips were not only unpleasant but counted as so much wear and tear against their professional or business success. They agreed among themselves to explain clearly but firmly to their various hostesses that they would be glad to accept invitations for dinners — but only on condition that motors were sent for them! They knew that at that hour of the day the family cars were idle, and that the trip which, by trolley or elevated, represented not only discomfort but a shocking waste of time, could be made by motor over the smooth boulevards in a few moments.

The importance of the bachelor of small means in the social scheme is indicated by the fact that the hostesses not only acknowledged the soundness of the argument offered, but apologized for not having recognized earlier the demands which business made on men of this particular class.

The social life contributes indirectly to the professional or business success of a popular bachelor, but not sufficiently to warrant his playing it too energetically or in expending too much money on it. The actual expenses of a bachelor are not heavy. He may live at his fraternity club-house, his university club, a bachelor apartment house, or he may club with several friends to maintain a small apartment in a good neighborhood. His room with breakfasts may [*Continued on page 64*]

A Matter of Gesture

by Susan Glaspell

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

THERE isn't one of my revolutionary friends who is not satisfied with his own conclusions about Harry Ruhl. Perhaps the reason my ideas about it haven't counted for more with them is that I haven't had anything as well-defined as conclusions. Indeed, I have scarcely had ideas — only gropings. I have given up trying to modify their feeling by mine, not only because of the difficulty in meeting the sure with the uncertain, but because it is perhaps kinder to Ruhl just to let it all go — and he went through enough, heaven knows. For almost two years he was forced to live face to face with himself, and with himself alone — and for a pretender that must be the ordeal that immeasurably passes strength. Only people who are real are spiritually equal to prison, it seems to me. All my other feeling about Ruhl — and it has been a pretty varied feeling — would be submerged in pity with the thought of his having to live alone with himself those days and nights, and with himself, as he came to be, stripped of his last tatter of romance.

But this story has to do with that stripping, so I mustn't get ahead of myself or the story-telling members of our group would not approve of me. I'm writing about Ruhl to see if I can't make my feeling clearer to myself than I ever succeeded in making it to anyone else. Though doubtless the impulse to try to set down the truth wouldn't have come if Bert Stephens had not produced a blaring story of Ruhl under the caption, "Remorse."

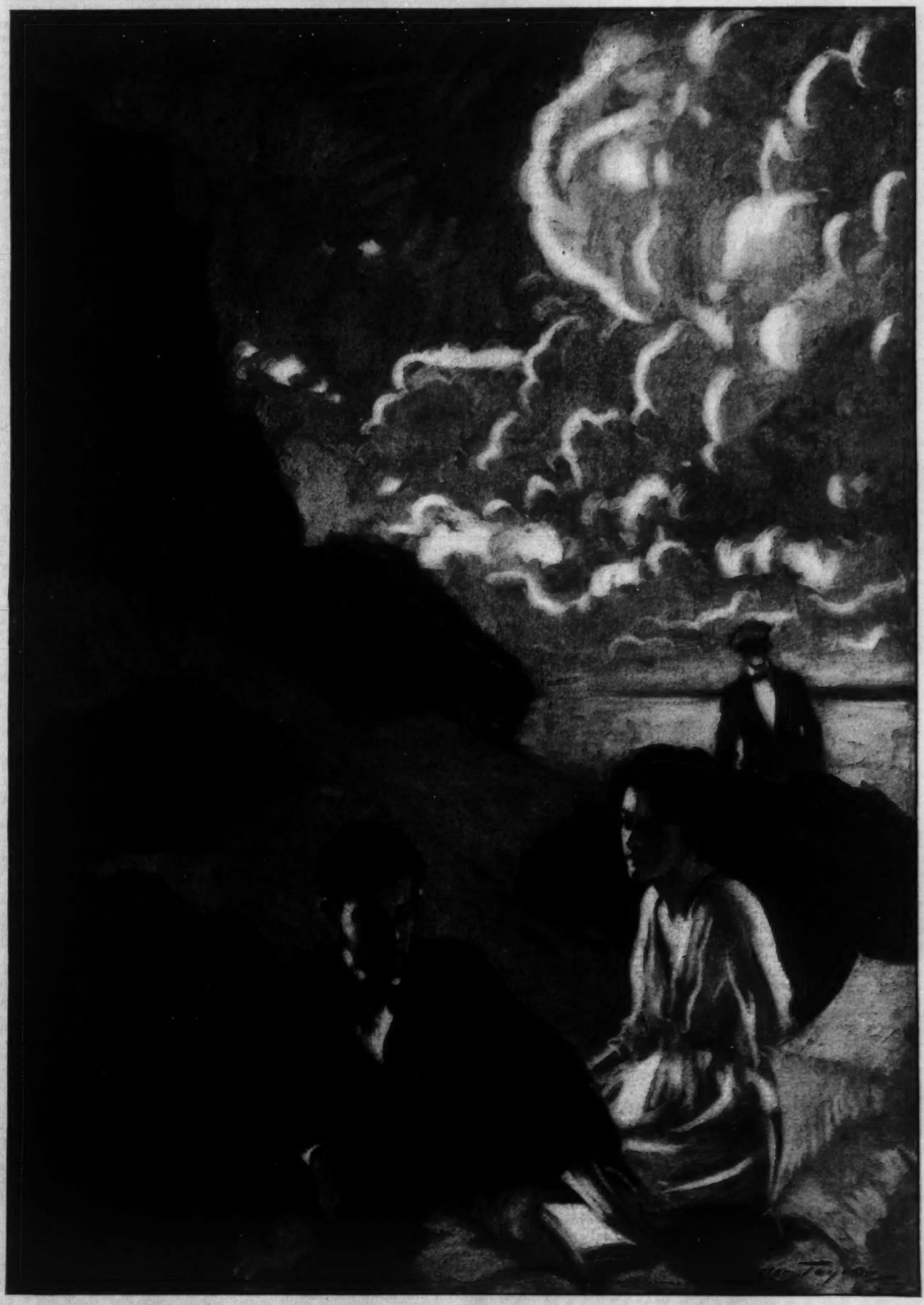
It was my brother Mark who disturbed our summer with Ruhl. I knew that Mark was up to something when he came and sat on the sands with me and the children that June morning. He had an intimate, melancholy manner that made me sniff trouble. Mark is never so tenderly sad as when about to sacrifice me to "the cause."

I was not in burnt-offering mood that morning, so I put on a hard shell of sprightliness and whenever that appealing note in Mark's voice as he spoke of the seagulls perching out there on the wire posts threatened me I thought of my ruined rugs and closed in again. Mark is a friend of revolution. Well, so am I — but they really were singularly beautiful rugs. You remember the unemployed demonstrations in New York two or three years ago? Mark was in the thick of that and the unemployed overran our house — and that in particularly slushy weather. And when I complained about it, "Rugs!" cried Mark, "when they haven't *beds?*" I had come with a grievance and turned away with a feeling of unworth. Mark is himself so real and simple and passionate that he can do those things to me.

But that summer — the summer following the unemployed turmoil — I wanted a little surcease from the sorrow and strenuousness of others. We were at Cape's End, the place I love best in the world, the isolated little town by the sea where we live simply among a group of pleasant people — in the main writer and artist folk. The distressing things of the world seemed a long way off. Happy, lazy days stretched before us. I said something of the sort, whereupon Mark said that he had that morning had a letter from Harry Ruhl.

Hope sank in my heart. For at once I knew that Mark was going to propose Ruhl for the summer, and equally well did I know that I was going to agree to the intrusion.

It was at the time that Ruhl was waiting to enter prison. Just that — waiting to enter prison. Free at the moment, out in the world, but waiting to enter prison in the fall — as one might be waiting to enter a university. Can't you see how I resented the clutch there was in it? — the way Ruhl's situation forced Ruhl upon me? And what finished me was that Ruhl did not at all appear, in his letter to Mark, to be



Harry had just fallen silent and lay there upon the sands, his back to me, when I heard someone coming

proposing himself or pointing out the pathos of his situation. He wrote in reply to a letter from Mark, saying that after all he would not be with the Hudsons at their Long Island cottage, as Mrs. Hudson was going to have a baby soon, and was not well, so that they all felt it would be too hard for her to have him there — with all his presence might keep before her. For the moment he was sharing a little apartment with Gorden Willcox, who had taken him in. Gorden was himself hard up, however, and might have to let the apartment go. But something else would turn up, he hoped. He was trying all the time to get work, but there had been too much written about his case. Nobody wanted to get mixed up with him. He closed with an appreciative word about all Mark had done for him, thanking him again for having made it possible to appeal the case.

I did not need Mark's reviewing of the Ruhl case to make me know I had to have Ruhl. But I listened to it, willing the thing should gain the proportions of inevitability, thus relieving me of the responsibility of my own surrender. Ruhl had swung into our ken at the time of a great mill-workers' strike in a near-by state. Mark and the rest of the so-called intellectuals of the labor movement were immersed in this strike. And one night, after it had gone on for weeks and it seemed the workers were right up to the edge of defeat, this Harry Ruhl, almost a stranger, rose at a meeting and told the strikers that if they couldn't win by peaceful means they'd have to win any way they could. He "advocated violence," was arrested, tried, and sentenced to from two to seven years in the penitentiary. Not even Mark had any hope of his winning on this last appeal.

But Ruhl, out on bail which Mark had provided, was waiting through the summer. When, later in the day, my husband said that if I really didn't want the fellow around I should have had the firmness to say so, I wept with rage — rage that he couldn't *see* it. Harassed while he was yet free! — nothing to do with his precious little while of liberty — and me living in a rambling old house on the sea! Oh, well, Arthur is a sculptor, and absorbed in his work, so I mustn't revive my rage by dwelling on this. He's an artist — and sees what he cares to see.

Now it happened that I had never seen Ruhl, and while Mark had told me he did not suggest violence I was unprepared for the mild-looking young fellow who diffidently sat with us at luncheon that first day. The first strong feeling I had about Ruhl was one of indignation — when I looked at him, slim, boyish, shy, and thought of the judge who had sentenced him to the penitentiary for a possible seven years.

You can anticipate what happened. Mark had told me that I would not have to bother with Harry — he would look after him himself, but Mark was unable to relieve me of my own intense interest in Ruhl. I would try to check myself with the admonition that it was indelicate, that it was not nice feeling — this avid wondering what another person, and he under my roof, was feeling; but you see entertaining a man who was waiting to enter the penitentiary was scarcely an ordinary situation. And of course Ruhl himself did not know how my mind was misbehaving.

In fact, it early became apparent that Harry liked being with me better than with Mark and the little group of people then at Cape's End who were in one way or another identified with the movement, or perhaps I should say the feeling, to which Ruhl had sacrificed himself. Because of Mark our house was the center for those people — conspicuous among them the editor of a revolutionary monthly of satirical character — and in their discussions there would usually be a moment when Ruhl would flame, as if that which in them was an intellectual interest, at best a strong social feeling, was in him a passion which took flame. They always fell back a little before him, and after his outburst Ruhl would usually get up and walk out of the room, leaving the impression of his feeling being too much for him. I can see him now as I have many times seen him after quitting the group on the porch or before the fire and alone walking rapidly along the beach, sometimes going quite from sight and not appearing again for several hours. Of course he never did that without leaving us wondering about it, speculating, interested in what his mood would be when he returned.

But as I was about to say, Ruhl spent much of his time with me and the children. He fell into the way of leaving what we called the storm center — the discussions of Mark and his friends, and coming down to the sands and there gathering shells and building houses with us. That was not difficult to understand; it was escape, of course. He had never been by the sea before; he learned to swim, to sail a boat. He had been thin and pale when he came; in the first month he filled out and browned. The way Ruhl threw himself into our play, his zest for it, somehow moved me more than anything else about him. Though there were always coming those times of breaking; he would be sailing and after an exhilarating hour would turn away as if suddenly stricken, motioning some of us to take the tiller — to be sailing the open sea and see one's self in a cell!

I tried in what I thought adroit and not unkind ways to get Ruhl to talking about himself, but as I afterwards put it, he had a strong instinct for keeping himself a mystery. I learned more than the others knew, but most of the things Ruhl told me came indirectly, not as confidences but in the off-guard conversation of people who play around together. He came from the middle west, went to a little college out there no one had ever heard of — one of those obscure sectarian schools. I know them, for my husband comes from the middle west and we spent two years in his home town. And I don't think I could see Ruhl as well as I feel I do see him if there had not been one of those schools in that town. Bored to death, I took a notion I would study Greek, and so for an hour each day I went to that tight, arid little school.

I think Ruhl was a little surprised by my interest when he laughingly told me one day that he had won the "state oratorical contest." He would have been more than a little surprised had he known of the times I thought of him in relation to that state oratorical contest. Ruhl was first a student and then, without having studied anywhere else — that I gleaned out of another conversation — a teacher at this school. He "got in bad" for saying Longfellow was not a great poet — the subject, you may remember, had agitated less inconspicuous institutions at a somewhat earlier time. Ruhl was finally let out for his anti-Longfellow attitude, the trustees feeling that a blow had been struck at reverence.

Ballad of the Slacker

by

Theodosia Garrison

(*of the Vigilantes*)

I

WITH only the moon for a candle flame,
Into the room the three ghosts came;
There by the young man's bed they stood —
He, the last of the name and blood.

The three ghosts stood by the young man's bed,
As they were the living and he the dead,
And straight their shoulders as each might bear
The two gold bars that the Captains wear.

The first ghost bent by the young man's head:
"Son of my last son's son," he said,
"By the bridge that I held at Lexington,
I bid you wake to a task undone."

The second leaned to the young man's hand:
"By the flag we raised, by the deck we manned,
By the ship we cheered when the fight was won,
I bid you wake to a task undone."

The third ghost knelt in the night apart;
He laid his hand on the young's man heart:
"By the nation severed our swords made one,
By a race delivered, my one son's son,
I bid you wake to a task undone."

II

THE young man rose when the east was red;
"Now fare you well, my Mother," he said,
"Or ever the sun goes down again,
I take my place with the fighting men.

"Whether or not I dreamed last night,
My eyes are filled with a clearer light;
Zeal at my heart like flame I feel,
And my right hand aches for the grip of steel!"

Out of the door the young man strode;
Three ghosts marched with him down the road,
And straight their shoulders as each might bear
The two gold bars that the Captains wear.

There was a man in the town who had a general sympathy with dissenters — (this I got at still another time, and from another angle — it was remarkable the instinct Ruhl had against letting his life throw light upon him) — and this man got him a position with a relative of his in New York who published an encyclopedia — of a sort. Harry "made copy" — routine, tedious work. He went about to the various radical meetings the papers informed him of — was he not himself a rebel? — came to know a few people, got interested in the big strike. One night when speakers were needed at a meeting Ruhl volunteered, and astonished them all with what they called his passion. He began figuring in the papers as one of the strike leaders and lost his position with the maker of encyclopedias — thereby growing more important as strike leader, of course. There began the talk about holding Ruhl back; men of importance in the movement talked to him about not going too far; he was written up in one of their papers as "a revolutionist with passion." And then the strike situation grew more desperate, and one night Ruhl, in what Mark called a high passion for self-destruction, made the speech which led to his arrest.

There were times when he could make his face look like a poet's. But there — I shouldn't have said that at this time for it was only later I came to think of it so, and I'll be spoiling my story if I have no "surprise" at the end. Bert Stephens, who gets large prices for his stories, says there must always be a surprise. It was Bert Stephens himself who gave Ruhl the second title — successor to "revolutionist with passion." One night Mark and Harry were disagreeing in an argument, whereupon Bert, in his manner of knowing what the rest of us couldn't know, said quietly: "There's no use going on, Mark. You see you are a propagandist, while Ruhl is a poet."

Harry gave him a startled glance, then a disdainful little laugh and turned from us and stared moodily into the fire. When I looked at him a few moments later I saw that he had attained the poet look.

That last sounds so unfeeling that there seems nothing to do but give away my hand — tell why I am writing this story, what it is about. What interests me is not the startling and tragic story itself, but the inquiry into what Ruhl really was. Was he ever sincere? — was he ever real? These were questions often and bitterly put after he had, as one might say, betrayed the faith. The rest of them arrived at conclusions which satisfied them and so could put Ruhl out of their minds — trying to forget that he had ever been. But I think I saw a little further into it, and so I never was as sure as the others. Anyhow, what is sincerity? For my part I don't know how far anyone is sincere and how far he is taking the part of the person he wants to appear to be.

For the rest of the summer Ruhl played the part of the poet. But he had something to work with — there was something of the poet in him. What I don't know is how much was the poet in him and how much the desire to appear the poet. And I wonder, too, if playing the rôle of poet at all developed the poet. Those are interesting things to think about.

You will understand I don't mean that Harry wrote poetry. It was his quality, his attitude, his feeling. He would frequently say things disclosing that sensitiveness to beauty, to life, which we call the feeling of the poet. Then other things sounded as if thought out for the state oratorical contest, and still others left me wondering whether they were false or true — and I suspect they were something of both.

But here was the thing that began coming home to me too hard: that he should have to go back and pay the price for having been the revolutionist with passion after he had left that and become the poet. For he had left it. His outbursts grew less frequent, less convincing. I could see that he tried to avoid the situations that might expect them from him, could see that they were painful to him. The others thought it was because of what he was facing, and of course there was that in it, too — particularly as he was facing a penalty for a thing he no longer wanted to be. And among those complex things was a simpler and more appealing thing — a summer out of doors and the thought of prison in the fall.

There were times when I was so sorry for him I didn't care whether he was real or not. He grew afraid — his eyes were the eyes of one who is afraid; sometimes he would get up and run away from us as if driven, again he clung to us as if afraid to be left alone.

He took to leaving his door open at night. One night I heard him moving around and got up and his face just wrung my [*Continued on page 66*]

Where—and How—to Borrow Money

by James H. Collins

ARE you average folks? Just a regular fellow with an income of salary or wages, who sometimes needs money badly? Mr. Collins, the well-known writer on business, has for years studied and written about credit and thrift as they apply to you and me. This article makes the mechanism of borrowing both clear and entertaining. It will be followed by another in which this expert tells how to save money and where to put it for safekeeping

"THEY *cannot collect now!*" were the last words of a young railroad clerk who died in a St. Louis hospital not long ago. Two hours before he had swallowed poison. Loan sharks had taken every penny of his salary, ninety dollars a month, to pay interest on a loan of five hundred dollars. The rent of his flat was overdue. His wife was keeping boarders to pay their grocery bill. Not a cent of money was found in his pockets.

Driven to desperation in the same way, twenty-two borrowers from one New York loan company committed suicide in three years, according to a statement by the manager. And the manager of another New York loan company admitted that he had made a profit of ten thousand dollars in three and a half months by lending a capital of ten thousand dollars to borrowers of just this kind.

You must be familiar with this sort of thing. Such cases are constantly cropping up in the newspapers. You've read about them, or heard such stories from friends or fellow workers. Perhaps you've lived through such an experience yourself. Or maybe you will have to live through one sometime in the future, unless you look into this subject of borrowing money, and find out what to do in a pinch.

There has been enough said about the loan shark, the innocent victim, the high interest and the suicides.

Let us start with the man who needs money and see what he can do to finance himself economically and safely.

The typical borrower from a loan shark needs very little money. Fifty dollars is a large loan. The average is below twenty-five dollars. This typical borrower is usually a workman, a clerk, a city employee, or some other regular fellow who lives on wages or salary. Probably he has gone rather lightly and cheerfully through life. First he was a boy who lived at home, and when he got a job and earned money for himself, blossomed out in good clothes, and went in for good times to such an extent that you could see it was something of a problem for him to find ways of spending money as fast as he made it. He was a bright, ambitious boy. He put his heart in his work, and the pay envelope fattened up. He worked hard all day, and played hard nights and Sundays, and then the right girl came along. Full of love for her, and confidence in his manly young self, he married her, and they went into their little instalment-furnished home. The world was brimmed with fun and hope. They saved nothing, and gave no thought to possible emergencies. Everything was exactly as it should be, and they were exactly right in all they did. For if young people cannot dance their way together into Life like this, the old world had better go into receivership — and would, very soon.

Then, suddenly, without warning, there came the first crisis. A baby was born, or the wife fell sick. Rent and furniture payments behind. Twenty-five or fifty dollars cash was needed desperately.

Now, one thing is characteristic of this typical borrower. He is almost always scared, and more likely in a panic. When the bright blue sky of the joyous old world swiftly fills with financial thunderheads, he is caught all aback. Everything is blown away and turned bottom up, and he seldom has any idea of what to do, or where to go for help.

The manager of any loan company would admit that the panic of the borrower is a strong lever with which to force hard terms, if he talked frankly, and if he wouldn't talk, the manager of any legitimate loan institution could describe the embarrassment of the borrower — how he comes in nervously, in the belief that asking for cash he needs is somehow shameful and wrong, and stammers and hesitates until he is put at his ease, and even attempts to cover his confusion by misstatements of fact.

The first thing for this typical borrower to understand is that he has a perfect right to borrow money. There is nothing underhanded about it. The transaction rests on straight business principles. He goes into the money market to buy accommodation, and pay for it, just as he would purchase any other service or goods. And the next thing to get straight in his mind is that not one, but perhaps half a dozen different agencies and concerns are awaiting to sell him this accommodation.

In three years, more than a score of borrowers from one loan shark commit suicide! In less than four months another loan shark doubles his money by lending to such borrowers!

What would these two facts indicate to a credit man? Why, plainly, that the basis of security in such loans is very good, and that it pays to lend such borrowers. Our typical borrower, in his fright and ignorance, assumes that he has no credit. After timidly trying to obtain the cash he needs from friends, he turns to the loan shark, with his newspaper advertisements of cash, imagining that no other course is open to him. But let the trained credit man analyze him, and he will be found a solid citizen, with ability to borrow on a par with that of any business man going to a bank, in proportion to his needs and income.

One of the handiest lenders is the pawnbroker. It is seldom possible to deal with a real loan shark profitably. If one is absolutely certain that he can repay the principal of his loan in a short time, he might escape from the loan shark's system safely. But it will cost him more than the accommodation is worth. The pawnbroker, however, is a different kind of lender, and if the borrower has personal property suitable for a pledge, and can trust himself to avoid the pawnshop habit of putting his Sunday clothes in every Monday morning and getting them out every Saturday night, there are decided advantages in getting money that way — provided dealings are had with a reputable licensed pawnbroker. It is quick and

Keep well and you keep cool

Don't worry about the weather. Don't fill up with ices and iced drinks nor with food that lacks vitalizing properties. You need a strengthening diet in summer just as much as in winter.

Keep in condition. That is the secret of comfort and good work. Choose food that is not heavy but nourishing and easy to digest. This is just the weather to enjoy and benefit by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is an ideal summer food—all pure nourishment.

The rich stock, which we make from selected beef, supplies strengthening meat-nutritives in easily digested form.

The other nutritious ingredients which we combine with this stock include choice white potatoes and sweet potatoes, fine yellow rutabagas, Chantenay carrots, okra, celery, and a snappy suggestion of sweet red peppers, besides rice, barley and "A. B. C." Macaroni.

The use of this wholesome soup promotes real economy and the conservation of food-value in the most practical sense. You avoid not only labor and heat, but waste of materials and excessive fuel-cost. And you have an invigorating food perfectly cooked, palatably seasoned, all ready to serve in three minutes.

Keep a supply on hand and get the good of it.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

quiet, and involves no personal investigation. The pawnbroker lends on jewelry, watches, tools, furs, musical instruments and other articles taken as security elsewhere, and also upon clothing, which is not always accepted as a pledge by other credit institutions. He will sometimes advance a larger proportion of the value of an article than other lenders, as is shown by the fact that he is willing to lend additional money on receipts for pledges left with credit associations.

Suppose our typical borrower bought himself a seventy-dollar watch in the days of his prosperity. Now it would sell for fifty dollars. The pawnbroker will lend him seventy or seventy-five per cent of its selling value. On the thirty-five dollars he is willing to advance he charges three per cent interest each month. If the watch is redeemed in three months, the interest is reasonable, about three dollars, which is very different from the loan shark's ten per cent a month, which totals up to more than ten dollars. The pawnbroker lends on the assumption that the pledge will be redeemed. If it isn't, he has to keep the watch a year. By that time accumulated interest has run up to more than twelve dollars, and after storage, auction charges and other expenses have been met, and the watch sold for its selling value, fifty dollars, the lender just about recovers his capital with interest.

As a rule, the handiest form of credit that our typical borrower will possess is in his tangible property — valuable personal trinkets of himself and family, household furniture that has been paid for, and so on. These will often enable him to raise cash for an emergency, and he need not take them to a pawnbroker, because there are now numerous remedial loan societies scattered over the United States that will lend on pledges, and more are being organized every year.

Good types of these institutions are the Provident Loan Society and Chattel Loan Society of New York City. The Charity Organization Society saw the suffering caused by extortionate pawnbrokers' charges in the early nineties, and recommended that an association be formed to render the same service at reasonable rates. In 1894 the Provident Loan Society was formed by public-spirited men, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, to lend money on personal effects at one per cent interest a month, the loans extending over a year instead of the short term usually granted by pawnbrokers. Last year, nearly twenty million dollars' worth of business was done by this society. The Chattel Loan Society was formed in 1912 with similar motives, to lend sums up to two hundred dollars on household furniture at two per cent a month, for ten months. Last year it made more than thirty-five hundred loans, averaging seventy-three dollars each.

The remedial loan society is apt to be a borrowers' readiest source of cash, where one exists in his community. It will lend on jewelry, furs, musical instruments and such valuables, and sometimes on endorsed personal notes, and assignments of wages. It seldom accepts clothing or tools as a pledge, but will often lend on household furniture. From the standpoint of the lender, furniture is generally good security for money, for while it would bring only a fraction of its cost at forced sale, it has a sentimental credit value. Every man prizes the fittings of his home, and will make an effort to repay a loan upon it.

During the past few years a regular chain of these societies has been formed across the country through the co-operation of the National Federation of Remedial Loan Associations and the Russell Sage Foundation. It now embraces thirty-eight associations, operating in thirty-five cities, in twenty states — all formed by men content to receive a reasonable return on their invested capital. Latest available figures show that $17,000,000 capital was employed to make 875,000 loans aggregating over $29,000,000 in one year, with estimated savings in interest charges to borrowers of over $5,000,000. Five societies make loans solely on pledge of personal property; twelve loan solely on mortgage of furniture; fourteen maintain both pledge and chattel departments; five loan upon endorsed notes, together with other security, and three accept assignments of wages. These societies make loans, not for thirty days or other brief periods, like loan sharks, but for ten months or a year. They encourage borrowers to repay loans in weekly or monthly instalments, charging interest only on unpaid balances. Loans usually range from ten to three hundred dollars, and interest charges from one to three per cent a month. In one year's lending of $29,000,000, these societies incurred losses of only $25,000 — or less than one-tenth of one per cent.

Competition of these societies has forced many loan sharks to reform their methods or quit business. Yet, on account of the business requirements and restrictions set by law, the field of these remedial loan societies is somewhat limited. They cannot loan to the man who does not possess security, or to one who is permanently unemployed or whose income — present or prospective — does not promise a fairly regular repayment of a loan. And because of the impersonal character of the organization, it is not often possible to encourage borrowers to become thrifty, and guard against the financial pinch that led to distress.

Suppose the borrower has no pawnable personal property, no furniture, or similar security. Perhaps he has taken out life insurance. The insurance solicitor persistently follows up Newly-Weds, and he may have insured his life when money was plentiful and thought little more of the matter. If it is an "ordinary" policy, of the kind on which payments are made every three or six months, or yearly, and payments have been made for at least three years, it will have a loan value, upon which he can quickly borrow from the life insurance company at five per cent interest yearly. This is borrowing from his widow, however, and he should scrupulously pay back the loan, even if he has to do it in instalments. It is about the cheapest loan he can secure. If his insurance happens to be the "industrial" kind, upon which weekly payments are made, to an agent who calls for the money, it will have no loan value.

Suppose he lacks even life insurance — what then?

Why, he still has credit, beyond doubt, unless he is a downright tramp, or in jail, and it is at just this point that the borrowing possibilities begin to be most interesting.

Now let him look around for a credit union, one of the best and handiest institutions ever devised for making loans to borrowers of his class.

The credit union was invented by the Germans about 1850, and has spread pretty much over the earth since, with fifteen millions of members and seven billion dollars' worth of loan business in the whole world. But it is only seven or eight years old in the United States. We have been so fascinated by the millions of high finance that little attention was paid, until lately, to the eagles and double eagles needed by average folks, the little loans of every-day finance by which better organized nations have been paying their way through life.

The credit union will be found in many of our cities and states nowadays, and new ones are constantly being organized. Sometimes it is an institution doing a general business with the whole community, like a savings-bank. Again, it will be maintained by employees in a big manufacturing plant, or an office, or in the city government, for their own needs, but has money to lend to outsiders.

To obtain money from a credit union, the borrower needs no property or tangible security. The loan rests on his character, his earning power, the sort of home he has, and other details indicating what sort of fellow he is.

In Chicago, some time ago, the tax assessors clapped a heavy personal assessment on an immigrant who earns three dollars a day. He could not pay it. The assessment was made by error. When he came to prove that he owned no personal property warranting such an assessment he brought his children with him, nine of them, all bright and well dressed, and said they were his chief possessions, and offered them in payment. The tax assessment was immediately quashed, of course, and the assessors congratulated him upon being so rich in the humanities.

If that man wanted to borrow money from a credit union, and offered nine children as security, or five children, or even three, it would be a solid basis for a loan. His children are an assurance that he has a stake in the community, and in life; that if he borrows money he will not run away, or loaf, and that he is already a capable producer of wealth. Credit has been defined as "the exchange of present wealth for future wealth," and nine children are ample demonstration that a man will earn future wealth to repay the credit union's loan of present wealth to tide him over an emergency.

When the borrower calls on the treasurer of a credit union to ask for money, that official quickly gauges his responsibility by a system that reduces it to figures. He is questioned as to why he wants the loan, and also his record as an earner and citizen. Each fact can be set down in percentages, and if the aggregate of these percentages is high enough, he passes, just like a school boy in a lesson examination, and gets the money he needs. It is important to know whether he needs money for some real necessity, or is foolishly over-extending himself by needless purchases. It is also important to know where he works, how long he has been employed there, how long he has lived in his present home, whether he is married and has children, pays his debts promptly, belongs to clubs or lodges, and so on.

There is a point at which the law of averages goes to work for a man when he needs money, and furnishes a basis for credit. If he can show that he is industrious, settled and steady up to a satisfactory percentage, then he belongs in a class like accepted applicants for life insurance, and by the law of averages is pretty certain to repay his loan.

The credit union not only lends money on such a showing of personal character and stability, but often on endorsed notes, plain notes and other security. These would not be considered sufficient without character to back them, however, and it is a distinctive function of the credit union to build a borrower up while it is assisting him, and to put him in such safe financial condition that he will not be pinched in a future emergency. The borrower must become a member of the union for at least one five-dollar share, and while he is using money lent him, at one per cent a month, is also paying in moderate sums on his shares, and drawing interest upon them, as in any savings institution, and providing capital with which to finance himself in a pinch.

Still another source of funds for the borrower in many communities is the "Morris plan" company now established in about thirty cities in the United States. These companies lend on the notes of borrowers who can secure the endorsement of two other satisfactory persons. Loans are made in multiples of fifty dollars, and run for a year, at the yearly rate of interest legal in the state where the company operates, plus a fee to cover the expense of credit investigation. The borrower is also required to subscribe for an amount of the company's investment certificates equal to his loan, paying a dollar a week for fifty weeks on each fifty dollars' worth taken. These certificates are pledged for the loan, and at the end of the year the certificate automatically wipes out the debt — the effect of the transaction being the repayment of the loan in weekly instalments. The chief difference between the Morris plan and the credit union is, that one is a private business enterprise, seeking to make profits for stockholders, while the credit union is purely co-operative, and all its profits are paid back to members in the form of interest on their shares.

It is often argued that, whereas a manufacturer or merchant needing money can go to his bank and obtain it on his note or other security, the workingman and office employee has no such facilities. It is true that the bank that lends to a business man could not loan the small sum that wage-earners and salary-earners need in emergencies. The bank has no machinery for investigating the character and standing of small borrowers economically. It could not take its money back in instalments, or go to the expense of collecting where payment was slow. But it is not true that the man in office and factory has no place where he can borrow. There are at least six sources of credit open to him — the reputable lender on chattel mortgages licensed by the state, the pawnbroker, the life insurance company, the remedial loan society, the credit union and the Morris plan loan company. There are at least six forms of security he can offer for a loan — pledge of personal property, household furniture, life insurance policy, personal note, assignment of wages and shares in a credit union. If you are an average fellow, and get into a tight corner financially, just remember these sources and securities open to you, and do not let fright or embarrassment add to your difficulties. Go to the straight business institutions that are waiting to accommodate you, and deal with them on a straight business basis

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Summer— *Continued from page 32*

of peace and security. She knew that where he was there would be warmth, rest, silence; and for the moment they were all she wanted. She shut her eyes, and even these things grew dim to her. . . .

In the train, during the short run from Creston to Nettleton, the warmth aroused her, and the consciousness of being under strange eyes gave her a momentary energy. She sat upright, facing Mr. Royall, and stared out of the window at the denuded country. Forty-eight hours earlier, when she had last traversed it, many of the trees still held their leaves; but the high wind of the last two nights had stripped them, and the lines of the landscape were as finely penciled as in December. A few days of autumn cold had wiped out all trace of the rich fields and languid groves through which she had passed on the Fourth of July; and with the fading of the landscape those fervid hours had faded too. She could no longer believe that she was the being who had lived them: she was someone to whom something irreparable and overwhelming had happened, but the traces of the steps leading up to it had almost vanished.

When the train reached Nettleton and she walked out into the square at Mr. Royall's side the sense of unreality grew more overpowering. The physical strain of the night and day had left no room in her mind for new sensations and she followed Mr. Royall as passively as a tired child. As in a confused dream she presently found herself sitting with him in a pleasant room, at a table with a red and white table-cloth on which hot food and tea were placed. He filled her plate and cup, and whenever she lifted her eyes from them she found his resting on her with the same steady tranquil gaze that had reassured and strengthened her when they had faced each other in old Mrs. Hobart's kitchen. As everything else in her consciousness grew more and more confused and immaterial, became more and more like the universal shimmer that dissolves the world to failing eyes, Mr. Royall's presence began to detach itself with rocky firmness from this elusive background. She had always thought of him — when she thought of him at all — as of someone hateful and obstructive, but whom she could outwit and dominate when she chose to make the effort. Only once, on the day of the Old Home Week celebration, the stray fragments of his address drifted across her troubled mind, had she caught a glimpse of another being, a being so different from the dull-witted enemy with whom she had supposed herself to be living that even through the burning mist of her own dreams he had stood out with startling distinctness. For a moment, then, what he said — and something in his way of saying it — had made her see why he had always struck her as such a lonely man. But the mist of her dreams had hidden him again, and she had forgotten that fugitive impression.

It came back to her now, as they sat at the table, and gave her, through her own immeasurable desolation, a sudden sense of their nearness to each other. But all these feelings were only brief streaks of light in the gray blur of her physical weakness. Through it she was aware that Mr. Royall presently left her sitting by the table in the warm room, and came back after an interval with a carriage

from the station — a closed "hack" with sunburnt blue silk blinds — in which they drove together to a house covered with creepers, and standing next to a church with a carpet of turf before it. They got out at this house, and the carriage waited while they walked up the path and entered a wainscoted hall and then a room full of books. In this room a clergyman whom Charity had never seen received them pleasantly, and asked them to be seated for a few minutes while witnesses were being summoned.

Charity sat down obediently, and Mr. Royall, his hands behind his back, paced slowly up and down the room. As he turned and faced Charity she noticed that his lips were twitching a little; but the look in his eyes was grave and calm. Once he paused before her and said timidly: "Your hair's got kinder loose with the wind," and she lifted her hands and tried to smooth back the locks that had escaped from her braid. There was a looking-glass in a carved frame on the wall, but she was ashamed to look at herself in it, and she sat with her hands folded on her knee till the clergyman returned. Then they went out again, along a kind of arcaded passage, and into a low vaulted room with a cross on an altar, and rows of benches. The clergyman, who had left them at the door, presently reappeared before the altar in a surplice; and a lady who was probably his wife, and a man in a blue shirt who had been raking dead leaves on the lawn, came in and sat on one of the benches.

The clergyman opened a book and signed to Charity and Mr. Royall to approach. Mr. Royall advanced a few steps, and Charity followed him as she had followed him to the buggy when they went out of Mrs. Hobart's kitchen; she had the feeling that if she ceased to keep close to him, and do what he told her to do, the world would slip away from beneath her feet.

The clergyman began to read, and on her dazed mind there rose the memory of Mr. Miles, standing the night before in the desolate house of the Mountain, and reading out of the same book words that had the same dread sound of finality. . . .

"I require and charge you both, and ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment whereby ye may not be lawfully joined together . . ."

Charity raised her eyes and met Mr. Royall's. They were still looking at her kindly and steadily. "I will!" she heard him say a moment later, after another interval of words that she failed to catch. She was so busy trying to understand the gestures that the clergyman was signaling to her to make that she no longer heard what was being said. After another interval the lady on the bench stood up, and taking her hand put it in Mr. Royall's. It lay enclosed in his strong palm and she felt a ring that was too big for her being slipped onto her thin finger. She understood then that she was married. . . .

LATE that afternoon Charity sat alone in a bedroom of the fashionable hotel where she and Harney had vainly sought a table on the Fourth of July. She had never before been in so handsomely furnished a room. The mirror above the dressing-table reflected the high headboard and fluted pillow-slips of the double bed, and a bedspread so spotlessly white that she had hesitated to lay her hat and jacket on it. The humming radiator diffused an atmosphere of drowsy warmth, and through a half open door she saw the glitter of the nickel taps above twin marble basins.

For a while the long turmoil of the night and day had slipped away from her and she sat with closed eyes, surrendering herself to the spell of warmth and silence. But presently this merciful apathy was succeeded by the sudden acuteness of vision with which sick people sometimes wake out of a heavy sleep. As she opened her eyes they rested on the picture that hung above the bed. It was a large engraving with a dazzlingly white margin enclosed in a wide frame of bird's-eye maple with an inner scroll of gold. The engraving represented a young man in a boat on a lake overhung by trees. He was leaning over to gather water-lilies for the girl in a light dress who lay among the cushions in the stern. The scene was full of a drowsy midsummer radiance, and Charity averted her eyes from it and, rising from her chair, began to wander restlessly about the room.

It was on the fifth floor, and its broad window of plate glass looked over the roofs of the town. Beyond them stretched a wooded landscape in which the last fires of sunset were picking out a steely gleam. Charity gazed at the gleam with startled eyes. Even through the gathering twilight she recognized the contour of the soft hills encircling it, and the way the meadows sloped to its edge. It was Nettleton Lake that she was looking at.

She stood a long time in the window staring out at the fading water. The sight of it had roused her for the first time to a realization of what she had done. Even the feeling of the ring on her hand had not brought her this sharp sense of the irretrievable. For an instant the old impulse of flight swept through her; but it was only the lift of a broken wing. She heard the door open behind her, and Mr. Royall came in.

He had gone to the barber's to be shaved, and his shaggy gray hair had been trimmed and smoothed. He moved strongly and quickly, squaring his shoulders and carrying his head high, as if he did not want to pass unnoticed.

"What are you doing in the dark?" he called out in a cheerful voice. Charity made no answer. He went up to the window to draw the blind, and putting his finger on the wall flooded the room with a blaze of light from the central chandelier. In this unfamiliar illumination husband and wife faced each other awkwardly for a moment; then Mr. Royall said: "We'll step down and have some supper, if you say so."

The thought of food filled her with repugnance; but not daring to confess it she smoothed her hair and followed him to the lift.

An hour later, coming out of the glare of the dining-room, she waited in the marble-paneled hall while Mr. Royall, before the brass lattice of one of the corner counters, selected a cigar and bought an evening paper. Men were lounging in rocking-chairs under the blazing chandeliers, travelers coming and going, bells ringing, porters shuffling by with luggage. Over Mr. Royall's shoulder, as he leaned against the counter, a girl with her hair puffed high smirked and nodded at a dapper drummer who was getting his key at the desk across the hall.

Charity stood among these cross-currents of life as motionless and inert as if she had been one of the tables screwed to the marble floor. All her soul was gathered up into one sick sense of coming doom, and she watched Mr. Royall in fascinated terror while he pinched the cigars in successive boxes and unfolded his evening paper with a steady hand.

Presently he turned and joined her. "You go right along up to bed — I'm going to sit down here and have my smoke," he said. He spoke as easily and naturally as if they had been an old couple, long used to each other's ways, and her contracted heart gave a flutter of relief. She followed him to the lift, and he put her in and enjoined the buttoned and braided boy to show her to her room.

She groped her way in through the darkness, forgetting where the electric button was, and not knowing how to manipulate it. But a white autumn moon had risen, and the illuminated sky put a pale light in the room. By it she undressed, and after folding up the ruffled pillow-slips crept timidly under the spotless counterpane. She had never felt such smooth sheets or such light warm blankets; but the softness of the bed did not soothe her. She lay there trembling with a fear that ran through her veins like ice. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?" she whispered shuddering to her pillow; and pressing her face against it to shut out the pale landscape beyond the window, she lay in the darkness straining her ears, and shaking at every footstep that approached. . . .

Suddenly she sat up and pressed her hands against her frightened heart. A faint sound had told her that someone was in the room; but she must have slept in the interval, for she had heard no one enter. The moon was setting beyond the opposite roofs, and in the darkness outlined against the gray square of the window, she saw a figure seated in the rocking-chair. The figure did not move: it was sunk deep in the chair, with bowed head and folded arms, and she saw that it was Mr. Royall who sat there. He had not undressed, but had taken the blanket from the foot of the bed and laid it across his knees. Trembling and holding her breath she watched him, fearing that he had been roused by her movement; but he did not stir, and she concluded that he wished her to think he was asleep.

As she continued to watch him ineffable relief stole slowly over her, relaxing her strained nerves and exhausted body. He

Stops many ills— saves fuel bills!

The first call of war is to prepare hospitals. Within the first three months, the European nations used up our entire stocks there of radiators and boilers in sanitarily warming new hospitals and convalescents stations. It is a big argument why this protective, *health-building*, cleanly warmth should be adopted in *your home*, for all future winters, and to help you conserve thereby the nation's fuel supply. Guard your family at once with an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

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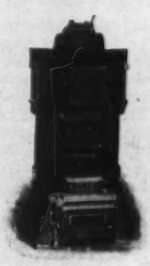

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knew, then . . . he knew . . . it was because he knew that he had married her, and that he sat there in the darkness to show her she was safe with him. A stir of something deeper than she had ever felt in thinking of him flitted through her tired brain, and cautiously, noiselessly, she let her head sink on the pillow. . . .

When she woke the room was full of morning light, and her first glance showed her that she was alone in it. She got up and dressed, and as she was fastening her dress the door opened, and Mr. Royall came in. He looked old and tired in the bright daylight, but his face wore the same expression of grave friendliness that had reassured her on the Mountain. It was as if all the dark spirits had gone out of him.

They went downstairs to the dining-room for breakfast, and after breakfast he told her he had some insurance business to attend to. "I guess while I'm doing it you'd better step out and buy yourself whatever you need." He smiled, and added with an embarrassed laugh: "You know I always wanted you to beat all the other girls." He drew something from his pocket, and pushed it across the table to her; and she saw that he had given her two twenty-dollar bills. "If it ain't enough there's more where that come from—I want you to beat 'em all hollow," he repeated.

She flushed and tried to stammer out her thanks, but he had pushed back his chair and was leading the way out of the dining-room. In the hall he paused a minute to say that if it suited her they would take the three o'clock train back to North Dormer; then he took his hat and coat from the rack and went out.

A few minutes later Charity went out too. She had watched to see in what direction he was going, and she took the opposite way and walked quickly down the main street to the brick building on the corner of Lake Avenue. There she paused to look cautiously up and down the thoroughfare, and then climbed the brass-bound stairs to Dr. Merkle's door. The same bushy-headed mulatto girl admitted her, and after the same interval of waiting in the red plush parlor she was once more summoned to Dr. Merkle's office. The doctor received her without surprise, and led her into the inner plush sanctuary.

"I thought you'd be back, but you've come a mite too soon: I told you to be patient and not fret," she observed, after a pause of penetrating scrutiny.

Charity drew the money from her breast. "I've come to get my blue brooch," she said, flushing.

"Your brooch?" Dr. Merkle appeared not to remember. "My, yes — I get so many things of that kind. Well, my dear, you'll have to wait while I get it out of the safe. I don't leave valuables like that laying round like the noospaper."

She disappeared for a moment, and returned with a bit of twisted-up tissue paper from which she unwrapped the brooch.

Charity, as she looked at it, felt a stir of warmth at her heart. She held out an eager hand.

"Have you got change?" she asked a little breathlessly, laying one of the twenty-dollar bills on the table.

"Change? What'd I want to have change for? I only see two twenties there," Dr. Merkle answered brightly.

Charity paused, disconcerted. "I thought . . . you said it was five dollars a visit. . . ."

"For *you*, as a favor — I did. But how about the responsibility and the insurance? I don't s'pose you ever thought of that? This pin's worth a hundred dollars easy. If it had got lost or stole, where'd I been when you come to claim it?"

Charity remained silent, puzzled and half-convinced by the argument, and Dr. Merkle promptly followed up her advantage. "I didn't ask you for your brooch, my dear. I'd a good deal ruther folks paid me my regular charge than have 'em put me to all this trouble."

She paused, and Charity, seized with a desperate longing to escape, rose to her feet and held out one of the bills.

"Will you take that?" she asked.

"No, I won't take that, my dear; but I'll take it with its mate, and hand you over a signed receipt if you don't trust me."

"Oh, but I can't — it's all I've got," Charity exclaimed.

Dr. Merkle looked up at her pleasantly from the plush sofa. "It seems you got married yesterday, up to the 'piscopal church; I heard all about the wedding from the minister's chore-man. It would be a pity, wouldn't it, to let Mr. Royall know you had an account running here? I just put it to you as your own mother might."

Anger flamed up in Charity, and for an instant she thought of abandoning the brooch and letting Dr. Merkle do her worst. But how could she leave her only treasure with that evil woman? She wanted it for her baby: she meant it, in some mysterious way, to be a link between Harney's child and its unknown father. Trembling and hating herself while she did it, she laid Mr. Royall's money on the table, and catching up the brooch fled out of the room and the house. . . .

In the street she stood still, dazed by this last adventure. But the brooch lay in her bosom like a talisman, and she felt a secret lightness of heart. It gave her strength, after a moment, to walk on slowly in the direction of the Post Office, and go in through the swinging doors. At one of the windows she bought a sheet of letter-paper, an envelope and a stamp; then she sat down at a table and dipped the rusty Post Office pen in ink. She had come there possessed with a fear which had haunted her ever since she had felt Mr. Royall's ring on her finger: the fear that Harney might, after all, free himself and come back to her. It was a possibility which had never occurred to her during the dreadful hours after she had received his letter; only when the decisive step she had taken made longing turn to apprehension did such a contingency seem conceivable. She addressed the envelope, and on the sheet of paper she wrote: "I'm married to Mr. Royall. I'll always remember you. Charity."

The last words were not in the least what she had meant to write; they had flowed from her pen irresistibly. She had not had the strength to complete her sacrifice; but, after all, what did it matter? Now that there was no chance of her ever seeing Harney again why should she not tell him the truth?

When she had put the letter in the box she went out into the busy sunlit street and began to walk to the hotel. Behind the plate-glass windows of the department stores she noticed the tempting display of dresses and dress-materials that had fired her imagination on the day when she and Harney had looked in at them together. They reminded her of Mr. Royall's injunction to go out and buy all she needed. She looked down at her shabby dress, and wondered what she should say when he saw her coming back empty-handed. As she drew near the hotel she saw him waiting on the doorstep, and her heart began to beat with apprehension.

He nodded and waved his hand at her approach, and they walked through the hall and went upstairs to collect their possessions, so that Mr. Royall might give up the key of the room when they went down again for their midday dinner. In the bedroom, while she was thrusting back into the satchel the few things she had brought away with her, she suddenly felt that his eyes were on her and that he was going to speak. She stood still, her half-folded nightgown in her hand, while the blood rushed up to her drawn cheeks.

"Well, did you rig yourself out handsomely? I haven't seen any bundles round," he said jocosely.

"Oh, I'd rather let Ally Hawes make the few things I want," she answered.

"That so?" He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment and his eyebrows projected in a scowl. Then his face grew friendly again. "Well, I wanted you to go back looking stylisher than any of them; but I guess you're right. You're a good girl, Charity."

Their eyes met, and something rose in his that she had never seen there: a look that made her feel ashamed and yet secure.

"I guess you're good too," she said, shyly and quickly. He smiled without answering, and they went out of the room together and dropped down to the hall in the glittering lift. Late that evening, in the cold autumn moonlight, they drove up to the door of the red house.

The end

That Mrs. Wharton's brilliant serial ends in this number will be a regret to all our readers. But another treat is in store. Next month, David Warfield begins his reminiscences, under the title of "My Own Story." The great American actor tells of his early failures and final successes with delightful candor. It is a lively record of things theatrical in San Francisco and New York during the past twenty years. It will run in two liberal parts

The Right Kind of Training — *Continued from page 31*

basket-ball, baseball, cross-country running and gymnasium work that I did as a student at Smith College."

So much for physical training.

Let us now consider the mental aspects of our educational system. Is anything wrong with methods of teaching in our public and private schools?

The answer is *yes*, two things are decidedly wrong: we are forcing many children to study things that are not worth studying (Latin, Greek and abstract mathematics), and we are forcing *all* our children to study so many different things with such a mass of details in each that their minds refuse to hold this knowledge or even to hold any great part of it.

I know a bright girl of ten, a pupil at one of the best private schools in New York City, where she studies geography, history, arithmetic, writing, English, French, and Zoology, besides taking lessons in music, dancing, swimming and horseback riding! *At ten!*

I asked her if she knew what the Central Powers were and she said: "Yes, I know, the Central Powers are Berlin and London!"

I asked her who George Dewey was and she had no idea!

I asked her brother, an intelligent boy of thirteen, who has been stuffed with private-school knowledge (and unstuffed) for five years, what the Vatican is and he thought it was a city in Europe!

Neither of these children could tell me who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor who was the greatest Confederate General in the Civil War! And yet they are "superior" children, who have had the best of educational advantages.

The reason for this poor showing is that our schools try to force into children's minds such a mass of information, much of it valueless, that not only does very little stick there, but the children become hopelessly confused as to what is really important and what is not important.

"They wind up by not knowing anything about anything," declared one pessimistic teacher to me.

Take the question of spelling. Why is it that our public school graduates, young men and young women, who apply for business positions are notoriously poor spellers? Ask any employer if this is not true. Why are they not taught to spell correctly the few hundred difficult words that are constantly used in ordinary affairs?

The answer lies in the fact that public-school children are called upon to learn some *thousands* of difficult words that are *not* in constant use. And in trying to learn this great number of difficult words, they fail in all of them; whereas, if their spelling task had been limited to mastering the two or three hundred difficult words in daily use (which is all that are needed) they could have done it easily.

Three years ago in Springfield, Illinois, Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, a distinguished educator in charge of the survey work of the Russell Sage Foundation, made a survey of the Springfield public schools and, as usually happens, came upon teaching conditions that called for radical changes, especially in the way of simplifying studies and eliminating from the overburdened curriculum many useless things and needlessly difficult things.

In order to impress upon the Springfield community the urgent need of such changes Dr. Ayres persuaded a public-spirited society woman to give an educational dinner party such as had never been heard of in the state of Illinois. She invited a State senator, a former lieutenant-governor, a rich banker, a newspaper editor, an influential clergyman, an efficiency engineer, a lawyer, a physician, a merchant, a former superintendent of parks and the president of a large manufacturing concern.

After an excellent dinner, when all were in a good humor, the hostess smilingly explained that she had arranged a little game for them to play, a game of answering some simple schoolboy questions. They would begin by spelling ten words taken from the every-day sixth- and seventh-grade spelling lists in the Springfield Grammar Schools. Would the editor try first?

The editor tried and misspelled four words out of ten. The clergyman misspelled five words out of ten. The efficiency engineer misspelled seven out of ten. The senator and the lieutenant-governor misspelled eight words out of ten. Three of the others misspelled nine words out of ten and one man misspelled all ten words.

These words were:

abutilon	reconnoissance
bergamot	erysipelas
deutzia	mnemonics
daguerreotype	trichinæ
paradigm	weigelia

I suggest that McCLURE readers try this pleasant little spelling game on their well-educated friends and note the result. Undoubtedly the English dictionary contains thousands of such rarely used and absurdly spelled words, but to require our public-school children to memorize these words (thousands of them) is a wicked waste of time.

Not less illuminating was the Springfield geography test, the questions, taken from the sixth grade, being:

What is the distance in degrees from Portugal to the Ural Mountains? How many miles long is South America? Name the capital of Montenegro. Locate the desert of Atacama. Where is the Pamir Plateau?

All but one of the prominent citizens failed on *all* of these questions: one man was able to answer the third, but failed on the other four.

In the history test, the following ten dates were presented for identification: 1000; 1638; 1763; October 17, 1781; 1818; 1846; April 14, 1861; 1873; September, 1901. These ten were selected from 91 equally obscure dates listed in the Springfield course as necessary to be committed to memory by all pupils, with the suggestion that "this list may be lengthened to suit the needs of the individual teacher."

Lengthened! Good heavens!

What is the *use* of remembering these things — what happened in 1607, in 1638, in 1763? What benefit will the average American get from being able to answer such history questions as the following imposed by the College Entrance Examination Board and considered February 10th, 1917, by the History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland?

"What were the relations of the Hebrews with the Assyrians and with the Babylonians? Who were the leaders of the First and Third Crusades? What was the policy of the Jacobin party during the French Revolution? Show how the Industrial revolution in England influenced English politics during the nineteenth century. How did the national banking system established during the Civil War differ from the National Bank incorporated in 1791?"

And so on through dozens of questions that not one successful business man or pro-

THIS interesting picture of Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the world's greatest mezzo-soprano, was taken while she was singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice. First, Mme. Matzenauer sang, then the New Edison took up the song alone, then Matzenauer sang in unison with the instrument. The object of the comparison was to ascertain whether the ear could detect Mme. Matzenauer's living voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it. Those who were present were unable to discover the slightest difference.

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FIRST—Let us assume that you love music and that you would like to have all kinds of good music in your home. The realism of a phonograph is then the only standard by which to judge it. Thirty different great artists (not imitators or impersonators) have made, in public, comparison tests such as you see Mme. Matzenauer making in the illustration on this page. These tests have been made before eight hundred thousand people, who found that their ears could not detect any difference between the original music and its Re-Creation by

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These comparisons were bona fide tests, as can be proved by the files of more than five hundred of America's principal newspapers, whose music critics have described the tests at length. The New Edison is positively the only sound reproducing instrument that has been submitted to such tests.

SECOND—Some of the artists whose voices are Re-Created by the New Edison are also making talking machine records. Ask any Edison dealer for a list of such artists. Go to a talking machine dealer's store and hear those artists on a talking machine, then go back to the Edison dealer's store and hear the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. Please do not test the talking machine in an Edison dealer's store, and please do not test the New Edison in a talking machine dealer's store. If you wish to make a comparison side by side, get the talking machine dealer to deliver a talking machine at your home. The Edison dealer will also deliver a New Edison to you. Such a comparison right in your own home will enable you to reach a correct decision. You owe it to yourself and your family to have the best music in your home.

May we send you a sample copy of the magazine, ALONG BROADWAY?

It is free, and we shall also be pleased to send you the brochure "Music's Re-Creation" and the booklet "What the Critics Say." The latter booklet will tell you what America's principal music critics have to say of the New Edison.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

fessional man in a hundred would be able to answer or would consider worth answering!

We have seen what the conditions were in Springfield Public Schools (needless to say there has been a great change as a result of this survey) and there is no reason to believe that conditions are much better in the public schools of other American cities. A survey of the Cleveland public schools has just been completed by the Russell Sage Foundation with results that are most discouraging. And Dr. Frank W. Ballou, head of the Department of Educational Investigation and Measurement in Boston, assures me that similar conditions prevail in the public schools of the capital of Massachusetts.

"I can tell you," he said, "that repeated surveys in Boston public schools seem to indicate an astoundingly unsatisfactory condition of things as regards the children's knowledge."

"Why is this?" I asked.

"It is the result of our commendable desire to do more and more for public-school children, to increase their knowledge, to improve them in every way, but—we have supersaturated our public-school courses up to the sixth grade, we have stuffed the educational cake so full of plums as to make it indigestible. The great mass of public-school children are simply helpless and hopeless before this surfeit of knowledge that is thrust upon them. After all, there are only 180 days in a school year and we have these children only five hours a day."

Dr. Ballou showed me the details of a recent geography test given to Eighth Grade scholars in fourteen of Boston's public schools schools. Out of 594 boys and girls, most of whom were completing their education that year, more than half (318) were unable to locate correctly New York City on an outline map. About a third of them (172) knew that New York City was somewhere in New York State, but sprinkled it anywhere from Albany to Buffalo and all over Long Island!

Nineteen pupils located New York City in Pennsylvania, fourteen in New Jersey, eight in Connecticut, six in Massachusetts, six in Virginia, five in New Hampshire, four in Maryland, three in Ohio, two in Illinois, two each in Vermont and West Virginia and one each in Wisconsin, Montana, Kentucky and North Carolina. Fifty-five pupils had no idea *where* New York City was, and sixteen located it in the Atlantic ocean!

This amazing ignorance becomes more understandable when one considers that in this single study of geography these unfortunate children are expected to memorize not less than *ten thousand facts!* The consequence is they remember nothing!

And New York is no better off than Boston in this respect.

HAVING considered physical and mental preparedness, we come finally to the question of moral training, of character building, without which our children will lack stamina to bravely tackle the hard thing, whatever it is, and the soul-vision that makes men and women kind, unselfish, careful of the rights of others. Health is not sufficient for these ends, since we find health along with indolence and vice. Nor is knowledge sufficient, for knowledge often goes with selfishness, meanness, cruelty. There must be virtue, there must be love, and these two can be taught just as other things are taught. These two *must* be taught or all the rest fails, for, without virtue and love, there can be no happiness and that, surely, is our goal and our children's goal.

Happiness!

Why is there so little happiness on the earth today in spite of our boasted civilization? Why are millions in hunger, in misery, in degradation?

Happiness!

In spite of Socrates and other wise men, there evidently *is* conflict between knowledge and virtue, between duty and self-interest. We *know* what is right, but we *do* what is wrong. We approve of goodness, but we practise evil. Who can look over the world today and deny this?

"Such horrors as are now known, such suffering as is now felt, the race has never known before," says Ernest C. Moore, Professor of Education at Harvard. "Indeed, if all the other wars, pestilences, famines, cataclysms and devastations which have afflicted mankind since the beginning of recorded time were added together into one great horror, it is a question whether their sum total would equal this single one which goes on now." Then he adds: "*It is all due to ideals, all the result of teaching!*"

How is it the result of teaching? What has the world failed to teach? We have the answer in two words:

Virtue! Love!

Habits of virtue! Habits of love!

It is these that the world lacks today. It is these that the nations lack. It is these that individual men and women lack. It is these that our children must learn in our homes, our schools, our colleges, if they are to achieve happiness.

I realize the difficulties of teaching religion in public schools. If Bible readings are suggested, the protest comes *which* Bible, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish? If prayers are urged, there is the same objection, *which* prayers? And, as to saying a creed, there are a dozen different creeds in the United States. Which creed shall it be?

And yet these children are growing up to be men and women, American citizens, and, if religion is necessary for the rest of us to help us to do right and keep us from doing wrong, then it is necessary for them and we must see to it *somehow* that they are taught religion. The Catholic Church considers this a matter of such vital importance that it maintains its own parochial schools for its own children at its own expense. The Jews are more and more doing the same thing for the same reason. Strange that other sects feel less strongly in this matter! Do not Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and the rest feel that *their* religion is as necessary to *their* children as Catholicism is necessary to Catholic children? What is the difference?

It may be said that religion should be taught to children in their homes and in the churches, but parents are not qualified for such teaching (I refer to the mass of poor people, tenement dwellers) and Protestant churches, weakened by dissensions, have been unequal to this duty, so that we have in this country today a large population with practically no real religion.

No doubt we have separated church from state for good and sufficient reasons, but our coins bear the legend, "In God We Trust," and, if we really do trust and believe in God, why conceal the fact from ten million public-school children? Will they not also need God in their lives? What else can so help them to do the things they ought to do, to avoid the things they ought not to do, to bear the things they will have to bear? And the poorer they are the more help they will need—against discouragement, hatred, drunkenness, vice, crime. Is not that true? And nothing can help them like religion. The Catholic Church knows this. The Salvation Army knows it. Billy Sunday knows it. We all know it, but—

Why is it not possible for our public schools to teach some simple form of religion that all sects can agree upon? Some form of religion that will be free from dogmas and points of controversy? Strange if there is *nothing* in the spiritual world that high-minded men and women can subscribe to whether they be Jews, Turks, Chinamen or Christians—all kinds of Christians!

As a matter of fact most of them do agree in essentia's; they believe in God, they believe in a future life, they believe in the law of love, however they may fail in the practise of it. And this practise of love is largely a matter of teaching, just as geography and spelling are matters of teaching, matters of *daily* teaching. Suppose arithmetic was never taught except occasionally on Sundays? Suppose it was taught only on *some* Sundays when parents felt like sending their children to the class? Suppose geography was entirely optional, with no one caring particularly whether it was taught or was not taught?

Let us be honest with ourselves and with our children. If religion is a worn-out, meaningless thing, let us say so and abandon it. If, on the contrary, it is an important thing, a precious thing, let us see that it has an important place in our educational system. Let us see that it is taught to all American children (perhaps through some arrangement with the different churches) not one day in the week, but every day in the week. If religion is not worth teaching every day in the week, it is not worth teaching at all and we had better tear down our ineffectual churches (closed and silent more than half the time) or change them into music-halls and motion-picture houses. We may be sure they would be used for those purposes seven days a week (evenings, too) and crowded every minute!

Next month, Mr. Moffett will have a wonderful article, "The War Beautiful"—an amazing document, revealing the good, as well as the evil, which this war has made possible

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 16*

Calkins and Dye sailed past us, made our old car look like she was standing still," he rumbled out.

"This car's a guessing contest, anyhow," giggled Zoe Haslett.

"Yes, but I notice you're glad enough to fall back on it," Paula snapped, "when other things fail you."

Zoe's sunburned face reddened.

"Did other things fail her?" asked one of the Hannon twins.

"Are the Consadines at Liveoak?" the other one added quickly.

"No—just Pret," Zoe looked self-conscious as she answered.

"Got his machine?"

"Of course."

"Zoe thinks he'll show up to take her to the lodge tonight," Paula supplied with prompt malice. "But then she thought he was going to appear and take her to the beach party today—so there's another guessing contest."

"Aw, don't be a cat, Polly," said Laura Ashby.

Through the roadside trees there was a glimpse of "Restlands" camp. The Stanford boy they called Jim spoke up as though to make a diversion in favor of peace:

"Nobody there yet—is there?"

"Must be," Joe, his partner on the running board, turned and looked. "One of the upstairs windows is open—see?"

Paula sniffed a little, but condescended to explain, "Aunt Dale's got a Mrs. Jordan staying there—used to be Police Matron in San Vicente. She's had a hurt foot, and there's been a girl from Las Reudas—" She sent a glance toward the house—" to help about——"

"Oh, look what's here!" Benchy Prentiss chanted. "Look what's coming across the fields from 'Restlands.' That isn't any Mrs. Jordan—a Police Matron—with a hurt foot—that I see before me. That's some girl, believe me! What, ho! She's a-climbing the fence!"

Sidelong, Julian watched a little figure get over the "Restlands" fence, and come along the path through a field, moving, a dot of blue between the fierce orange blaze of California poppies and a singular riot of other wild flowers.

"That's Aunt Dale's latest," Paula said a bit nervously, "raising wild flowers for seed—to make money, you know, for 'Restlands.'"

"What!" Benchy demanded on the lower register. "Not a girl! A wild flower?"

"Don't be so smart, Bench," Paula said impatiently. "Could you speed up a little, Jule?"

> "'She's a little valley flower,
> Growing wilder hour by hour,'"

Benchy squeaked all out of tune. Then with a sudden, disconcerting blurt of bass:

"Spoken: Nobody cultivates *me! I'm wild!*"

"Why don't we have this old top down?" Betty Ashby complained. "It would be lots more fun."

"Oh, no—" began Paula; but Julian's foot was on the brake; the car had already stuttered itself to a halt beside that point in the fence toward which the girl in faded blue gingham and straw hat was heading. There certainly was no intention in the matter. The running-board passengers dropped off before the car stopped, and began yanking the top to stow it. Julian kept his engine running; it panted and choked so that they had to yell to make one another hear above its noise.

"That's the girl," Zoe was rather loud under cover of this uproar. "Speak to her, why don't you, Paula? If you don't, I will."

"What's the use?" Paula got a shoulder up toward the "Restlands" field. "There's no room in the machine."

"Of course there is," Zoe's tone was low now, but energetic. "I call it rotten to go past and leave her standing there, when you know what she's come out here for."

"It's one of the girls from your father's factory," Paula appealed uneasily to Julian. "Aunt Dale sent her down to stay with Mrs. Jordan. She—I—Aunt Dale likes to have us help out with the 'Restlands' girls. I did—sort of invite her—the other day—but we can't take her with us this time."

"Sort of!" Zoe twisted around on Paula's lap and called, "Good morning."

"Good morning."

Julian looked at the girl in the field coming on as it seemed reluctantly. She was very fair and shining and delicately colored; too white under the shade of her big hat for an outdoor product, but with wonderful pink in her cheeks. Her lips were like a scarlet thread. Her shy glance dilated a bit, he thought, on all this crowd, the boys wrestling with the top down in the road. Where had he seen before that quick, approbative smile, so brilliant, yet so timid as to be almost piteous? It lit her face all at once when she caught sight of him. There was a little shock of recognition as their glances encountered. He found himself calling, before he knew that he could remember her name.

"Hello, Lynnie!"

"Hello!" she answered him faintly.

"Oh, *isn't* she pretty?" Zoe was enthusiastic. "We're going to take her down to the beach with us."

"We are not!" Paula's denial was swift.

Julian thought surely the girl must have seen that there was some difficulty about her going, and offered hastily, "I could come back for her after I take you down."

"And miss your lunch. The idea!" Paula leaned far out of the machine and called, "I'm awfully sorry. There isn't room for you this morning."

"Oh!" The girl held to the top board of the fence and looked at them. The flush on her face deepened agonizingly.

"Jule, tell her you'll come back for her," Zoe whispered.

"I wish you'd keep still," Paula checked her in a fierce undertone. Then to the girl at the fence, "We'll get you some other time."

"It doesn't matter," the voice was difficult. She kept looking only at Julian with those clear, large-pupiled gray eyes as she said, "Don't bother about me. Never mind about me—I——"

"Well, so long!"

The boys had got the top stowed, they leaped on, never having known of the little drama of chagrin that had enacted itself by the roadside. Julian started the car.

"I call that a rotten way to treat a person," Zoe said.

Benchy threw up his head to roar, "Haw! Don't we draw the pretty girl?"

"No. And Paula needn't have asked her if she was going to throw her down before everybody that way."

"I won't ask her the next time," said Paula. "I don't mind going over there and turning on the phonograph and having a dance, when Aunt Dale's got ten or a dozen down; but to just take one girl that way—she wouldn't enjoy it—and it spoils all our fun."

Julian coaxed the old car around a sharp turn and over a rough bit of road; close work; the guard-rail on one side, the cliff crowding in on the other. His running-board passengers forgot the girl they'd left behind them in concern for their own bare shanks. But Julian couldn't. Had Paula's asking him—at the last moment, that way—cut the poor little thing out of her chance?

Even after the car was through the pass, skirting a paris-green square of alfalfa field, getting by the crossroads with its line of open-mouthed R. F. D. boxes: "Antoine Levier," "Manuel Garcia," "Hip Wong," "T. Takaguchi," "Adolf Schultz," and "J. F. Thompson," he went along with a curious split consciousness: the girl back there, this morning, looking after them as they rattled and wheezed past, with such a look; a seven-year-old boy at a gate, farther up the road years ago, staring after disappearing wheels, listening to the tlot, tlot, tlot of horses' hoofs as he got left. You don't forget how a thing like that hurts.

The old machine went fogging along. They came to the corner of the orchard with its gnarled fruit-trees set by the padres. They passed the adobe hut, also of the padres' time, where the Pacheco tribe, caretakers of the Mission, lived.

Julian nursed the snuffling old machine along up the rise to where the Mission stood, warm, yellowish-gray against a diagonal of green hillside, a triangle of blue sea, and the illimitable sky. Thunder of surf on the little crescent beach beyond began to be heard. Through gates that led into the Mission field he went, ran along over the sparse green, mostly summer grass and alfilaria, and cut it neatly in at the edge of a grassy headland that jutted out from the beach. Boys and girls jumped down, and dragged out lunch baskets, blankets and robes. Julian took a load and followed down the steep little path to the sands.

Calkins had made his fire and left it; they could see his footsteps leading away around the rocks.

"Off by himself with a book," Paula eyed that trail in the sand. "Neither of you going in! Well, just for that you've got to tend the fire, get ready for lunch, and put the kettle on to make the coffee."

"Suit yourself," Julian said indifferently.

"I'll stay and help you," Eileen Hannon offered.

"So'll I," echoed her twin.

"My goodness!" Paula, who had turned to go down the sands toward the surf, caught herself back. "We'll all help, of course. I didn't mean he'd have to do everything by himself."

Zoe, Elinor and the two Ashby girls had started on with the boys, the whole line swinging down toward the breakers holding hands; their gay, dancing figures silhouetted against the roll of the waves. The Hannon twins made no move to join them; they giggled inanely, and began pulling at the hampers. Paula was plainly at a loss. Those at the water went in, jumped up and down a while yelling, then some turned to run out.

"Oo — ooh! Look at the young sultan with his harem!" shouted the Stanford boy they had called Jim.

"Gee — yes — they'd hang around me that way too," Benchy hallooed, "if I wore them white pants like Jule's got."

The Hannon twins just giggled; but Paula promptly sent Julian back to the Pachecos' for water. He was glad to go. It gave him a chance to stop at the garage and speak to Thatch and ask when the Go-devil would be done. Of course he couldn't drive Paula's up for that girl they had left, but there was nothing to hinder him from taking his own car.

He found that the roadster wouldn't be ready for an hour or more. He delayed so long in the pleasant dimness of the garage, with its welcome oily smells and the click of the machinery he loved, that when he got back to the fire Paula was down with the bathers. The Hannon twins still lingered, however, ostensibly warming their hands. They hung around till Benchy Prentiss bawled at them:

"Hey, there — you girls! Come on in here or I'll haul you in and duck you." At that they scuttled away, giggling to the last.

Relieved, he spread a blanket and lay down. Nothing new here. Benchy had been one of the boys in the dancing-class back there in Las Reudas. Those slightly bowed legs that made him a good half-back didn't get any of the embarrassing admiration from the ladies such as drove Julian himself to cover. Of the girls down there who were rushing in on Benchy, squawking wildly, Paula was closely associated with all that Julian, lying on the sand looking at her, felt himself done with: dancing-classes at home, junior affairs there and in San Vicente, outings like this in Siloam — they had all meant this crowd and the Hannons and the Ashby girls — stale stuff — stale stuff.

Not a soul in that gang down there seemed to have a thought of the girl they had left in the road by "Restlands." Memory of her little face as it had looked when he started up the old car hurt him. He was an outsider, too. Willis — yes, that was the name. He hadn't been quite sure when he called her Lynnie — almost automatically. But he remembered now that the Willises lived next door to where Thatch had boarded down in the hollow. It was her brother, Ollie, who years ago was killed when the Dip Savage robber cave fell in. She wasn't one of those who had been on the streets much when he first went down there on his pony; he just used to see her delicate little face wondering at him, it seemed, from the window, or on the sidewalk, going from the tumble-down old house to the public-school. Later she was in the tide of factory workers; never one of the girls who were camp followers of that older gang. All he knew of her was that she lived down there, different from those about her, as different as she was from this bunch that had given her such an infernally cruel and unnecessary snubbing this morning.

Soon they all came up to the fire. Some of them lay down on the warm sand to dry — and sunburn. Others dragged on coats over the wet suits and came to help get lunch. Julian sat up and watched the coffee. Here came Calkins strolling from the direction of the Mission. They all looked up and yelled at him in chorus, "Come and get it while it's hot!"

"A little later would have been too late for you, Mr. Calkins!"

Julian was used to Calk's easy way. He watched him coming now to join the wet-haired, bawling crowd on the sands. An instructor at the San Vicente Normal, he knew everybody here and fitted in as perfectly as Julian had been used to see him fit in at receptions and big parties in the Las Reudas home. He came and sat down on a rug and paid no attention to whether the diet regulations were being kept or not.

"Bully grub!"

"Gosh — this is great!"

Would they never be done eating? They were still at it when Julian realized that the hour Thatch had set would be up, and he might have the Go-devil. He glanced around at Paula. Should he say anything to her about driving back for Lynnie Willis — propose to bring her to the beach? He decided against it, exactly as he would have decided against putting anything of the sort up to his mother. He just said, "I'm going to have a look at my machine."

She was on her feet in an instant, coffee-cup in hand. "Well, you won't go home in her — with Thatch, will you? I'm afraid you're not having a good time, Jule."

"Oh, yes I am," he said briefly.

"Well, listen, I wanted to speak to you about going over to Loma Prieta Forest this evening — to dance, at the Lodge." She made a little pause. He offered no response. She went on hastily. "The floor's splendid. They always have good music on Saturday nights. The management's glad to have us come. They're trying to work up interest in the place."

"I don't care much for ——"

"Oh, come on — go!" she interrupted him. "Drive us over in my car. I don't feel a bit like driving it myself tonight; and I can't trust Benchy. He's awful."

"Bet your neck you can't trust Benchy!" bawled Prentiss. "Bet your neck Benchy's awful. He means to be — and awfuller."

The others took a hand. Julian was glad; it gave him his chance to get away.

When he reached the garage, Thatch had gone on up to Bruckner's probably, but the Go-devil stood in the middle of the quiet, dusky big shed, and Julian got in, backed it out on the road and started away at a good speed. She ran like silk.

Suddenly the thought struck him, that the girl from "Restlands" — she wouldn't be there at the fence now. She'd have gone back to the house, long ago. And because she *was* a girl, he couldn't drive up there and ask for her. He wouldn't be allowed to show her any kindness of any sort. And Paula Pollard had a free hand to invite her — and then turn her down before everybody. He ran slowly past the field of wild blossoms, looking intently over toward the old adobe, driving by instinct rather than sight. As he neared the rutty, neglected lane that led into the building he hesitated, slowed down and glanced around him. Back in there by the Bruckner place was a shady hollow; with a track like a disused woods road through it. The ground in there was blue with wild iris. All at once he saw a spot of different blue — the gingham dress of a girl walking slowly under the little twisted scrub oaks. He stopped and sounded his horn.

She drew back — almost as though she had been hiding. He jumped out of the machine and went in. They met under the interlaced branches of the little oaks.

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(1621)

"Were you — were you calling me?" she faltered, and he saw that she had been crying.

"Yes." The embarrassment of it made him brief. "I've come back for you."

"Oh," she glanced out toward the machine, but still didn't move. "The — the others —" She broke off forlornly and looked up at him with drowned eyes. He choked with pity.

"I left them down at the beach. This is my own bid. Couldn't you come and have a little ride with me — in my machine?"

They began walking toward the road. She swallowed hard, shook her head and said nothing for a minute, then in a low, uneven voice:

"I guess I wouldn't dare to. Somebody might see us and tell Mrs. Jordan. She thinks I'm gone with Miss Paula Pollard, you know. She gave me my time to go with her. I — I hated to go back and tell. . . . I was just staying out here . . . till. . . . "

"What a dirty shame! Why, then — you've had no lunch — nothing to eat."

"I didn't mind that — so much," Lynnie looked over her shoulder. "I saw Alma Bruckner at the milking lot; she asked me to go up to her house to lunch. But Thatcher Dye was going to be there — and ——"

"Thatch wouldn't tell on you."

"I know, but — my face — I'm not fit to be seen."

They had got to the road's edge now, near the Go-devil. Lynnie looked at the machine and smiled suddenly.

"I saw you and Thatcher Dye when you were building that," she said. "You came past our house when it hadn't any top on it, and was all kind of flat like a board."

"The chassis," Julian smiled back at her warmly — the little lost thing — like a young bird fallen from the nest and deserted by the old ones. "I'm going to take you riding in that machine," he declared; then added suddenly, "and teach you to drive it."

"Thatch took me once in one of your automobiles a little way," with just a delicate flash of the April smile. "You know he boards next door to our house — at the Pettys.' "

"He's not boarding there now," Julian said. "He's gone over to San Vicente."

"Oh — isn't he working for your father any more?"

"No. He's started a garage of his own. Sounds good to me. I believe I'll go in partnership with him."

He made her smile outright now. In fact, she laughed a little, faintly. Her eyes were openly flattering as she looked at his white outfit. But all she said was, "The idea of you running a garage!"

"I'd like it," he insisted, "better than anything I've got hold of yet." Then, with a return to serious urgency, "Aren't you going to get in and let me take you for a little ride? I want to — to make up for this morning. I had to sit there and see you — hear those girls —" He broke off. Some things couldn't be said. They were better represented by others. "Come on. Why not?"

She just looked at him, and her eyes told him without any words that he knew very well why not. It made him half impatient. Did she see any harm in it? He didn't. He was rather pleased with himself and his intentions. They were certainly all to the good. She spoke at last.

"They'd never let me in the world."

He found himself answering, rather to his own surprise:

"Why tell anybody about it, then? Why not slip off? If you'd be somewhere around here at eight o'clock tonight, I'd come past and pick you up. We could have a nice ride. Want to go?"

There could be no doubt about her wanting to go. Right over the traces of tears her little face was so irradiated with a passion of joy and hope and longing that he could hardly bear to look at it. Still, when she spoke it was only to say doubtfully:

"Oh — at night?"

"Yes — at night," he persisted. "That other crowd's going out tonight, somewhere. Why shouldn't you go — with me? Pret Consadine's coming from Liveoak to take Zoe Haslett in his roadster — why shouldn't I take you in mine?"

Again she stood and looked at him. Again there was no need of words between them. Finally she found speech.

"I — I'll come."

Chapter III — The Dark of the Moon

JULIAN had a sense of adventure — and of responsibility, too — when, a little after eight o'clock he drove the Go-devil, lights out, as quietly as possible up to that corner of the field, where Lynnie and he had planned to meet.

Nothing moved. He slowed down, inordinately disappointed. Poor little thing! She had been afraid to come with him after all; and he'd only wanted to give her a ride in a better machine than Paula's old ark! He would wait, a while, anyhow. With a cautious hand he switched on his lamps. Instantly their blazing shaft of illumination found her drawn back between the manzanita bushes, shining-eyed, expectant. He hastily turned them off again; she came and climbed into the machine beside him.

He speeded up; not a word was spoken until they were out of danger of being overhauled, then he found himself welcoming her with, "I'm glad you made it! I was afraid you weren't going to come."

He could see from the outline that she had dropped her head back and lifted her face unseen to the unseen sky. When she spoke it was to whisper:

"It's the dark of the moon."

The phrase pleased him; but then everything Lynnie had said or done, since first he saw her in the field of wild flowers, had seemed to be just right for him.

"It's the dark of the moon," she repeated. "That made it easy. But — I'd have come some way. I was awfully scared I'd be late — and miss you."

"Going to be warm enough?" he had noted in the brief flash when the lamps were on her that her dress was quite covered by a rough, long coat.

"Oh, yes, I'll be warm enough; this is my winter one." She snuggled down in the seat beside him with a little shiver that was plainly rapturous excitement.

"You'll need it. Riding in an open machine at night is cool work. Good thing you brought a heavy wrap with you."

"Yes. It's — mother wouldn't let me wear it at all last year — because Rose Daggett got one just like it. I had nothing but my sweater going to the factory, all through the rains. Mother said when I got back she'd have this dyed, or make it over for Bertie an overcoat or something, and buy me another."

"Why?" flashing his lights on and off to maneuver a passage where the white guard railings of a culvert narrowed the way.

"She doesn't let me go with Rose, you know," as though no explanation were needed. "Our folks wouldn't buy anything at the Daggett Grocery even, but — sometimes we have to have credit ——"

Julian murmured a vague response.

"Isn't it lovely — riding along like this — in the dark?" whispered Lynnie.

"I like it."

"I didn't know you dared drive at night without your lamps lit," the gentle little voice wondered.

"I expect I oughtn't — with you in," said Julian. "Might get pinched at it. Just wanted you to see how pretty everything is without them. Now —" and he switched them on with the dimmers — "I'll show you some speed."

The wind that had been going by in a great, soft gush began to whistle through the lap in the windshield, and bring sometimes a bit of gravel that stung against the cheek.

"Too fast for you?"

"Oh, no! It feels like flying."

They had gone steadily down the valley road, and could get the black of the hills between which the Mission nestled against the vague gray of western sky.

"You won't mind our stopping at the garage for gas, will you? I looked at the gauge before I left, and there's not enough to go as far as we'd like to tonight."

There was a definite pause before Lynnie answered:

"N — no. Not if you think it's all right. I can turn up the collar of my coat — or — or I could wait outside while you went in."

"Oh, we won't have to go in," Julian reassured her. "They'll have the gas out in front. It's just a boy there — a Mex. He won't notice you. It wouldn't make any difference if he did. I'll give him an extra quarter when I pay for the gas."

Julian made the rise on a rounding turn and rolled to a stop before the garage. Jose Pacheco, a dark-faced young fellow, came out yawning. He nodded to them inclusively. Julian felt sure he couldn't recognize Lynnie — funny little thing to care anyhow what people like the Pachecos knew about her! It made him smile to see how she had sunk down in the collar of her coat, and how she sat silent, averted, while the gasoline was pumped in and paid for. Just for luck he gave the boy an extra half-dollar instead of

a quarter. They got the highway at the Mission; smooth as a floor under the wheels.

With the same ease flowed the stream of talk — just thinking aloud. He had never before wanted to be spoken to when he was at the wheel; he had been like a sore-headed bear coming down to Siloam with Calkins, and rather worse with the crowd in the big machine this morning; but he answered all this girl's timid little half questions. Almost before he knew it he was telling her of his final disaster — the beer in the old barn up the gulch, with the Daggett gang, maintaining:

"'Twasn't that I cared particularly about getting lit up; I didn't even know that I was drunk."

"They say you never do — when you are," Lynnie put in mildly. It made him laugh.

"I remember strewing the fellows all around and walking over some of them. I said I was going home and play at the reception. They got round me and tried to make me stay where I was — those I'd walked on and all — but I wouldn't. Finally the whole gang went with me to the machine. I was perfectly pleased about it. I felt good; I wanted them to come. I told 'em I'd give 'em chicken *à la King* when we got home. I drove all right, only I speeded some!"

"That awful crowd — Zen Daggett, and Dip Savage! What did your father say?"

"Father? He never knew anything about it. He doesn't come to the receptions mother gives. Calkins got hold of me."

"Mr. Calkins — he's nice, isn't he?" Lynnie's words seemed merely to fill in a pause.

"Calk's all right," Julian agreed. "I wasn't so far out when I told him he was the best friend I ever had. The waiters were serving buffet supper. I'd got right into the middle of the dining-room — in front of the sideboard — after the chicken *à la King* for the boys, before I noticed that they'd run as soon as they'd ditched me at the door. There was a lot of folks in the parlors I knew. I wanted to go in there. I felt friendly. I didn't think they would see anything wrong about me — only of course I wasn't dressed for an evening reception. Then I noticed that I must have fallen down some, getting to the house, for I had dirt all over my knees. It made me laugh."

A little inarticulate sound of comprehension came from Lynnie.

"But Calkins got hold of my arm. He sort of patted my shoulder and told me to come along up to my room. I can hear him now, saying over and over, 'All right, McCulloch. You're all right.' Regular brick he was. 'You can go through that side entry, past the music-room and upstairs, without anybody in the parlors seeing you.' He'd have got me away and never told on me, if mother hadn't come along. The minute I got sight of her, in her evening clothes — scared to death — and she mixed in, I pulled away from him. She began calling me down, and Calkins said, 'Not now, Mrs. McCulloch. Don't talk to him now.' She wouldn't quit. She shut the door behind her, and came up close, and told me what a disgrace I was ——"

"That's the way my mother goes on sometimes," said Lynnie, when he checked abruptly. "She'd rather see one of us in our coffin than disgraced."

"Huh, I didn't mind about being a disgrace. Might be rather interesting; but she said she wouldn't take me with her East, and I couldn't go to Alaska; I'd got to come up here and stay all summer. The minute she let up, Calkins handled me easy. Next thing I knew I was walking right upstairs with him, telling him he was the best friend I ever had. He got me to undress and go to bed — and that's the last I knew till — gee, how my head felt in the morning — and my tongue — and the back of my mouth!"

Again Lynnie's little wordless sound of sympathy.

"I sure was one sick kid! I'd been too woozy the night before to get much sense out of what she said about Alaska; it hit me where I live when I found next morning what it really meant; and that she was sticking to it. But I kept on telling her I didn't care — and that made her worse. She'd have been talking till now, I guess, but Calkins came and asked if we wouldn't go for a hike instead of lessons. Awfully decent of Calk; poor old chap can't hike for sour apples — with that game leg of his. And he does hate it. We walked away up on the hill north of your house, you know, Lynnie, where the eucalyptus planting is, and he gave me good advice. No, I'm not joking — it *was* good advice. Explained what it does to you to get drunk. Gives you poor tissues — and liver — and faculties.

"Ben Dye told me last night that my Uncle Tom Julian drank sometimes — but he could always carry his liquor," Julian went on. "That's what a man's got to do. It's what I didn't do."

"Your uncle Tom — the one you're named for?"

He nodded.

"It made a splendid name for you — Julian. My people are from Lynn, Massachusetts. They named me for the town."

"It's a nice one, too," Julian agreed with warmth. "And I like Lynnie."

"Father's proud of our surname," Lynnie hastened along the cheerful little conversational by-path she had opened up. "Proud of being related, you know, to the poet — Nathaniel P. Willis. We have the book — Willis's Poems. Father gave it to mother when they were first married."

Julian found himself talking away like smoke, even while making speed on the open stretches; still talking he was as they slowed down for sharp turns and steep grades. He kept on — just kept right on — never got out of something to say.

Suddenly a tall gateway loomed by the roadside; the sign above it read:

"LOMA PRIETA FOREST"

A toll-keeper's lodge was being built inside, but the gate leaned against the fence ready for its hinges. As Julian slowed up to turn the car in, a small white roadster flashed past them without warning, sheering so close that it seemed as though they must collide, darting on ahead into the enclosure.

"Take a mud-guard, won't you?" Julian looked after the vanishing tail light. "I believe that was Pretty Consadine. That's about the way he drives."

They rolled through the opening and upon the broad, smooth way within.

"It was the girl that sat in Miss Paula Pollard's lap, in the machine this morning," Lynnie said.

"Zoe Haslett. It was Pret, then."

They swung northwestward around curve after curve of the broad drive, bordered by tall black pines; a salt air blew in their face, and they began to hear the sound of the sea.

"I wanted to drive past the dunes," he said. Then, sniffing as the heavy, fulsome odor of beach apple came to them in the dark, "Ugh, what a queer, nasty-sweet smell that stuff's got! What is it like?"

"I don't know. It's kind of sickly."

"I remember now — laudanum."

"Is it? I've never smelled laudanum."

"I have. In an old boiler shed down at the factory, there was a locked cupboard. I was fooling round once and got hold of some stuff that was chucked away in there. Zen Daggett said it was laudanum, and they're not allowed to put it in the Remedy any more. It smelled just like this. I put some in a pocket flask."

"What would you want of it?" Lynnie wondered. "Laudanum'd kill you, wouldn't it?"

"Yep. Oh, I just like to have it. I don't know why."

"How much would it take to kill you, do you suppose?"

"A teaspoonful — or a tablespoonful — maybe."

"Well — you — you didn't take any?"

"No — sure not."

"What did you do with it?"

"Left the bottle in my bureau, under my ties."

Julian picked up a bit of bad trail that ran straight down across the dunes to the beach, and turned the Go-devil's nose into it, saying only, "Let's go get some of that stuff; it's in bloom."

Far behind them sounded the long, whimpering note of an exhaust horn.

"Good thing we left the main road," Julian stopped in the little track and cut off his lights. "That must be Paula Pollard and her crowd — driving over to the Forest Lodge to dance."

"What makes you think it's them?"

"Don't you recognize the horn? She asked me to go with them tonight. I forgot all about it."

"You — forgot?"

Secure in the dark they sat twisted around staring back and up while the big car with its noise and lights traveled along above them. That was Paula, at the wheel. She came to the bad going where their steep little road opened out of the drive, skidded, in the loose sand, slewed her machine around till a sudden glare, that just missed the Go-devil and its occupants, illuminated all the scattered lupine bushes near, lit up the bed of beach apple and even threw a sword-like gleam along a line of noisy breakers out beyond. Julian felt Lynnie tremble and cower. She came round against him, hiding her face, even in the dark. But those in the other car had plenty to occupy their attention.

"For cat's sake, Paula!" they heard Benchy Prentiss yell. "You've killed your engine — again!" Then Paula's voice:

"I can't help it. This sand's a foot deep. I tell you to *keep out of my way!*"

Someone got down and cranked. With a snort the motor took hold. The big car stood there shaking, glaring, roaring. The two in the dark crouched waiting while, "Let me out!" "Oh — get off me!" "That's my foot!" came the chorus of cries. Then the gears clashed into reverse, the crazy old trap was backed, swung around, and went skidding and groaning forward with its lights and outcry. They had not been noticed. After the car was gone the little machine sat in the dark, with the mysterious gray-white of the sand on all sides, the strange, lonely, eternal noise of the sea out there, own brother to dead silence. Once Julian reached to start the Go-devil, then sat back thinking. Lynnie watched him. Finally she spoke, with an odd choked utterance that instantly attracted Julian's notice.

"What will you do about it now? Is the Lodge — far from here?"

"What?"

"I — I hate to be in your way ——"

"To — be in my way — Why, look here, Lynnie, I wasn't going with them, anyhow. I don't care about those people. I asked you to drive tonight because I wanted to make up to you for this morning. Yes — and I'll take you to the Lodge — if you'll go — serve them right."

"To the Lodge!" Her tone asked if he were only joking. "Of course I couldn't. I wasn't invited."

"You don't have to be invited to the Lodge. It's public — a public restaurant — anybody can go that wants to."

"Oh, but Miss Paula would be awfully mad. She'd go right to Mrs. Jordan about it."

"Paula'd be mad, but I don't believe she'd do that."

"You don't know. Everybody thinks it's right to go and tell the matron of a place like 'Restlands' if one of the girls — is breaking the rules. You don't know. Then, anyhow, I'm not dressed fit."

"Why, you look nice. What's the matter with the way you're dressed?"

"Well, I *have* got on my white middy suit, under this coat," Lynnie's little hesitating voice meant even to Julian's ignorance that the white middy suit was also her best, and that she longed desperately to go to the Lodge with him. "But these old shoes," she was finishing half-heartedly when he broke in on her:

"Then you won't go inside." His foot touched the starter. The Go-devil began climbing up the deep sand of the road like some powerful iron spider. "There are tables on the porches. We can slip into a dark corner out there and have some — chicken *à la King!*" He laughed, but she still demurred.

"I — really, I don't believe I dare. Somebody might see us."

"They won't. Anyhow, we'll go up and look in. If you're afraid to stay we'll come right back."

Lynnie's silence was more eloquent of desire than anything she could have said. Julian accepted it as consent, and went ahead, without another word. A few moments later, when they swung up the green-banked drive to the Lodge, and looked around the semi-circle of waiting machines, sure enough there stood Paula's car, and further over Pretty Consadine's little white racer. Julian quickly maneuvered the Go-devil into place in front of the log-and-boulder building, helped Lynnie out, and they skirted the big, lighted area and came up at the end of the porch where the blaze of the electric globes was modified a little by vines.

Down by the main doorway Ball Hannon was talking to the steward. They waited until he went in, then crossed swiftly to the further end, passing the front door, the big windows, through which they could see Paula's party just coming out of the dressing rooms, wraps off, hair smoothed, noses powdered anew, joining the dancers who were moving about in a Boston. Julian kept Lynnie on the outside — if he himself were seen and recognized it wouldn't count so much. She leaned around him, as they went, for one or two fearful, delicious glances. He noted the look of her eyes.

"There's the boy that was in the white automobile," she whispered. "Dancing with Miss Haslett. The one you called Pretty. He *is* pretty."

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"There's a Reason"

"Looks like I used to when I was about nine," Julian said derisively.

"Oh, no!"

"Wasn't I as good looking as that?" he demanded.

"Of course you were." She blushed. "But — but your eyes were black."

He looked at her eyes, and found it hard to say what color they seemed. He knew them to be gray, but now the pupils were so large, they glowed so, that they might have been blacker than his own. He found a little table in an angle of the wall.

"Let's take this one," he suggested.

An electric globe hung just above it. Lynnie hesitated. Julian saw that she was uneasy, reached up and unceremoniously turned off the light.

"Thank you," she breathed, and sank into her chair and the shadow, laughing a little tremulously, clutching the edge of the table, adding, "We musn't stay very long — must we?"

A waiter came out to them, plainly frightening her again; but she straightened up, as Julian took the menu-card from the man and asked her, "What shall we have?"

"Oh — anything."

"I guess we'd better not stop for our — for anything that would have to be cooked special — tonight?"

"No, no, indeed."

"Next time we come I'll telephone and have them get us up a nice little dinner." Julian was trying to read the menu.

"Something the matter with the lamp, sir?" The waiter questioned doubtfully.

"No. I turned it off." Julian took his flash from his pocket and threw a little circle of illumination on the card he pushed across to Lynnie. "Look at that and see if there's anything on it you'd like."

"Ice-cream." The childish voice was very low, with a tincture of awe in it.

"Would you care for that? Isn't it too cold? Which kind?"

But it seemed that Lynnie's desires went no further than the generic article. The waiter finally put in a suggestion.

"We have pistachio and mocha this evening. Our mocha's very good."

"Mocha, then. And some good cake — plenty of it."

He went then, and Lynnie leaned far back in the shadows as they sat and waited for their ice-cream. The music came out to them.

"A one-step," she whispered, as her small shabby foot tapped time to it.

"Do you like to dance?"

"Just — love it." The words had a little break in them, almost like a sob of rapture; her face when she bent incautiously forward as the waiter approached with their tray, looked to the boy across from her lit, illumined, quite as though there were a flame behind the glow of her cheeks and the soft shining of her eyes.

They had half finished their cake and cream when there came a stir and fluttering just inside the window — Paula and her crowd getting seated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven — eight," cackled Benchy Prentiss. "Who's the vacant chair for, Polly?"

"Zoe and I've got a table to ourselves." Pretty Consadine's voice came from a little further over; they could hear it all as plainly as though they had been sitting in there with the party. There was a sound of scraping chairs as the waiter evidently removed two from the larger table.

"Still got a vacancy, Polly," Benchy held to it. "We shall meet but we shall miss him."

"I wish you'd cut that out, Benchy," Paula spoke loud in her irritation. "It's not a bit smart."

"What's the matter with the crowd tonight, anyhow?". That was Eileen Hannon's wail. "We're out to have a good time — and you boys go and spoil the whole thing joshing Paula — just because she said Jule McCulloch would come with us — and he didn't."

"Who cares, anyhow, about Jule McCulloch?" The thin little voice sounded like Esther.

"Oh, Julian would have come tonight if he'd felt able," Paula's tone was full of "the dignity stuff."

"Well, if he was here now I don't see that it would do the rest of us any particular good." That was Laura Ashby. "Polly'd be copping him out for herself all the time — or trying to — if she had to break up the party to do it."

"Well, this is a nice crowd," Paula began, and someone pleaded, "Aw, don't act like a bunch of roughnecks!" But Zoe Haslett called across from her table, maliciously, "What did he say when you 'phoned him, Paula?"

"He — wasn't there." The surprise had plainly demoralized Paula.

"Gone somewhere else, do you mean?" They heard Zoe following it up.

Lynnie leaned forward and clapped her hands soundlessly, laughing in dumb show. Her delicate little face sparkled with joyous mischief.

"Oh, for goodness' sake — be still!" Paula burst out furiously. And someone that sounded like Ball Hannon seconded the motion with, "I've had a-plenty of it — for one. Here comes the waiter. Oh — ow — *Zowie!*" There was a scuffling inside the window, a splash, and then a shriek from Esther.

"All over my sleeve! Ugh! We certainly have the worst luck tonight! I believe we're hoodooed." After that a babel of, "Sop it up with a napkin."

"I don't care so much for the old thing — it's the discomfort of it."

It was as good as a play to hear them. Squabble, squabble, just as it had been at the beach party. And here sat the girl Paula turned down so coolly, having a lot better time than any of them. He had finished his ice-cream, Lynnie was taking the last spoonful of hers.

"Shall I order more?" She shook her head and murmured, "We ought to be going."

As they got silently up, Julian glanced through the window.

"Come and look at them," he whispered. "It's rather fun. They can't see you if you keep out of the light."

Lynnie slipped over beside him. They had a good view of both tables.

"Miss Haslett and the young man you called 'Pretty' look sort of different from the others."

Julian chuckled.

"That's what makes all the row," he explained. "Pret's out of their class. He belongs to the San Francisco smart set. Zoe, too, for that matter. It keeps Paula and the others sore all the time."

"They have so much money, do you mean?" Lynnie asked with interest.

"A lot more. Pret's got about three million of his own. His father's dead. He bosses his mother. Zoe's not got so much, but either of them could buy out the whole bunch of small-town bounders and never notice it. That's what's eating Paula. Want to go now?"

"Yes."

A MOMENT after getting into their little car they sat there, looking back at the lighted building with its clatter and its music.

"Oh, that was lovely!" sighed Lynnie. "And I'm sure no one saw us."

"I'll bring you again — when that crowd isn't here," Julian said as he started the motor.

They passed the place where the sickly sweet smell of the beach apple came out to them, swung round turns and up hills at speed. They shot through the gate. The Julian McCulloch of yesterday — if he had ever got so far — would certainly have turned homeward now; but tonight the Go-devil headed northward. Julian heard Lynnie catch her breath; but she said nothing. On and on they went, skimming down a long hill, hearing the thunder of the surf again as they neared the bay.

"She's making forty-five miles," Julian said above the roar of their speed. "We're on the Cebolla road — want to go there?"

"Tonight?"

"I guess we could make it — and back. What time do you have to get up in the morning?"

"Soon as it's light — whenever that is."

"Whew!" Julian whistled and slowed down. "I oughtn't to keep you out like this when you have to be up so early."

"Oh, I'm used to it," Lynnie's tone was neither plaintive nor deprecating. "At home mommie always has us up before day."

Julian was lingering along, looking for a good place to turn.

"Guess what time it is?" he said.

"I couldn't — I haven't any idea."

"After midnight."

"Is it?"

"I'll take you straight back home — and make time. I ought to have asked you about it before. You'll never want to go with me again."

"Oh, yes I will. I don't mind its being late."

"Well, then, we'll have some good rides," said Julian quickly. He made a back turn, and drove hard. About twenty minutes later they flew past the gate of the forest, getting its signboard in a flash. It seemed no time after that till they were passing the Mission and the garage, swinging into the valley road. It was one o'clock as they neared "Restlands."

"Suppose I shut off the lights and try this woods road through the brush? I could get right up close to the house that way."

"Oh — but don't!" Lynnie whispered, all in a flutter. "I'd rather you wouldn't. You'd better stop here." They came to a halt. "See," she said, as she moved to get out, "that's my window, upstairs there where the curtain's blowing out."

The window she pointed to was above a flat-roofed shed. Julian looked at it and laughed.

"That's an easy one to get down from."

"Yes, it'd be easy. I was going to come out that way tonight, but didn't have to. I found a chance to slip out of the kitchen door. I'm going to climb in there, though."

"Now? I'd better help you."

"No."

"Going to go with me again?"

"Oh — yes. I've had a splendid time. I never did ride in an automobile so long before."

"Well, you're going to — longer than that next time. Good night."

"Good night."

She was gone. Julian watched till a little dark shape obscured the fluttering white curtain; something seemed to pick it up and wave it to him. Then he wheeled back into the road and started for the McCulloch ranch.

[*To be continued*]

In the next instalment of this big new serial, there are surprising developments. The canvas broadens, the love-story deepens. Don't miss following it

A King in Babylon — *Continued from page 26*

Mustafa — I want to take one scene there. If we had a strip of red carpet ——"

"I've got one," said Digby. "I put it in on the chance we'd need it."

"Good for you! Lay it from the steps over to the tomb; and spread some rugs here for the king to stand on. It wouldn't hurt to rig up a square of painted canvas for a shelter."

"All right," said Digby, and hurried away to carry out these multifarious instructions.

"I don't know what I'd do without Digby," said Creel, looking after him. Then he turned back to the tomb. "Come along; let's see what the professor's doing."

I HADN'T seen Davis all morning — he had risen ahead of all of us, and had been too busy since to waste any time watching our performance. I knew what he was at, for intermittently I had caught the sound of his chisels chipping at the sarcophagus. Now as we climbed through the hole, the sound came clearer and louder.

We found him crouched beside the sarcophagus, in a position which must have been acutely uncomfortable, and hammering away at the cement by the light of a torch held by one of the natives.

"I'll have it open by evening," he said, and showed us where the adamantine cement had been chiseled away for about half the length of the lid. "This is certainly the hardest stuff I ever tackled."

Three natives were helping him, and the impact of their chisels was of steel on steel.

"I'm going to do the burying-alive scene this afternoon," said Creel, "and we'll have to wall up that hole out there for a few minutes; but I guess you won't suffocate."

"No, of course not," Davis agreed. "Go ahead."

"Also I'll have to use about all the natives."

"All right. I can't use them in here," and he bent again to his task.

Creel watched him for a moment curiously. "You really expect to find a mummy in there?" he asked.

"A mummy — yes — and much more," said Davis, between blows. "I hope to prove whether the book of Genesis is true or false."

Creel whistled softly.

"Come along, Billy," he said. "We'd better be off about our picayune affairs. This is too big for us!"

Davis answered with a short laugh.

"It *is* big," he agreed.

"Too big, I suppose," continued Creel, "to permit your stopping for lunch."

"Is it time for lunch?" and Davis looked up in surprise.

"It's almost noon."

Davis straightened his back slowly, laid his hammer and chisel regretfully on top of the sarcophagus, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"I might have guessed it by the heat," he said, and dismissed the natives, who scampered off with alacrity. "I didn't realize how tired I was," he added. "This sort of work takes it out of a fellow. It's a mistake to overdo it."

"Yes, it is," agreed Creel; "it's a mistake to overdo anything. You think you'll be ready to open that thing tonight?"

Yes — there is only four or five hours' more work on it."

"And after that you are going to tear down that door with the 'Keep Out!' sign on it?"

"Yes," and Davis cast an amused glance toward the symbol of warning cut in the farther wall.

Creel hesitated a moment. Then he broke out: "I understand in a dim way what you hope to find in this sarcophagus; it's a big thing — a tremendous thing — worth running some risk for ——"

"What risk?" demanded Davis.

"I don't know; but I feel somehow that there *is* a risk."

"Rubbish!" Davis exclaimed. "Even if there were, do you suppose I ——"

"No, I don't," said Creel; "and I wouldn't ask you to. I'd take it myself. In fact, before you raise the lid, I hope you will invite me to be present."

"All right; I will," Davis agreed. "But what is it you're driving at?"

"What I'm driving at is this," said Creel, speaking with visible effort: "I feel, somehow, that the risk you run in opening this sarcophagus, great as it is, isn't a thousandth part of the risk you'll take if you tear down that door back yonder."

Davis stared at him.

"Nonsense, man!" he cried. "You're not developing a case of nerves, too!"

"Oh, Jimmy has got over his!" said Creel. "You should have seen him this morning hugging that mummy — quite as if he liked it! No, it isn't nerves — it is something deeper. What do you expect to find behind that door?"

"I don't know," answered Davis; "but I do know one thing, and it is this: there is something there — something unusual — something terrible, perhaps. That sign was never used without good reason. No Egyptian would dare disregard it."

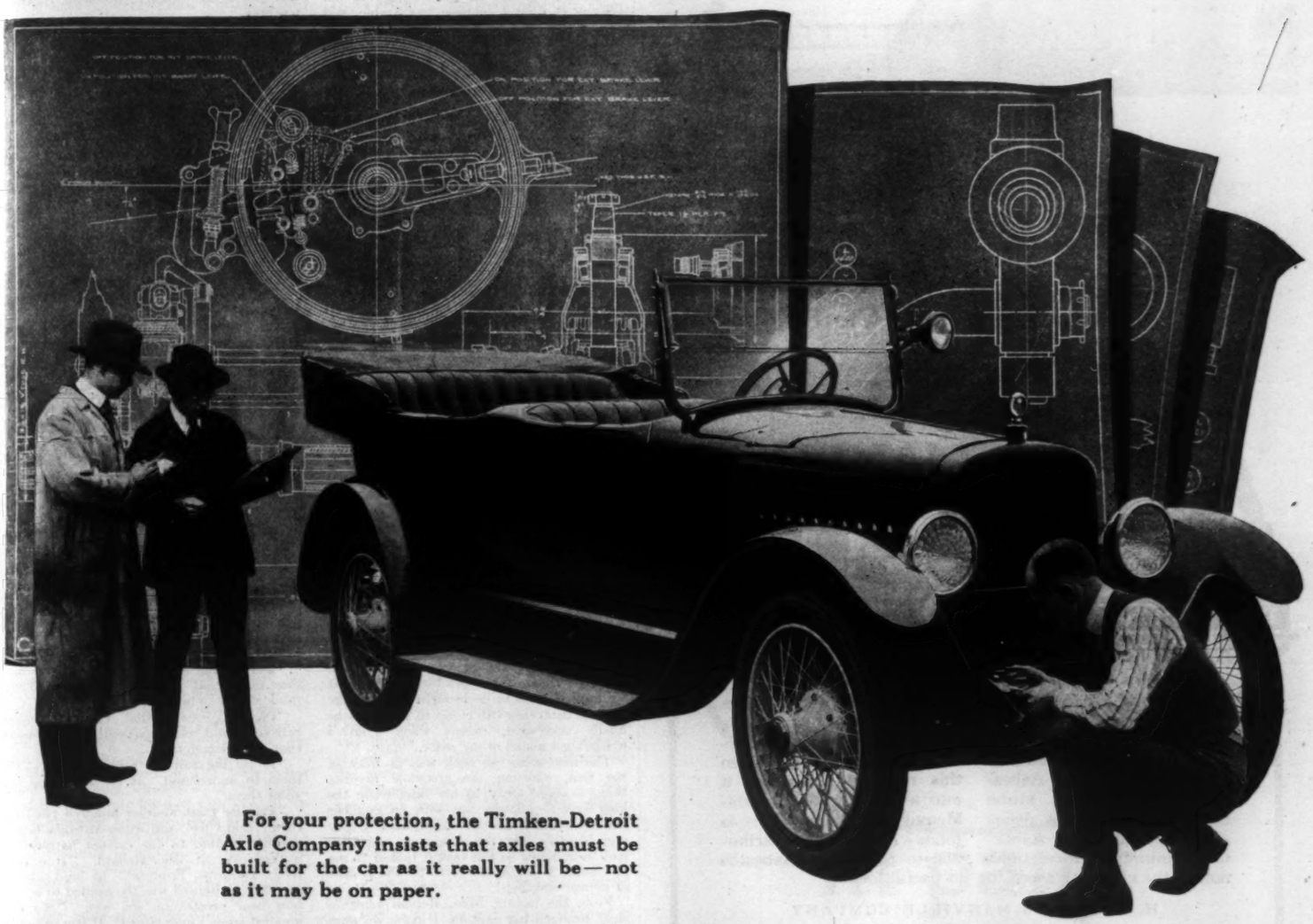
"Ah, you see," Creel began.

"But I am not an Egyptian," Davis broke in. "I'm a scientist — I have left those old superstitions behind me. That sign, instead of warning me away, lures me on. I am determined to see what is behind that door!"

His eyes were shining with excitement. Creel gazed into them a moment without speaking.

"I see," he said, at last. "I dare say I should feel the same way, in your place. Well, let's go to lunch," and he turned away toward the corridor.

Creel and Mustafa had a strenuous time that afternoon, getting our cohort of natives into shape. They were so excited by the prospect of dressing up in masquerade that they behaved like a lot of children.



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Mustafa opened the proceedings by an oration in what I suppose was Arabic, and the fellahin listened respectfully, if not very attentively, squatted in a semi-circle before him. It was the first time I had had occasion to observe them en masse and closely, and I was struck by their strange similarity of appearance — a similarity much greater than that of negroes or even Chinamen. The almond-shaped eyes, with their thick fringe of lashes, the smooth straight eyebrows, the wide-lipped mouth, the high cheek-bones, the receding forehead, the broad flat nose — all these gave to that circle of bronze faces a uniformity almost startling, especially since every face was crowned with a close-fitting skull-cap, converted into a sort of turban by winding a strip of white cloth around it; and add to this the fact that their bodies, thin almost to emaciation, were all clothed alike in long brown smocks and baggy white trousers — why, it almost seemed as if Mustafa's audience was composed not of fifty men, but of fifty replicas of the same man!

They listened to the dragoman's remarks in silence and with impassive faces until, toward the end, he rose to what I supposed to be a more impassioned flight, for then they grinned and nodded approval, and chattered to one another like a lot of blackbirds. I found out afterwards that what had won this applause was not any trick of oratory, but a promise of an extra hundred piastres for the crowd, if it would do faithfully what was required of it. A hundred piastres runs all the way to five dollars, and Creel afterwards paid it cheerfully.

BUT our troubles were just beginning. The natives, under the stimulus of this brilliant reward, were willing enough and donned joyously the gorgeous raiment prepared for them, but to get them to do what we wanted them to do brought Creel to the verge of hysterics. All credit to him that he finally succeeded, except when — but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

The first scene we took was in front of the tent, showing the erstwhile favorite being dragged away to her fate, while the king looked cynically on, with his eunuchs and other minions in the background. Digby and Mustafa did the dragging, and they had their hands so full that it looked to me as though Creel would have to don a coat of bronze and help!

From the instant Mlle. Roland came in sight between her captors, I knew we were in for an afternoon of excitement. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes filmed with horror, her whole being vibrant with desperate agony. I have never seen a glance more heart-rending than that she cast at Jimmy; but, somewhat to my surprise, his cynical smile did not waver and he urged her executioners on. The effect on the natives was extraordinary — just the effect we wanted, as Creel observed delightedly, for they moved uneasily, staring with open mouths, evidently divided between fear of Jimmy, who looked very regal indeed in his purple robes, and sympathy for his victim, who had never seemed more beautiful.

"Great!" said Creel, when the scene was finished, and Mlle. Roland stood pale and panting, while Mustafa scraped the sweat from his face with a hooked finger. (Poor Digby didn't dare wipe his, for fear the bronze would come off!) "It couldn't be better, Princess. Now we'll take another, out at the edge of the oasis."

She walked away without answering, and there was something in her face which made me vaguely uneasy — the same look which Jimmy's face had had the day before — a look which seemed to say that this wasn't acting at all, but grim reality. And there was something in the look which Jimmy sent after her I didn't like, either — a kind of infernal gloating. . . .

I got my camera set up with a beautiful clump of palms as a background, while Creel and Mustafa marshaled the players, and then we did a scene with the whole crowd starting across the desert toward the tomb. The Princess had ceased struggling, and walked with drooping shoulders and bowed head, as though she recognized the uselessness of resistance. As she passed the camera, she looked straight into it with the most tragic glance I ever saw. To look into the camera is usually an error of technique; but it wasn't in this case. I could guess how that glance would thrill the audience.

Then we did a third scene on the steps — a terrific close-up; for when she reached the steps, and looked across the court, and saw the open tomb waiting to receive her, she was like a mad woman, shrieking, clawing, writhing. . . .

It was only by putting forth their utmost strength that Digby and Mustafa managed to drag her down.

"Look here," I heard Digby pant, "we can't help hurting you, you know, if you don't let up a little!"

But she didn't let up — only looked at him as though he had uttered an insult, and spat in his face; and I fancied I could see Digby go pale under his bronze as he bit his lips and dragged her on; and I heard something else that sent a chill over me — a sort of guttural murmur from the natives, as they realized what was about to happen.

Digby and Mustafa had dropped their prisoner the instant the scene was over, and when I got down the steps she was leaning against the wall, with staring eyes, her lips drawn back in an ugly snarl, her bosom rising and falling convulsively. To me she seemed on the verge of fainting — but she didn't even look at me when I asked her if there was anything I could do — just stood there, clutching at the wall for support, and staring toward the tomb.

Digby and Mustafa were expostulating with Creel.

"My God, saar," said Mustafa, "it iss too much — I cannot do it!"

"She spat in my face!" growled Digby.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Creel. "It was great — consummate! Suppose she *did* spit in your face? That won't hurt you! No — don't you dare wipe it off!"

"But I don't like it. It's going too far! It's not right!"

"It's gloriously right!"

"But, saar," Mustafa protested, "the fellahin — they not understand. They make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Did you not hear them? It iss bad when they make that noise — vurry bad! They think she iss to be killed!"

"Oh, well, explain that it is only make-believe," said Creel, impatiently. "I thought they understood that!"

"It iss impossible," said Mustafa, "for them to understand. It iss something beyond them."

"Promise them another hundred piastres, then," said Creel, and while Mustafa began another oration to the excited natives, he walked over to Mlle. Roland. "It is perfectly gorgeous, Princess!" he said, and I saw that he himself was too excited to notice how near prostration she was. "It's the greatest scene I ever filmed! If you can only keep it up ——"

She looked at him strangely, without replying, and he might have noticed something then, had not Mustafa hurried up, rubbing his hands.

"It iss all right, saar," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Line them up in front of the tomb, along the carpet. Put your camera here, Billy. Jimmy, stand here under the shelter. Ready? Now, Princess, the final struggle. Get hold of her, Digby; get hold of her, Mustafa. Shove her into the tomb!"

It must be by a sort of sixth sense a camera-man grinds out his foot a second; at least, when that scene was over, I could not remember that I had cranked at all, and for an instant turned sick and dizzy; but when I glanced at my indicator, I saw it was all right.

I thought they would break her wrists, dragging her forward. She dug her heels into the sand, she tried to throw herself prostrate, she twined herself about the men — and such cries, such shrieks!

And then, when they got her to the tomb, she wrenched herself free and sprang at Jimmy, who stood looking coldly on, and I verily believe she would have clawed his eyes out if Digby and Mustafa had not seized her.

And then she begged for mercy, the tears streaming down her face.

"Look — I am young — I am beautiful — see this flesh, so white and tender — so full of delight — and it is yours — yours ——"

I swear I came within an ace of rushing forward and rescuing her myself! And I could have torn Jimmy limb from limb when he shook his head and motioned her away.

And then the struggle began again, more terrible than ever; and I saw her bend swiftly and sink her teeth into Mustafa's arm; and I saw the purple rage which flashed into his face, as he whirled her from her feet and thrust her into the tomb.

"Now, Digby, quick — the stones!" cried Creel.

And Digby, with shaking hands, began to

set in place the stones which Mustafa handed up to him.

Once her face appeared at the opening, livid — scarcely a living face — and Mustafa thrust it back into the darkness with one ruthless blow; and then all the stones were in but the last square one, with its oval cartouche — and through the hole her hands were thrust, begging, imploring for mercy, and I could hear her voice, faint and inarticulate.

Digby hesitated, the stone in his hands, and glanced at Jimmy It was the supreme touch, — how it would register! — and Jimmy nodded coldly.

"Put it in!" he said; and Digby dabbed it with the black mortar and thrust it into place.

"Now," cried Creel, "walk slowly away, all of you, out of the picture ——"

But that touch was destined never to be added, for with a hoarse cry the fellahin swept over us, and began to claw frantically at that sealed opening.

"Crank, Billy, crank!" yelled Creel; and he told me afterwards that the thought had flashed into his mind that he might use the scene somehow — but he never did. I saw it the other day, when we were testing out the film, and even on the screen it gave me the horrors, for it brought that frantic minute so clearly back to me——

I cranked away during the sixty seconds it took those desperate blacks to claw those stones out again.

"By God, saar, she bit me!" I heard Mustafa saying, and saw that a dark stain was spreading across his white sleeve. "She iss no woman — she iss a devil! She should stay in there!"

"Davis and three or four men are in there, too," answered Creel, with a smile. "We can't very well abandon them! Anyway, those blacks of yours have settled the matter. They've got the stones out — call them off, Mustafa, and get those clothes off them before they're torn to shreds. My wife will dress your wound — and I'll give you ten dollars extra into the bargain."

Mustafa's face, which had been sullen and threatening, cleared as if by magic, and he waded into his men with some of the most energetic language I ever heard. And such is the force of habit, ingrained through long centuries of oppression, that his men slunk back and pulled off their gay attire and piled it into a heap under Digby's direction. But they were evidently not satisfied, for they hung about the border of the excavation, watching sullenly to see what would happen next.

For Mlle. Roland had not reappeared at the opening in the tomb.

I had expected to see her standing there, the instant the stones were pulled away, pale, panting and triumphant — but there was only the blackness of the tomb; and then Creel ran forward and disappeared inside. And then, as I unslung my camera with trembling hands —for I knew that it would not be needed again that day! — I was astonished to see Jimmy, in all his war-paint as king of Egypt, calmly mounting the steps out of the excavation, as though he had no possible concern in the girl's fate. Or as though he knew that fate was settled — that he had buried her alive and was leaving her to die! That was what his look seemed to say, so cruel and impassive.

Then Creel's face reappeared at the opening.

"Turn your box over to Digby, Billy," he called, "and come here."

A moment later, I was clambering through the opening.

"No, no!" called Creel's voice. "Stay outside — wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" I gasped.

"Nothing serious; the Princess has fainted," and then he came toward me out of the darkness, with the girl in his arms. "Take her when I lift her up to you — she's not heavy."

As I bent forward and passed my arms under her knees and shoulders, I caught, from within the tomb, the regular clip-clipping of Davis's chisel; and I shivered, for there was something curiously ominous in the sound — as though he were closing a sepulchre instead of opening one. And then the light fell on the girl's face, and I stared down at it in horror.

"She's dead, Creel!" I gasped, for it was ghastly, and across one cheek was an ugly bruise, already turning blue.

"Nonsense!" snapped Creel. "Don't lose your nerve, Billy," and he clambered through. "Mustafa," he called, "you will tell your men that the lady has fainted, but will soon be all right again. Then help Digby bring that stuff over to the tent. Now, give her to me, Billy," and he lifted her from my arms. "You bring your camera. We've got to guard that film — we'll never make another like it — not if we live a thousand years!"

As we mounted the steps, we could hear Mustafa imparting Creel's assurance to his men — that the lady had only fainted. But had she? As I looked down at her, lying so limp and ghastly in Creel's arms, I was shaken again by a great fear.

"Look at that bruise, Creel," I whispered. "Do you suppose that was where Mustafa struck her?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Creel, grimly. "It's an ugly bruise, I know — but the film was worth it. I know she'll think so! The bruise will heal in a day or two, but that scene will make her famous! And maybe it wasn't Mustafa at all — maybe she struck it when she fainted. Anyway, she hasn't anything to complain of — she buried her teeth in his arm."

"I know," I said. "I saw it. Do you think — it was — just acting?"

"No," said Creel shortly. "It was better than acting. I think she went mad — I think she imagined she was really being buried alive; maybe that's her method— to let herself go."

"She made my flesh creep!" I said.

"It was gorgeous," Creel agreed; "and this is the reaction. It was bound to come."

I glanced again at the ghastly face.

"If she only comes around all right," I began.

"Of course she'll come around all right," broke in Creel angrily. "A little ammonia, or something of that sort. My wife will know what to do — women are used to this sort of thing."

And indeed Ma Creel took charge of the case in a matter-of-course way which was most reassuring.

"You men run along," she said, after Creel had laid the girl on the bed. "You're only in the way here. But I'm surprised at you, Warrie, letting her work herself into this state."

"Letting her!" echoed Creel. "Why, good Lord, Mary, I couldn't have stopped her if I'd wanted to. She was like a wild-cat!"

"It's a shame, just the same! What made that bruise on her cheek?"

"I guess she struck it when she fainted," said Creel.

"Well, all I can say is I'm ashamed of you! Now you and Billy get out of here. Mollie and I will look after her."

CREEL and I left the tent like a pair of criminals. Outside we came upon Jimmy, stretched at his ease in a canvas lounging chair, and smoking a cigarette. To my surprise, he still wore his Oriental costume, though it must have been suffocatingly hot.

"You can get out of those togs, Jimmy," said Creel, shortly. "We're through for today. I thought you understood."

"I wanted to be sure," said Jimmy. "It's an infernal nuisance getting into this rig. Mlle. Roland all right?" he asked carelessly.

"She fainted," said Creel. "That final scene was too much for her. You certainly took it coolly enough."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "I've got past the fainting stage."

Creel shot him a curious glance; as for me, I turned away with something very like disgust, for the conviction suddenly flashed upon me that his callousness during the burial scene had not been assumed; that he would have looked on just as calmly if it had been in deadly earnest instead of make-believe.

I went over to the property-tent and sealed up the film again in its air-tight case, and labeled it. The heat made me a little uneasy about all the films. If anything should happen to them — but I didn't dare think of it.

Jimmy came in as I was putting my camera way, and began to strip off his robes, whistling softly under his breath. The sound enraged me, and I was about to tell him so, when Creel called me from outside.

"Billy!"

"Yes," I answered.

"Davis has sent word that he's ready to open the sarcophagus. Don't you want to go over?"

"I surely do!" I said, and hurried out and joined him.

Davis was waiting for us at the entrance to the tomb, his face convulsed with excitement. "Come along!" he cried; "I've got the lid loose — I wouldn't have waited much longer!"

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He led the way along the passage into the inner chamber. Four natives were waiting there, armed with long crowbars, and at a sign from Davis they set to work prying up the great granite lid. Slowly it rose — an inch — two inches — and I caught a sudden gust of spicy perfume.

"Now, slide it over!" said Davis, hoarsely, and I could judge of his excitement by the way my own heart was hammering in my throat. "Careful! Careful!" and then he was clinging to the edge of the sarcophagus, staring down into it. "I've found it!" he whispered hoarsely. "By heaven, I've found it!"

For an instant I was dazzled by the glow of light and color which burst from within the tomb, under the rays of the torches; then I saw something vaguely like a human form, gilt from top to bottom; and a face staring up at me with wide-open eyes.

"Look at it!" gasped Creel. "Look at it!" and he pointed at the face with a shaking finger.

And my heart turned to ice within me, for the face was the face of Jimmy Allen!

Chapter XXI

OF the moment that followed I have no distinct recollection. I remember vaguely clinging to Creel, and I could feel his vise-like grip on my arm; and I suppose I must have closed my eyes, for when I opened them and looked again down into that staring face, that startling likeness had vanished. All that lay there was a dark-hued countenance, with wide-open eyes of glass gazing placidly up at us. It was like a dissolving view, or a puzzle picture, which changes before your eyes.

Then I saw that it was not the mummy I was looking at, but the outer case, or coffin, moulded to the lines of the human form within it; and that it was upon one end of this outer case that the face — a portrait, presumably, of the man whose body lay within — had been carved and then carefully painted.

"Did you see it?" asked Creel, relaxing his grip and wiping the sweat from his face.

I nodded mutely.

"See what?" demanded Davis.

"The first glimpse I had of that face," said Creel, "I'd have sworn it was Jimmy Allen."

Davis squinted down at it.

"It's a portrait of Sekenyen-Ré," he said, "if this is really his mummy; and it doesn't look the least like Allen." Then he looked at it again, and I could see by his startled expression that he had caught the likeness. "By George, it does, though!" he said.

"Better not let Jimmy see it," said Creel. "It will only send him off again."

"Better not let Jimmy see what?" demanded a voice, and there was Jimmy behind us. "I heard Creel invite Billy over," he explained to Davis, "and I came, too, as soon as I got off my war-paint. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all," Davis assured him, and turned back to an inspection of the coffin.

"Now," said Jimmy to Creel, "what was it I wasn't to see?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Creel, nervously.

"What was it, Billy?" asked Jimmy, turning to me. "Come, I'm not a child. What was it?"

"When we first saw it," I explained, "we thought that face painted on the coffin looked a little like you. Of course it doesn't really ——"

"Why shouldn't it look like me?" asked Jimmy, quietly. "It was intended for me."

We could only stare at him with open mouths — even Davis!

"And I think it is a pretty good likeness, all things considered," he added, looking down at it.

Creel got back enough of his self-control to laugh — a pretty hollow laugh it was, but nevertheless it could be recognized as being intended for a sign of amusement.

"They gave you a swell coffin!" he commented.

"Yes," said Jimmy simply, "that I couldn't prevent — any more than I could prevent that magniloquent description of my greatness which they inscribed along the sides. But the sarcophagus — all this," and he waved his hand around at the barren walls, "I myself prepared a year before I died. That was my expiation — a million years in hell!"

"Expiation for what?" demanded Creel.

"For walling her up alive," said Jimmy, and for an instant inclined a listening ear toward the rear wall of the tomb, as I had seen him do once before. Then, with a faint smile, he turned back to the coffin, and gazed down at it meditatively.

Davis was looking at him with a sort of double-concentrated attention; Creel was staring, a twisted smile still on his lips; as for me — I knew what had happened — I had feared it the night before — Jimmy had gone mad!

"But that's all make-believe!" Creel burst out, at last. "That's just the story we're filming."

"Is it?" asked Jimmy, and brushed his hand before his eyes in a bewildered way. "Perhaps it is — I don't seem to be able to keep them apart any more — the real and the imaginary." Then he shook his head sharply. "No — it's true!" he said. "She kept on asking for love — for love! Her arms were always around me like a prison! At last I couldn't stand it any longer — she tried to kill me, you know, because I took another woman; and I walled her up back there, so she couldn't bother me any more," and he nodded toward the rear wall, with its sinister sign of warning. "I was sorry afterwards," he added in a lower tone; "but it was too late. And she *did* bother me — for she never died — just waited on and on ——"

His voice trailed away, and he looked down again at the coffin, his lips trembling.

The mystery isn't yet solved, is it? Read on! "A King in Babylon" will run until October. We have received many letters about it. Here is one: "This is just a line to tell you how much I enjoyed your new story, 'A King in Babylon.' It is simply GREAT. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. I hope to heaven that New York won't be bombed or submarined before the next copy of McClure's is issued, for if I don't find out 'what happened next' I shall be in despair! Thanks for the author's ability to do a clever thing and for somebody's cleverness in spotting it instantly AS clever, and passing it on for so many others to enjoy."

We stared at the wall and we stared at Jimmy, and I, at least, was convinced that when that wall was opened, the body of his victim — or what was left of it — would be found there. As for her never dying, that, of course, was nonsense. She would be dead enough, and dried into some such hideous mummy as Creel had fabricated.

I glanced at Davis, to find him stroking his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at Jimmy without any sign of surprise or perturbation. And at last, Jimmy, with a final look at the coffin, turned and walked silently out of the tomb.

"What do you think of him, professor?" Creel demanded, when the sound of his footsteps had died away down the passage.

"He has been worrying over that picture too much," said Davis. "He said himself that he couldn't separate the imaginary from the real. The heat no doubt is what started the trouble."

"You mean he's mad?"

"Oh, not so bad as that — just a mild mania. He will be all right again, once he's through with the picture and away from here."

"Then you don't believe ——"

Creel didn't finish the sentence, but the glance he cast at the rear wall was enough.

"That he really is a reincarnation of the mummy in the coffin there?" asked Davis, smiling. "No. Do you?"

"I don't know," said Creel, slowly. "I seem to be ready to believe almost anything — it must be in the air! But where did he get that story?"

"There is sometimes a curious clairvoyance about mania," Davis answered, more gravely, "and it may be that Jimmy has guessed the secret of this place. I had made some such guess myself — you'll remember — that the king had caused himself to be buried in this bare, unornamented tomb as a penance or expiation. I should have said that it was probably to expiate some impiety towards the gods; but it may be that the crime for which he wished to do penance was the murder of a woman who loved him; yes — and it may be that we shall find her body behind that wall back yonder."

"Alive?" asked Creel, almost in a whisper.

"Rubbish!" said Davis, impatiently. "As dead as that papier-mâché fake you brought from New York!"

"I sure hope so!" said Creel, devoutly. "Go ahead."

"That's all, I think," said Davis; "except that there is a possibility we may find the whole story on a papyrus roll inside the coffin. But if we do, and if the story should turn out to be as Jimmy has guessed it, that wouldn't prove anything — it certainly wouldn't prove that Jimmy Allen is the reincarnation of Sekenyen-Ré, and that Mlle. Roland is the reincarnation of the murdered favorite, and that this fantastic story you have made up for a moving picture is true!"

"You're right, of course," agreed Creel, and made a motion as though he were brushing cobwebs from before his eyes. "Stated like that, it certainly *does* sound absurd. But for a moment ——"

"If we steadily refuse to accept a supernatural explanation of anything," said Davis, "we can always find a natural one. Just give your reason a chance!" and, torch in hand, he turned to an examination of the coffin.

It was, as I have said already, shaped roughly like the mummy inside it — though the feet which projected from the lower end were so enormous that, for Sekenyen's sake, I trust they were an exaggeration! At the top, the face of the dead king had been carved life-size in the solid wood, and then painted with a care and cunning which made its life-likeness, seen thus in the shadow at least, simply startling. And this effect was enormously heightened by the wide-open, staring eyes — made, so Davis said, of mother-of pearl, with pupils of jet. The way they shimmered in the light was positively uncanny.

The breast and shoulders were covered by a broad, jeweled necklace, quite wonderfully painted, and below it on the breast lay what looked like a snake and a vulture. A pair of closed wings, in full gilt, were folded about the body as though to protect it, and below the wings, down the sides of the coffin as far as I could see, ran an inscription which it was evident Davis was panting to translate.

"What do you make of it?" asked Creel, at last. "Is it really the fellow you thought it was?"

"It is Sekenyen-Ré beyond a doubt," answered Davis quickly. "See — here is his cartouche — he is wearing the double crown of upper and lower Egypt — the uræus and the vulture are the sacred symbols of sovereignty over the two lands. These figures beneath his feet are his guardian gods — Amon-Ré, Ka and Osiris. I have never seen a more beautiful case. We must lift it out, so that I can get to work on that inscription."

"For heaven's sake, man," Creel protested, "don't start anything like that tonight! You'll kill yourself! Besides, it's way past dinner-time."

I could tell by the way Davis looked at the coffin that he would willingly forego dinner and sleep and everything else for the opportunity to study it; but again reason triumphed over impulse.

"You're right," he said. "I'll get it over to the tent tomorrow. Then I can work at it in the evenings;" and, with the help of the natives, he slid the heavy covering-slab back into place, and nodded to them that they might go. They scampered along the passage with the alacrity of men who knew they had been working overtime.

"I don't suppose it was really necessary to put that cover back," said Davis; "but I like to be on the safe side. It is just possible that one of the natives might be tempted to break into the coffin and steal whatever's inside it. He couldn't get away with it, of course, but he might do a lot of damage. Now it's safe," and with a last look around, he picked up his torch and led the way along the passage.

"You will have to tear this wall down before you can get that coffin out," said Creel, as we came to the narrow entrance.

"Yes; I'll set some men at it first thing in the morning," and Davis flashed his light over the wall and across the vaulted ceiling.

"Won't there be danger of the roof coming down?"

"I don't think so. The wall was put in the last thing, after the coffin had been sealed up in the sarcophagus, so the vaulting must have been built to stand without it. Of course the weight of the sand that is heaped up over it now may make a difference, but I'll take down just enough to let the coffin past."

"You'll not try to bring out the sarcophagus?"

"Oh, no; that's too big for me to handle — besides, it isn't of much value, since it isn't decorated. I'll turn it over to the government."

We found it quite dark when we emerged from the tomb; and we hurried up the steps and across to the tents, where we found Ma Creel anxiously awaiting us.

"I thought you were never coming!" she said. "I was just going to send after you."

"Nothing wrong, is there?" asked Creel. "How is the Princess? Did she wake up?"

"No," said Ma Creel; "she didn't wake up — she just turned over and went to sleep."

"But she was asleep."

"No, she wasn't — it wasn't sleep — and it wasn't a faint. I know — I've seen too many women in faints. It was something different — more serious. But she's sleeping now, like a log."

"What was it happened?" asked Davis, who had been listening closely. "You didn't tell me anything ——"

"I didn't think of it," said Creel. "Mlle. Roland had some hard scenes, this afternoon, and played them magnificently, for all she was worth. We ended with the burying-alive scene — I told you yesterday, you know; and she played it so well, the natives got so worked up that they broke loose and tore the wall down the minute the last stone was in place. You must have heard the noise."

"I did," nodded Davis; "I supposed that was what you were doing. I was too busy to look out. Well, what then?"

"When I got through the opening, I found Mlle. Roland in a heap on the floor. The strain had been too much for her."

"Ah!" commented Davis. "And Jimmy — did he faint, too?"

"Faint?" I burst in. "I should say not! He walked away the moment it was over, without waiting to see whether the girl was dead or alive."

"He had no reason to think her dead," Davis commented. "But he has evidently got past the fainting stage."

"Yes, he boasts of it!" I said. "He told me he would never be afraid again. But I didn't think him so cold-blooded ——"

I broke off for want of the proper words to finish the sentence.

"Where is he now?" asked Davis.

"He's in his tent," said Ma Creel. "He came in about an hour ago, and went into the tent without saying a word, and I haven't seen him since. I suppose he's asleep."

"Go and see, Billy," said Creel, and in a minute I was at Jimmy's bedside.

He had thrown himself on his cot without removing even his shoes, and lay on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. His eyes were closed and he was breathing with a slow, deep regularity which told of profound slumber.

"He's sleeping like a log," I reported.

"And you say Mlle. Roland is sleeping, too?" asked Davis.

"She's sleeping as though she would never wake up," Ma Creel answered. "Great deep breaths, as regular as clock-work."

"And she didn't come out of her faint? She didn't say anything?"

"Not a word; she didn't even open her eyes. I was sitting right there bathing her forehead, when all at once she seemed to relax; then she stretched out and crossed her ankles and put her hands behind her head, and went off to sleep — What in heaven's name is the matter now, Billy?"

"Why," I stuttered, "why, that's just the way Jimmy is sleeping — ankles crossed, hands behind his head ——"

"Well, what of it?" Creel broke in, with what seemed to be quite unnecessary violence. "Didn't you ever hear of anybody sleeping like that before? I'm tired of these hysterics! Let's have dinner; I'm nearly starved!" and he stalked way to the tent.

I remember thinking, as I looked after him, that he wasn't so very far from hysterics himself.

[*To be continued*]

Pure Fuel and Your Car

A Turning-Point in the Automobile Industry

by Waldemar Kaempffert

METAL though it is, an automobile engine is strangely human. It actually breathes. Deprive it of its oxygen and it stops. Take it up a high mountain and it finds the same difficulty that affects you when you try to fill your lungs with air.

Oxygen alone will not keep a man alive; oxygen alone will not keep an engine in motion. You need fuel — bread, meat, and drink. An automobile engine needs fuel. It so happens that Nature provided you with lungs for the breathing of oxygen and with a separate stomach for the consumption of fuel; but in an automobile engine, lungs and stomach comprise a single organism. If you were as simply constructed as an automobile engine, the doctors in the human garages that we call hospitals could repair you much more easily than is now possible when that spark-plug heart of yours misses fire. Because you happen to be more complicated than an engine, do not fall into the error of imagining that the fuel of an automobile can be adulterated with any more impunity than your canned vegetables.

Now, the fuel of an engine, which, as you know, is called gasoline, is not what it was ten years ago. It is being adulterated, not maliciously but as a matter of sheer necessity. There is not enough of the kind of gasoline that used to be sold ten years ago to feed the three and one-half million pleasure cars now in use. The oil refiner has had to resort to a kind of adulteration. He tells you so quite frankly. Either the automobile manufacturers must curtail the number of cars that they now produce in such prodigious quantities, or you must content yourself with a fuel that is unfit for consumption in the cars of today. Since there is but one choice, you buy a liquid that goes by the name of gasoline but that has not the properties demanded by your engine.

Why this should be so follows from the very nature of an engine. The gasoline must volatilize into a vapor; that vapor must be mixed with a definite amount of air and thus converted into an explosive; the mixture must be ignited at the proper moment; the resultant explosion, which is nothing more or less than instantaneous combustion of the fuel-vapor, drives the piston forward. The cylinders are both lungs and stomach. They breathe air and digest fuel.

Since the vapor and air must be mixed in just the right proportions every automobile has its carbureter, which is a device for measuring and mixing the gasoline vapor and the air before they are breathed in by the engine. The carbureter of today was designed for the gasoline of yesterday. It is incapable of performing its function efficiently because gasoline has changed. Gasoline is a kind of kerosene now. A goat can eat paper; you can't. He has the right kind of stomach for the digestion of that diet; you haven't. Suppose that you were asked to eat paper. You would have to acquire a new stomach — or starve. The automobile must be equipped with a new contrivance for vaporizing and feeding the fuels of today — possibly with an entirely new type of propulsive mechanism. In truth, we are on the threshold of a remarkable development in the automobile. The vehicle of less than five years hence will bear some outward resemblance to the automobile of today; but its internal economy will be radically different. Some engineer must invent for it new lungs and a new stomach.

You can see why this must be so when you consider what the vaporization of a fuel means. Every liquid evaporates. Ponds dry up, and oils become thick and gummy on exposure to the air. Real gasoline evaporates with extraordinary rapidity—even in the coldest weather. The automobile engines and carbureters of today were invented by men who relied on that rapid vaporization. No other liquid fuel will vaporize with the astonishing readiness of gasoline; and that is why only gasoline will answer in the engines of today. But the fuel that is now sold is not gasoline of the kind that the automobile requires. It is heavier; it does not vaporize readily enough. The carbureter cannot perform its proper function of supplying the right kind of mixture to the sucking engine. That mixture should not be all air at one time and all fuel vapor at another. And yet something akin to that takes place now that real gasoline is but a mere name.

This matter of vaporization is so all-important that I must drive home what it means as forcefully as I can. The air of the room in which you are sitting as you read this article is capable of absorbing a certain quantity of water. Take a pitcher of water and throw it into the air. The water merely splashes upon the floor; very little of it has been absorbed by the air. Soak a large piece of cheese-cloth in the same quantity of water and expose the cloth to the air of the room. In perhaps half an hour the cloth is dry; the air of the room has absorbed it. An automobile wants its liquid fuel supplied not by the pitcher but by the cheese-cloth method. It cannot altogether receive it thus because the gasoline of today does not vaporize fast enough.

Consider what is demanded by the engine. Your lungs require about 575 cubic inches of air every minute. At a speed of twenty miles an hour, a modern high-speed engine requires about 105,600 cubic inches a minute. In a single minute, then, that immense volume of air must be charged with a sufficient quantity of vapor; what is more, vapor and fuel must be intimately mixed in that exceedingly short interval of time. Moreover, most of the gasoline now sold would not vaporize in weeks at ordinary temperatures. You can see, now, can't you, why a very rapidly vaporizing fuel is so essential? No wonder, then, that some of the fuel is breathed dropwise into the engine; no wonder that some of it does not explode; no wonder that the engine is not delivering its full power.

What is this vapor of gasoline that we must have if a perfect explosive mixture is to be formed with air? An answer of a kind is given by the perfume atomizer. Squeeze the bulb and the perfume streams out in a fragrant mist, readily absorbed by the atmosphere. It is in reality composed of very small drops. The automobile wants its fuel not in such drops but in exceedingly fine particles. The drier and finer the vapor, the more intimate the mixture with air. It is evident that billions of fine particles will float along with the stream of air that is sucked in by an engine; heavy particles will settle by their own weight and form drops of perceptible size.

Old-fashioned gasoline vaporized with uniformity. It vaporized completely and readily. But the fuel that now goes by the name gasoline is not a uniform mixture. It is composed of a liquid which is partly gasoline and therefore floats away as a vapor easily and partly kerosene, which is much heavier and which must be subjected to a higher temperature before it vaporizes. Indeed most gasolines are even more complex in structure.

This hybrid fuel that we call gasoline vaporizes very unevenly. That part of it which is real gasoline evaporates quickly. Left behind are the heavier constituents which are utterly unsuitable for the automobile of today.

It goes without saying that automobile and carbureter manufacturers slaved over this

A NEW booklet, "The Motor Truck in Business," issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, and written by Waldemar Kaempffert, is now ready. It will be sent free to any business man who will write to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery. This booklet is unlike anything ever before published and may be worth thousands of dollars to your house. Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

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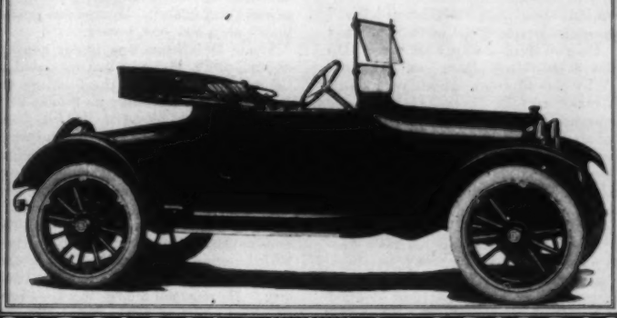

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The Motor Truck In Business

is the title of a new booklet issued by the McClure Automobile Department. Read the paragraph in the little frame on this page and then obey your next impulse.

Away with DEADLY POISONS
RAT CORN
KILLS RATS, MICE AND GOPHERS
ALL DEALERS

problem as soon as it became apparent that the demand for a highly volatile fuel was far greater than the supply. Since heat aids the vaporization of all liquids (you know what happens to water in a kettle on a stove) efforts have been made to solve the problem either by heating the air supply or by heating the intake manifold. Something has been done in the way of straightening the passages through which the mixture of vapor and air must travel before reaching the engine; for it has been found that sharp corners tend to separate the heavy gasoline particles from the lighter in a journey that takes but a fraction of a second.

No automobile manufacturer will claim that he is quite satisfied with these attempts at adapting the engine of yesterday to the fuel of today. Indeed, he views the fuel situation with alarm. The unvaporized fuel that finds its way into the cylinder collects into small puddles and drops down into the crankcase, where it mingles with the lubricating oil. Since kerosene — for kerosene is an important element in these latter-day fuels — dissolves the oil, it is difficult to lubricate the engine properly; and that means scratched and scored cylinders with attendant heavy repair bills.

It is hard to change a standardized product. New York was the last great city of the United States to adopt electric lights and electric street cars. The change from gas to current, from horses and cables to electricity, involved the expenditure of many millions. It is but natural that a highly standardized industry such as that of making motor cars should resist a revolution. Sooner or later it must yield.

What a rich opportunity is here presented! Fortunes have been made out of new horns, new forms of tires, new transmissions, new demountable rims, new shock absorbers, new headlight dimmers. But all these inventions will be as nothing, all the riches that have been piled up by the inventors of ingenious accessories will be out-dazzled by the wealth to be made by the man or the company that meets the situation boldly. Who will give us the automobile of the future? And what will be the mechanism of that vehicle? Will it be driven by a steam engine with a boiler heated by a kerosene or oil-burner? Or by an engine similar to those marvelous machines that drive submarines across the ocean — machines in which no carbureter at all is used, and in which the air is so highly compressed that when a little oil is squirted into the cylinder, it is vaporized and burnt with explosive rapidity? Or by an engine fed with a mixture prepared not by a carbureter but by some apparatus which will not only heat the fuel, however heavy it may be, but also mechanically atomize it? Or, must we abandon oil fuels entirely and adopt alcohol?

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself. With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Four Cylinders and Twelve — *Continued from page 18*

"No wonder it won't, with only four cylinders!" Rosie cried scornfully. "Herman — what shall I do!"

Herman tried to think what she could do. He hailed two big cars, passing in succession, hoping one of the drivers would take Rosie to her town, two miles farther on. But they sailed snobbishly by. Nor did any other cars pass in that direction; they all seemed going *toward* the beach!

Herman climbed behind the steering wheel, glum. The occupants of some of the big cars flying beachward, pleasure bent, flung taunts about cheap roadsters that got in the way, instead of keeping to side roads where they belonged — or to the sidewalks! Herman 'most bit his lips through in mortification.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't get a decent car!" Rosie exploded. "Do we have to sit here all night? Do you know I'm losing a date with Max Finkelstein?"

"Keep still about that Finkelstein feller!" Herman cried, his patience at an end. "That loafer! Do you think *I* wanta sit here? Do you know *I* got — not dates, no, but bus'ness? Why should *I* care about your dates — did *I* make 'em?"

Rosie began to cry, softly. Herman's anger therefore abated as suddenly as it had arisen. He compassionately slipped his thick arm about her quaking shoulders and drew her close to his side. She rested her head against his shoulder, much as a child might.

"Ah, Rosie, don't cry," he whispered. "Rosie, I love you, that's all. That's why I got so mad. It drives me crazy to think about you and this Max."

Rosie pulled her hand free and dabbed her eyes with a tiny ball of embroidered and perfumed linen. An approaching headlight glared with a high-power mockery, a whirr sounded at their side, a long, sleek car nosed sneakingly up and stopped with a sort of gasp, and — Rosie sprang altogether out of Herman's embrace. A swivel searchlight, attached to the windshield of the big machine, focused its beam impudently into Herman's car. It completely dispelled the shadow, in which Herman and Rosie had been reclining, beneath the low shed of the roadster. Herman blinked. Rosie hid her face. Max Finkelstein leaned over from his seat at the wheel of his twelve and peered down at them.

"Ah, there you are, Rosie!" Max cried. "We almost thought our little friend and playmate had given us the stand up. Was anybody hurt?"

"Hurt?"

"Yes. Looks like a smash up or something!" Max grinned.

A chorus of laughter from several young fellows and girls, piled in the tonneau of Max's twelve, succeeded his words with an effect much like the echoing ha-has of a group of "girlies" after the speech of almost any one of the principals in almost any musical comedy.

"You going to break your date with us, Rosie?" Max queried in a harsher voice.

Rosie gave a nervous little laugh, shook her head without looking up, and stepped from Herman's four-cylinder into Max's twelve-cylinder, one of the fellows opening the tonneau door and handing her in. With a parting chorus of ha-has, the party disappeared toward the beach — joy-riders! Nestling between two white-flanneled rah-rah boys in the deep rear seat, Rosie flung a final glance back at Herman, tears still shining in her big eyes. Something swelled into Herman's throat, his head sagged forward on his arms, against the four's steering wheel, and he sobbed.

Poets, prosers and — with an even more authentic voice — commonplace incidents of life often remind us of time's one bad habit; but those who either work hard or play hard need no reminder of how fleet it can be. For them it just goes!

The end of the summer loomed near for Herman Lichtman and Rosie Kirschbaum before either of them realized that the family calendar had been torn off up to "September." And it was only because Herman had worked hard and Rosie had played hard.

The Bijou was a success "from the word go," and, elated, Herman doubled his energies, setting his mind doggedly to the new ambition of establishing a chain of theatres across Long Island. Denied one goal, Rosie, he set up a new one, power.

When the Bijou was under construction in the spring, Herman had intended to rent the spacious hall atop the building to some restaurateur, but finding no tenant he undertook a scheme of his own. In July he opened the Bijou Roof, cabaret and restaurant. He installed a polished dance floor and numerous tables, maroon, velvet hangings and maroon silk-shaded lights; he opened a roofless balcony, with single tables in alcoves, at the front of the restaurant, overlooking the surf; and he broke full length windows bordered with hanging flower gardens along the sides of the big room, to make it more invitingly airy. He engaged a large rag-time orchestra of darkies, and set up the young fellow, Louis, as manager, Louis having proven the degree of his efficiency with the Bijou theatre downstairs.

All these things added to Herman's personal activities, his eyes grew worn and tired from sleepless nights, and a few hairs turned gray. But the upshot of it all was that Herman, before long, had to readjust the size of his bank book to the size of his account and he did *not* take out a smaller book!

QUITE oblivious to Herman and his toiling, Rosie Kirschbaum spent as many sleepless nights as he, though without like results. Slender as she was, Rosie could dance until three in the morning and be quite as fresh as ever next forenoon. A little splashing in the tub, a little powder, a bit of fluffy material called a dress, and the trick was done! She was again the same black-eyed flower, sweet and charming as the day before. Her endless vivacity can be styled only as "pep."

Rosie spent so much on hats and clothes that Mrs. Kirschbaum began to complain.

"Soon we won't have no money left, Rosie," she said.

"Well, I simply *got* to have clothes if I wanta break into society!" Rosie retorted. "Do you think Max never gets sick of the same hats and things all the time? Ah, ma, be reas'nable!"

"But, Rosie, not such dear ones!"

"Say, ma — you can't get away with it! They know the difference. They think I'm a swell, Max's crowd does. Why? Because I dress good — that's why. I *must* stay with his bunch or I have no chance of getting anywhere a-tall!"

"You and your tvelf cylinder friends! Yes, I want that my Rosie should marry good, but not that you should spend all your papa — *Olov-Hasholom* — left! . . . Ah vell!" And with that Mrs. Kirschbaum resigned her protest.

In September the Bijou Roof, grown now to be the place of real distinction at the beach — the young fellow, Louis, appreciating the advertising value of the word "exclusive" — held a gala night to celebrate the beginning of its last week of the season.

Rosie Kirschbaum packed off in Max Finkelstein's twelve-cylinder, crowded as usual, to attend the Bijou celebration.

Before the evening had been half spent, Rosie was the liveliest little person in the liveliest little circle in the liveliest place on the beach. Hilarity, abandon, cigarette smoke, powdered flesh and painted, wine, dress suits and silk stockings (not to forget the cavortings of Louis's twelve big cabaret acts!) were the order of the evening.

When *the* event of the program, a dance contest, was heralded, the orchestra struck up a lively one-step and Max Finkelstein, with a lean, almost snaky gracefulness, caught Rosie to him and whirled her out among the number of couples who had presumed so much as to exhibit their terpsichorean skill before the throng of rare critics gathered at the tables round about.

Rosie swayed in faultless rhythm to each new step into which Max fell; the orchestra blended from jaunty one-step to voluptuous fox-trot, to dreamy waltz, and back to jaunty one-step, and they blended with it, a concert of motion. At length the lights died and Rosie, fluffy and alluring, and Max, correct, serene and as smooth-running as his twelve-cylinder, were dancing about the floor alone, swooping, pausing, running, hesitating — like a bee as it slips from one blossom to another — followed by a liquid shaft of light which sharply accentuated their every movement. One face back in the dark was more happily transfixed than any other in the Bijou Roof; and that face was Herman Lichtman's.

The lights flashed up, the music stopped, and amid uproarious applause, Rosie hugged the big silver cup which the young fellow, Louis, manager of the Bijou Roof, presented to her with a bow and a flourish. She took it to their table and Max ordered wine to fill it. As it went the eager round of his parasitical friends, Max and Rosie slipped out front to the deserted balcony, where a tender night zephyr was drifting in with the line of droning surf.

"Great stuff, eh, Max," Rosie exclaimed. "Some dance. Isn't it a dandy cup?"

Max puffed fiercely at a cigarette. Unanswered, Rosie gazed down the shimmering path of moonlight along the surface of the Atlantic. To Rosie, Max was a problem in which the quantity *x* was still unknown. Sometimes Max seemed repulsively bad — sometimes he was just bad — and sometimes he wasn't half bad a-tall! He was tolerable, anyhow. And wasn't he a kind, substantial, influential, if peculiar, part of the very life which she craved — *the* life?

"We return to town in another week," Max announced curtly. "Will you be living in town this winter, Rosie?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Can't. Costs too much."

"Too bad. Wish you could."

Max thought, smoking stiffly, watching the couples drift along the boardwalk, directly below. Presently he spoke again.

"How much money could you scrape up — now — tomorrow?"

"I don't know, why?"

"I've got a good tip on the market. You could make enough to move to New York. I want you in town this winter, Rosie."

"*Want* me?"

"Sure. Wake up, Rosie — don't you see?" His eyes reflected the moonlight with a curious glint.

"Max — I'm thick!"

"Oh, well — if you want me to put it nice and poetical — I love you!"

"Oh!"

"How much can you get?"

"Why I guess we got about five thousand in the bank. Ma wouldn't let me touch *that*—we never do. We live by the old store — except when I get a dress or something."

"Get her to let you have it, Rosie. Borrow it — take it — anything. I guarantee I'll more than double it in a week or two. It's a sure fire tip. Then I guess you could live in New York all right, eh?"

"Suppose it shouldn't work — then we're penniless."

"Rosie; if — it — don't — work; then I'll marry you!" He bent over and brushed a kiss across her cheek.

"Max!" Rosie's voice rang happy. She glanced up shyly and said: "Suppose it *does* work!"

"Then we won't bother! What's the sense of getting married? I love you — that's enough!"

"Max Finkelstein! Is that *so!*" Rosie jumped up, indignant. She glanced down at Max, a troubled expression in her eyes. Then she went inside.

Max arose, too, and leaned his tall being against the balcony rail, his slender hands twiddling the tails of his dress coat. He stared out over the beach, his lips drawn into a peculiar grin which made his insipid mustache point wickedly up at the ends.

On the way back to their now boisterous party, Rosie collided with Herman Lichtman, rising from a lonely table near the wall. It was the first time that she had ever seen him in evening clothes. The effect was pleasing.

"Why, Herman, stranger!" she said. "All dressed up!"

"Ah, Rosie! I saw you dance. Wonderful!"

"Aren't you lost, Herman — up here so late?"

"Lost!" Herman grinned good-naturedly. "Say, can't a man come into his own place once for a high-ball? This is *my* place, Rosie."

"Herman! I knew about the theatre downstairs. This, too? Then — then that cup I got — it came from you, Herman? Thanks — so much."

Herman raised a hand, a modest gesture of restraint. "Don't talk about it, Rosie. Not me — the management. I'm only too glad because it was you the judges picked out. You was some gr-r-and, Rosie — floatin' around. . . . Rosie — one week left. Don't it go fast! Soon I suppose Max Finkelstein will move back to New York?"

"Yes — in a couple of weeks."

"Then maybe I'll have some chance to see you some more? Maybe you won't be so busy in society, Rosie?"

Rosie looked at Herman with an expression akin to pity.

"I guess I'll live in New York this winter, Herman."

"Huh? New York? Ain't that kind of expensive?"

"Max says he will invest for us."

"Look out for them brokers, Rosie," Herman warned, shaking his head gravely. "If he loses your money——"

"It won't matter."

"Your mama, Rosie! It *does* matter! Rosie — if you should lose, don't forget I'm always ready to take care of you and her."

Rosie stared at him, her eyes wide. "Herm! You're *awful* good! Bu — but Max says *he* will marry me if my stock don't go up!"

Herman awkwardly passed his chubby hand across his brow. Max Finkelstein, coming in from the balcony, spied Rosie standing with Herman.

"Dance, Rosie?" he called.

And Rosie was in his arms, gliding about the floor. Herman sighed and walked slowly between the tables to the office, to confabulate with the young fellow, Louis, and there cool the pain of his heart by the chink of the evening's receipts.

The next morning Rosie approached her mother concerning Max's offer.

"We'll get rich quick, mama!" she summed up after a hasty explanation.

"That ain't the way you get rich — quick! Whoever got rich quick eg-cept a t'ief?"

"*Max* — a thief!"

"I didn't say so! That's different again. *He's* a broker. We couldn't do it, Rosie. Suppose the stock market should go down? Then we have not'ing!"

"Then Max will marry me. He said so last night."

"Marry you! Max Finkelstein marry my Rosie? Ah what luck!"

"Will you, then?"

"We'll see."

Mrs. Kirschbaum fished a leather covered bank book from a deep pocket in her black underskirt, and adjusted her glasses with aggravating care.

"Let's see now — September *der zweiter* — September *der sechster*. My, how we spent money for clothes that that Max wouldn't get sick of! Here we are: September tvelft' — day before yesterday. Balance: seven t'ousand, five hundred, seventy-eight dollars, *und* six cents!" She looked slowly up at Rosie. "Are you *sure* Max has a good tip, Rosie?"

"Sure, ma. Max says we'll double in two weeks."

"So soon! And if it goes *down*, he marries you, *nicht*? Rosie, you have a head like your papa — *Olov-Hasholom*. Ah, a tvelf-cylinder auto! Take the book — go to the bank — take out five t'ousand — give it Max. Then so help me I don't care how that stock market moves!" Mrs. Kirschbaum's knobby hand trembled slightly as she tendered the bank book to Rosie.

A week later, after a period of suspended hopes, Max Finkelstein's twelve-cylinder stopped before the bungalow. Max walked into the house, quite undisturbed. He carelessly handed Rosie a check, at which she glanced and turned white. It was made payable to herself, for fifteen thousand dollars!

"Your five thousand returned and profits," Max said quietly. "It went up, as you see."

"Max! Max! Oh! Fif-teen thou-sand! Ma — look — look!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum sat heavily into a chair, her cheeks flushed by a rapid pulse, the check shaking between her fingers.

"Rosie! We are rich! Mister Finkelstein, you're so good to invest us like this! Rosie, take the check. I'm afraid. It's so much. You take care od our money now, huh, Rosie?"

And by the end of that week the Kirschbaum bungalow was closed and Rosie and her mother were settled in an apartment house off Riverside Drive, in a small furnished apartment which Rosie selected with the kind aid of — Max Finkelstein.

DURING the winter, Max showed Rosie some things about New York which opened her eyes. For one thing, she learned conclusively that "money" is the password, and that if you've got it you can go anywhere and do anything. Although the dissipations of the summer had not told on her, by the time that March had roared in like a hoarse lion, Rosie had a raspy little cough lodged in her chest and she was not herself in spite of health naps and breakfasts in bed.

Max had become a fixture in the little apartment. Mrs. Kirschbaum had already begun to treat him as a son-in-law. Rosie and the twelve-cylinder had grown into fast friendship, and everywhere she went in it Max was sure to go, tucked close beside her in the wide rear seat. Rosie and Max had been together always, whether it was on a shopping trip downtown, or to the Metropolitan Opera House or a big Broadway theatre to see the funny footed movie comedian. They had danced together at Checktor's, the Biltoria and at the daringly wild NewYear's ball of that energetic matron, Mrs. Hamilton La Richesse!

Rosie and Max stayed at home one rainy night in March, because Rosie's cough was worse than usual. Mrs. Kirschbaum had discreetly retired. Rosie and Max attempted double solitaire, drifting into the construction of card houses. Then they sprawled on a deep-cushioned davenport which was backed up against the library table, and looked at the actresses and wounded soldiers in a pictorial weekly. Max smoked. The evening was to these two gadabouts as water is to a drunkard.

"Gee — this cough is fierce. Denver for me soon!" said Rosie.

Max smiled faintly, his thin face resuming its natural lines too quickly. He rubbed at his insipid mustache nervously.

"Too much city, Rosie. We'll soon be going to the country again and you'll get nice and fat."

"This summer we'll have *some* fun. With all my money ——"

Max moved closer to Rosie, interrupting her vapid statement with an expression remotely similar to that of a dog suddenly pricking up its ears. "Money!" he said. "That's just eg-zactly what I want to talk about, Rosie. Have you got much left?"

"Much! I only spent — let's see — less than three thousand."

"Say—twelve thousand left!" Max moistened his crimson lips. "Rosie — I'd like to see you have a *real* fortune, in case maybe something should happen so I couldn't marry you. Then you'd always be fixed. I could get it for you, too. I got the tip that's goin' to clean up for Finkelstein and son!"

"Haven't I got enough? I don't want to buy a bank or something! Max — are you sick? What's the matter?"

Max lighted a fresh cigarette from the burnt end in his stained fingers and tried to suppress an excitement.

"Nothing — it isn't me," he said smoothly. "But you can't always tell what will happen, Rosie. You don't always want to be dependent on some man, do you, Rosie? This is a real live tip — no little paper stock like that other one. This is a big ammunition stock! Get in on it, Rosie!"

"It sure does sound good to be *real* rich. You advise me to, Max?"

"Sure, go ahead!"

Rosie got him her pass book, one issued by a large New York bank which Max had recommended to her. Its balance stood, $12,205.73.

"I could make it a flyer and give you the twelve. Maybe I'd better use less, though."

"Rosie — use all you can! The more, the more you'll make. Here Rosie, write a check for twelve thousand," he prompted, offering his fountain pen to her.

Rosie found a check book in the table drawer and scratched off a check for $12,000, and then signed a personal voucher. Max stuffed them into his vest pocket. He arose hastily.

"I've got to be going, Rosie."

"What's the matter with you tonight? Why are you so nervous?"

"Nothing's the matter."

Rosie's fingers closed about his hand. "Max," she said, "I'm afraid. I shouldn't do it. Mama isn't so well and if I lost it would almost kill her. She trusted it to me, and it's all we got beside the two thousand in that bank out on Long Island — which wouldn't be anything a-tall for us two. Give me the check, Max, please."

Max sat himself beside her again.

"It's all right, dearest. The same thing holds good as last fall." He paused, tightening his mouth to a line. He gazed at the yellow silk shade of the mahogany floor lamp which stood behind Rosie's black hair and white face. The ring on his thin forefinger bit into her hand. "If it don't go — no matter what happens — we'll get married — and ——"

"And what? What's the matter, Max?"

"Nothing. Maybe we'll live happy ever after — who could tell?"

Max unexpectedly smothered Rosie in his arms, kissed her again and again, and hurried out.

"Goo'b — good night! Rosie dear," he said.

"I'm afraid," Rosie murmured.

Rosie's cough and the rain kept her indoors the whole of the next three long and nervous days, and Mrs. Kirschbaum's chattering drove her nearly to distraction. She worried about Max. And above all she

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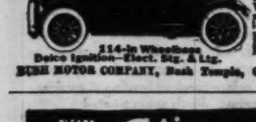

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worried about the investment. If Max had only told her the name of the stock, so that she could at least follow the quotations in the Wall Street edition (closing prices complete) of the evening paper.

Two more days crawled by with their wretched nights of sleeplessness. The morning of the third, as she read the paper over her breakfast tray, in bed, a front page caption bored luridly into Rosie's consciousness. It read:

BARNEY FINKELSTEIN, RUINED, COMMITS SUICIDE

Firm Played War Stocks Heavily and Lost
Notorious Son Absconds

Both To Have Been Indicted Today on Leak Charges

Rosie could not finish the newspaper story. Its third paragraph painted Max as black as the headline print, and gave a list of scandals with which he had been connected during the past five years. Great tears dropped from Rosie's cheeks and melted into her negligee. Mrs. Kirschbaum came in, red of eye.

"Mama — look — Max!"

"I know — I read already. Do — don't c-cry, Rosie. How could we help it. *Ach* — poor Maxie!"

"Max! You don't know, mama!" Rosie upset the tray on her bed and scrambled out, sobbing. "Mama, we're not rich any more! It's all gone!"

"*Gott in Himmel!* What are you talking about?"

"Max — he took all our money again to invest. He said we'd get married. Now he's gone. If you only hadn't of given me charge, mama!"

"That tvelf-cylinder good-for-not'ing Max!" Mrs. Kirschbaum cried. "Rosie, was you crazy yet! Invest so much. Did you t'ink we want to be queens or somet'ing? Now we're beggars instead, and we'll see how you like it. Rosie — your brains are gone!"

"Mama — I thought it would be best. I thought we'd win!"

"Win! I wouldn't *have* such a daughter!"

"Mama — Max said we'd get married. It was a fifty-fifty proposition with no chance to lose!"

"No chance! Well you *did* lose, *nit*? That Max — it's all *his* fault!"

"I know it is. Mama, forgive me!"

"That Max!"

Rosie began to cry violently. Finally Mrs. Kirschbaum took her in her arms. "Ne-ver mind, Rosie. Don't blubber like that. You couldn't help it, I suppose. Somehow we'll get on, us two."

And with the calm which followed the storm, Rosie in a steadier frame of mind decided that, somehow, they *would* get on. She plunged into immediate preparations for a career on the stage — the prospects of an old hope fulfilled.

One day she received a letter posted from Philadelphia. It was hastily scribbled on railway stationery. "Good-by, Rosie. Forgive me — I always was a bad eg. The check you gave me, except your first 5000, was mine anyhow, because last Sept. I didn't invest that 5000 at all but Pd you it back with 10000 of my own so I could get you in New York — So you see I only took what belonged to me and will pay back 5000 which I borrowed when I get on my feet again — Some day I might be back — If we dont ever meet dont forget I loved you. Max. P S — dont tell anybody or else I'll get caught."

Rosie burned the note. It helped to brace her determination. She would brave it alone. In the future Rosie Kirschbaum would be independent. She could dance, and sing — if the little raspy cough could only be gotten out of her chest.

She had the Long Island bungalow renovated. With Mrs. Kirschbaum reestablished out there Rosie would be free to tackle her new profession for a goal. She aimed at nothing less than a Broadway flash sign, set up in her own name, within six months. So do the flights of ambition overpower reason!

ON the day set for moving out to Long Island, a spring day, Rosie ran downtown to pay her regular morning call at the theatrical agency in Forty-second Street, with which she had registered.

At the agency, one flight up, she sat at the head of a bench along the wall of a small outer office which was formed simply by the building of a frosted glass partition across the end of the office proper. At Rosie's left, a door, standing ajar, led into the sacred inner shrine. At Rosie's right sat other applicants in this order: first, a massive, shaggy-haired, cow-eyed movie actor; then, a diminutive pianist with bobbed hair *à la* Washington Square; then, a gum-chewing, peroxided cabaret singer with a sheaf of self-composed music; then, ——

Two men, talking, approached the door at Rosie's left from inside and thus unseen. One voice was a booming bass, by which she recognized Mr. Brand, manager of the agency. The other voice was strangely familiar.

"You won't forget that extra act for me next week, Brand?"

"You bet not," the booming bass made reply. "By the way there *is* an applicant what you might be interested in. Single dance and song skit girl named Kirsch-a-baum."

"*Kirschbaum!*"

"*Ye.* New beginner and she's a flapper! Good looker, good dancer, good voice, eg-cept a funny cough and we gave her a tryout! Say that girl would make big time someday I'll bet yeh!"

Mr. Brand's bald head emerged from the door at Rosie's left.

"Here she is now!" boomed Mr. Brand. "Good morning, Miss Kirsch-a-baum! Step this way please, Miss Kirsch-a-baum?"

Flushed and excited by Mr. Brand's unstinted praise, which she had overheard, Rosie "stepped this way" to meet her first manager.

"Here she is," said Mr. Brand, pushing Rosie into the larger office. "Miss Kirsch-a-baum meet Mister Lichtman. Be with you in a minute; got some boobs out here to fix up!" Mr. Brand closed the door.

Herman Lichtman blinked his eyes and grasped Rosie's hand, forgetful of the activities in the noisy office at his back.

"Rosie! I can't believe myself! It's so good to look at you again!"

Rosie smiled. "I'm glad to see you, too, Herman. How — how's the world treating you?"

"Great! Rosie — going acting at last?"

Rosie lowered her eyes.

"Say — I read about Max. That was too bad — for *you*, Rosie. As for Max! — ugh Rosie — what do you want in cheap vaudeville?"

"I've got to, Hermie. We lost our money, you know."

"Oh — you lost?"

"Yes. Not last fall. But I plunged again, and lost with Max."

"And he didn't marry you, like you said?"

"No."

"The loafer! Why don't you sue him?"

"No — I don't care, Herman. Anyhow — he's gone."

"Rosie, let me tell you something. How many theatres do you think I got besides the old Palace out on Main Street which is now running with vaudeville every night? You wouldn't believe it — three! Three more beside the Palace, Rosie, and in summer the Bijou at the beach makes five altogether. Besides them I'll have the Bijou Roof open again and maybe I'll start a nice new roadhouse on the way down to the beach, for autos. Rosie, I sold the old four-cylinder. I got a new one now — a regular touring car. I got a new house, too, big enough for more people, Rosie. I only want something else, now. Rosie — don't go on that stage — it's rotten — it's a bum crowd — it's a no good place for a nice girl. You don't look well, neither. You need a good rest in the country and nice home cooking — huh, Rosie?"

"Don't talk foolish, Herman."

"I mean it," Herman said. He still held her hand. A piano was being played at the back of the office and a thin soprano was having her voice tried. Typewriters banged. Herman bent and touched Rosie's hand with his lips. Rosie blushed and glanced at an effeminate youth with a pinch-back coat, who was watching them from the distance.

"Rosie," Herman pleaded; "I ain't much — I ain't got no twelve-cylinder — only a four. Some day, maybe! But what little I got's yours if you say yes!"

"No, Herm — no!! That's just the trouble. You are much and you don't know it. You're too good. I couldn't," Rosie sobbed. "Herm — it isn't the twelve-cylinder part that counts. I learned they're not always so much. Lots of speed and looks, yes. But a good old four-cylinder has the steady, honest pull. The four is a worker — the twelve's for joy-riding and to show off in! . . . Oh dear!"

The inner door banged after Rosie, then Herman heard the outer door slam. The inner door opened again, abruptly, and Mr. Brand entered, nonplused. "Say — Lichtman!" he boomed in astonishment. "What did you do — insult that lady?"

"In-sult her nothing!" Herman cried, pushing Mr. Brand aside cursorily. "She's billed up for life — and no cheap vaudeville circuit, neither! If a new four-cylinder nineteen seventeen Overwell-Detroit will carry her and her dear old mother out to Long Island tonight, they go out for tonight's performance — see? *She* is going to be Missus Herman Lichtman. Look out — I gotta catch her!"

The outer door quivered on its hinges with a report which brought signs of life to the persons reposed on the outer office bench, and Mr. Brand's bass voice boomed:

"That fella's crazy!"

Leon Kelley is a "find." He is writing a series of these Jewish stories for us. The second will appear soon, called "All Under One Roof"

Efficiency — *Continued from page 33*

SCIENTIST: [*approaches* 241, *who continues to stand immobile, and very swiftly removes helmet, long cloak and cotton gloves, disclosing two metallic hands and wrists*] You ask me, your Majesty, if he is efficient. I reply, more efficient than before he fell in battle. [*crosses to corner and gets rifle. Returns to center*] Two-forty-one, attention! Observe, your Majesty! [SCIENTIST *tosses rifle to* 241, *who catches it surely but stiffly in his metal hands, against which the weapon clangs.* SCIENTIST *puts* 241 *through manual of arms. The whole scene following is punctuated by military commands in the following order*]:

"Attention!"
"Carry arms!"
"Present arms!"
"Shoulder arms!"
"Parade rest!"

And now, your Majesty, mark this! [*resuming orders*]:

"Fix bayonets!"
"Make ready!"
"Aim!"
"Fire!"

[241 *completes maneuvers by pulling trigger and snapping lock, whereupon* SCIENTIST *takes rifle and tosses it to settee*]

EMPEROR: [*leaning forward with look of wonderment in his face*] Colossal! [241 *comes to attention and is inert again!*].

SCIENTIST: Are not the possibilities impressive?

EMPEROR: Beyond our dreams!

SCIENTIST: I estimate the restoration of five army corps now immobilized because of missing arms and legs, deafened ears and blinded eyes.

EMPEROR: [*meditatively*] Something of a shock — to — civilization!

SCIENTIST: [*exultant*] Stupendous! We recruit from the hospitals!

EMPEROR: [*with dawning realization of the magnitude of the suggestion*] And the hospitals are overflowing! My dear Professor! Science is the hope of the dynasty ——

SCIENTIST: Is it not amazing?

EMPEROR: Quite!

SCIENTIST: [*proceeding with examination*] A test for the ear! [SCIENTIST *taps left ear of* 241 *gently, then crosses behind throne-chair right and makes three light taps on back of chair discernible to audience, while* 241 *bends ear attentively in that direction, half-turning body.* SCIENTIST *reappears.* 241 *resumes original posture, salutes and holds up three fingers*]

EMPEROR: [*peering around at* SCIENTIST] What are you doing?

SCIENTIST: I tapped the throne three times, very gently. Did your majesty not hear?

EMPEROR: No.

SCIENTIST: Ah, but the supersoldier did — ten paces distant! It is stupendous. [*he crosses to table, opens portfolio, takes out a small white card.*] [*To* EMPEROR] With your permission. [*to* 241] What is written hereon? [241 *closes right eye and stares fixedly with left*]

241: Noth — ing.

SCIENTIST: [*smiles knowingly at* EMPEROR. *Turns card over*] Ah, very good. [SCIENTIST *holds card up again*] Once more.

241: [*after a moment of staring he reads deliberately*] A — nation's — will — should — be — the — will — to — power!

EMPEROR: [*takes card from* SCIENTIST *and glances at it*] Correct!

SCIENTIST: [*crossing to center and returning card to portfolio, then addressing* EMPEROR] This is my greatest achievement. Never has science done so much for the human animal. From a shattered, bleeding wreck of no value to his country I have made him into an efficient man — hands of steel, leg of bronze, arm of nickel and aluminum, telescopic eye, an ear that —— [241 *bends his ear off stage left*].

EMPEROR: [*startled*] You hear something? What do you hear?

241: A — bugle-call — sounding the assembly!

EMPEROR: Impossible! Open the door! [SCIENTIST *opens door and distant bugle-call is faintly heard off stage*].

EMPEROR: [*in astonishment*] God in heaven! Miraculous! [*as* SCIENTIST *gently closes door aglow with triumph*] What have you accomplished?

SCIENTIST: [*with fervor*] A resurrection!

EMPEROR: Complete!

SCIENTIST: A triumph over matter. The fragment of a soldier reconstructed under the magic touch of Science, without which he would today be rotting on the field — a source of pestilence — a worthless thing. Science set him on his feet, gave him a leg, an arm, hands, a telephonic ear, a telescopic eye!

EMPEROR: [*leans back and deliberately inspects* 241] How long have you been in my service? [241 *hesitates and salutes*]

SCIENTIST: You may speak.

241: Eighteen — years — Majesty

EMPEROR: Married?

241: Yes, Majesty.

EMPEROR: Children?

241: Seven — Majesty.

SCIENTIST: Five sons!

241: [*bitterly*] One dead — three — at — the — front — my youngest follows ——

EMPEROR: His age?

241: [*swallowing*] Sixteen!

EMPEROR: [*coldly to* SCIENTIST, *referring to* 241] When does *his* furlough end?

SCIENTIST: Noon, tomorrow. By nightfall he will again be in the trenches.

EMPEROR: [*reflectively*] And if he returns — I will award him the Triple Cross. [*more brightly*] This will stimulate the military ardor of the Crown Prince. It will delight him to see this — reassembled soldier.

SCIENTIST: [*recalling an important detail*] And moreover, your Majesty, there is this aspect to be considered. We are manufacturing human extremities on a standard, interchangeable basis. For example, as your Majesty perceives, this left leg —— [*picks up ruler from desk and raps left leg of* 241, *which gives out metallic ring*] is metal. As is also his left forearm, including the elbow. [*taps it*] And both hands. [*taps them also.* 241 *receives these attentions stoically as each member of his body clangs in a different note*] Furthermore, your gracious Majesty, if any or all of these parts are shattered in the course of battle, our corps of trained mechanicians, ever at hand, supplies the parts by numbers, and the fighting unit embodied in the individual returns with but little loss of time and the minimum of inconvenience to your Majesty's service.

EMPEROR: What does he weigh?

SCIENTIST: Equipped? [EMPEROR *nods*] One hundred and seventy-five pounds.

EMPEROR: And without his equipment?

SCIENTIST: One hundred and five.

EMPEROR: [*brushing his hand across his forehead*] Little more than half a man.

SCIENTIST: True, your Majesty. And therefore requires but half the rations, half the care of a whole unit. There is that much less to nourish.

EMPEROR: You have brought the greatest advance in the history of civilization. Tell me, what else of the telescopic eye? That interests me. I shall be surprised at nothing. Your achievements baffle.

SCIENTIST: The telescopic eye, your Majesty — [SCIENTIST *circles the left eye of* 241 *with his finger*] is superior to the human eye in two important characteristics. First, it possesses the telescopic quality as you have observed; and, second, its power is undiminished by darkness.

EMPEROR: [*with incredibility*] You mean he can see in the dark?

SCIENTIST: Just that. And moreover, your Majesty ——

EMPEROR: Halt! This is very interesting. We will test that also. Demonstrate.

SCIENTIST: [*dubiously*] Does your Majesty object to darkness?

EMPEROR: [*hesitates; then replies with an effort*] No. The electric switch is there. [*points to white button on the table*]

SCIENTIST: [*to* 241] Right about face! Give attention to His Majesty! [SCIENTIST *crosses to table and lays his finger beside the button.* 241 *observes the whole transaction carefully. To* EMPEROR] I will switch off the light. Be so kind as to perform any act you may, and he will describe your movements. Are you ready?

EMPEROR: [*bracing himself in the chair*] Lights out! [SCIENTIST *presses button. Stage is in total darkness*] Describe my movements as they occur.

VOICE OF SCIENTIST: [*to* 241] Do you understand his Majesty?

VOICE OF 241: Yes. He — leans — forward — in — his — chair. He — lifts — both — his — hands. The — palms — come — together. He — bows — his — head — in — prayer.

VOICE OF EMPEROR: [*sharply*] Lights! [SCIENTIST *presses button. Lights on, disclosing* EMPEROR *exactly in the attitude described by* 241, *with a startled look on his face, palms still together*]

SCIENTIST: Enough, your Majesty?

EMPEROR: [*relaxing nervously*] It is beyond human understanding. [*recovers himself and rises*] — And it gives me infinite happiness to bestow upon you this mark of our esteem. [*takes from his own breast the Order of Merit and pins it on breast of* SCIENTIST] The Order of Merit! There is but one higher decoration — the symbol of Divine Right — the Reward of Heaven. [EMPEROR *lays his hand on the seven-starred emblem*] Which I alone possess.

SCIENTIST: [*overwhelmed, bows and kisses* EMPEROR'S *hand*] Your gracious Majesty! To have received this from your imperial hand on your Majesty's birthday is indeed a distinction. [*A furtive glance escapes* 241, *a thin smile reveals his metallic teeth; a sinister look comes into his eyes.* EMPEROR *reseats himself with a gesture of benediction*].

EMPEROR: I marvel at his dexterity — at his auricular powers — at his incomparable eyesight! What is his range of vision?

SCIENTIST: Your Majesty, he can see the enemy twenty or thirty miles away, count its cannon, its horses, its equipment.

EMPEROR: [*quickly*] Wait! I will make another test. I carry next to my heart the smallest edition of the Bible extant. It can be read only under a microscope. Is that test too severe?

SCIENTIST: On the contrary, your Majesty: it is preferable. [*Crosses and takes Bible, from* EMPEROR'S *hand. Turns to* 241] Attention! Right about face! [241 *salutes*] I open the book at haphazard. Read a verse from this page.

241: Matthew — Fifth — Chapter — fourth — verse. "Blessed — are — they — that — mourn — for — they — shall — be comforted."

SCIENTIST: The fifth.

241: "Blessed — are — the — meek— for — they — shall — inherit — the — earth." [SCIENTIST *turns to* EMPEROR *and bows, the book still open in his hands.*]

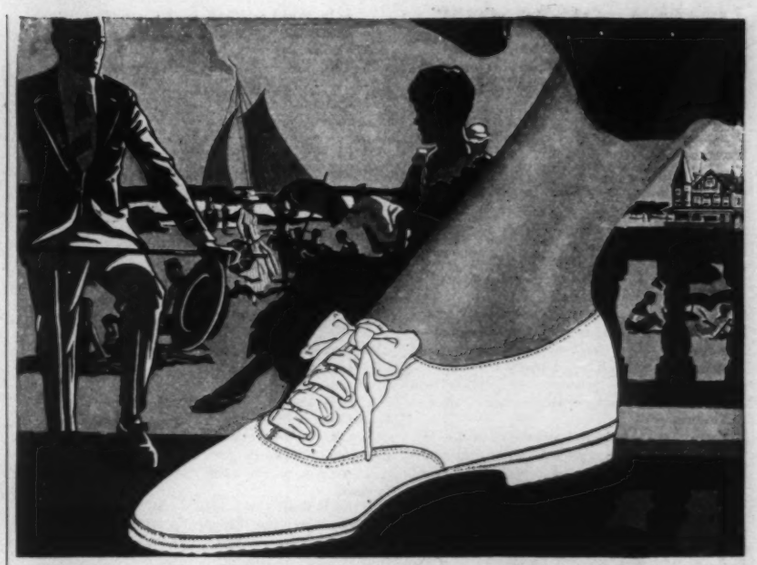
EMPEROR: He is right. I am familiar with Matthew. Turn to another page. [SCIENTIST *opens the Bible elsewhere. Holds it up.*]

SCIENTIST: [*to* 241] Attention! Read!

241: Isaiah — Third — Chapter — fifteenth — verse. "What — mean — ye — that — ye — beat — my — people — to — pieces — and — grind — the — faces — of — the — poor — saith — the — Lord — God — of — Hosts."

EMPEROR: STOP! [EMPEROR *leans back in his chair under stress of great emotion, his hand sweeping his brow repeatedly.* SCIENTIST *closes the book, bows again with greater humility and returns the book to* EMPEROR].

EMPEROR: [*takes book and thrusts it in his bosom*] His powers are diabolical. I wish to experiment with him alone. [*relaxes and gazes vaguely into the distance.* SCIENTIST *drops portfolio and coat on settee*] Hasten!



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I will summon you with that bell. [241 *remains stolidly at attention, an expression of awakening purpose in his eyes*].

SCIENTIST: Your Majesty commands. [*Bows elaborately. Exit Left*]. EMPEROR *with Imperial dignity stares* 241 *down after a duel of the eyes, imposing his will upon the soldier. Follows a moment of inspection in which wonderment is the dominant note. He rises from the throne and walks slowly half way around the impassive soldier, studying him critically.* EMPEROR'S *expression changes to bewilderment tinged with fear. The situation is uncanny.*]

EMPEROR: Where were you born?

241: In — the — South — Majesty.

EMPEROR: Your trade?

241: [*with a helpless, involuntary gesture, extending his hands*] I — was — a — florist. [EMPEROR *stares at the metal hands,* 241 *observing the expression*] I made — bouquets. Not — with — these —— [EMPEROR *averts his face*] —but — with — my — absent — hands.

EMPEROR: War is not a festival of flowers.

241: Majesty — a wreath — I could make — slowly — for the dead. [*He leans toward the* EMPEROR].

EMPEROR: [*observing the somewhat cynical note of the soldier, assumes dignity*] Are you not grateful to Science for these wonders performed? [241 *salutes*] Speak!

241: What — shall — I — say?

EMPEROR: You are a man again — you are whole once more!

241: Yes — Majesty. But — my — heart — is — broken.

EMPEROR: Why?

241: My — people — are — starving — my — wife — is — lonely ——

EMPEROR: Then you are not proud that Science has found a way to double the strength of our Army?

241: By — bringing — me — twice — to — slaughter.

EMPEROR: [*leaning forward, with ferocity, his hands on the arms of his chair*] What, ingrate?

241: By — doubling — the — strength — of — your — army — you — have —multiplied — human — grief. [*Takes two steps laboriously toward* EMPEROR].

EMPEROR: You dare rebel in the presence of your Emperor?

241: Dare? The — fear — has — gone — out— of — my — tortured — body — into — yours. [*Takes another step toward electric button, his heavy feet sounding ponderously.* EMPEROR *cowers back in the chair, hollow-eyed*].

EMPEROR: Get down on your knees and crave your Emperor's pardon!

241: That — part — of — me — which — is — steel — cannot — bend — to — mortal — man. I — will — get — down — on — my — knees — only — to — God — and — ask — him — to — forgive — me — what — I — now — intend — to — do. Twice — in — the — red — shambles — of — the — trenches! I — am — the — hope — of — the — dynasty! [*throws his arm wide*] No — I — am — the — hope — of — the — people! [*with trembling rigidity* 241 *reaches toward electric button*]. The — day — of — your — birth — shall — henceforth — be — known — as — the day — of — your — death — and —celebrated — as — the — birthday — of — liberty! [241 *smashes electric button with his steel hand. Total darkness follows. Two slow footfalls are followed by a gasping intake of breath from the throne-chair*].

VOICE OF EMPEROR: [*in terror*] Lights. Lights!

VOICE OF 241: I — need — no — lights!

VOICE OF EMPEROR: [*gaspingly*] Lights!

VOICE OF 241: You — have — made me — live — in the dark — and now you shall — die in the dark!

VOICE OF EMPEROR: [*chokingly*] Mercy!

VOICE OF 241: You — cannot — escape — me — in — the — shadows. I — can — see —you — I — can — hear — you. Come — to — my — iron — arms! Don't — tremble Don't — shrink! Go — as — a — king — should — go — to — meet — the — King — of — Kings!

[*A rush of feet; an overwhelming impact of bodies; a shriek of agony from the depths; the overturning of the throne; a scuffle in which the human body mingles with the rattle of metal; a long, choking, gasping blast; a ripple of stertorous breath; the clink of metal as* 241 *gets to his feet. Silence. Again the ponderous footfalls are heard crossing the room, which is still in darkness.* 241 *puts on his overcoat, his helmet, etc. Footfalls are again heard crossing to the table.* 241 *presses the electric button. Lights.*]

[*There stands* 241 *in full equipment, the* EMPEROR *lying at the foot of the shattered throne crumpled up in the most unkingly attitude, the emblem known as the Reward of Heaven glittering in the light.* 241 *bends down, rends it from the* EMPEROR'S *bosom, fixes it upon his own left breast, comes to attention, and rings the gong on the table, which gives out a low reverberating note.* 241 *then turns to the door and stands with his arms stiffly suspended at his side, his chest thrown out and a light of victory in his eyes*].

[*Enter* SCIENTIST, *left. He takes in the whole terrible scene, cowers back*].

SCIENTIST: [*gasps as he stares at* 241] What is this?

241: [*raising his metal fingers to heaven with an air of thunderous, choking finality*] EF — FI — CIEN — CY!

CURTAIN

Whenever McClure's can find a one-act play as remarkable as this, it will publish it in a hurry. What American dramatist has a manuscript to offer us before his play is produced?

The Gee-Whiz Guy — *Continued from page 28*

regard a woman has for a dumb animal; but whatever it was she liked him.

Soon after a girl learns to like a young man she is sure to speak a sentence beginning, "The whole trouble with you is ——"

"The trouble with you is that you haven't any fight in you," she told him.

"Fight!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've licked more umpires in Junction City than—"

"In Junction City!" she jeered. "That's the trouble. Why don't you show some of it here? No team has room for a dead one. Whether you can play ball or not, if you go out there and show a lot of pep, you're going to get along."

"Well, I was a stranger and —"

"That's it! The stranger you are, the more noise you ought to make. Here's your chance. Tom Kelly's through. Every time he moves, his bones creak so loud that the crowd in the stand wonders why the street-car company doesn't oil its tracks on the curves."

"I sorto' thought —"

"Don't think. Act just like you were back in Junction City, the best ball-player in town, with the crowd behind you and your last cent bet on the game. Get me?"

Gradually George did.

With all the life exhibited by a twisted rubber band dropped on a smooth surface, as noisy as a cowboy herding steers into a corral, he leaped into practise. He forced his way into the line-up, tried for everything, whooped and yelled, threw at terrific speed. He made countless fumbles and hordes of wild throws but he was reeking with pep. Folks stood around pop-eyed at the transformation.

"He's the image of Buck Weaver," remarked an astonished baseball writer.

"Weaver nothing," said Hank Middleton. "He's Charley Herzog in every move."

Somebody else thought he covered ground and got around a good deal like Hans Wagner. Tom Kelly, whose job George was after, came in with the thought that George was a good deal of all three.

Tom was done and he knew it. He liked to help the young fellows, and he took George in hand and coached him in the tricks of the game. Tom was an old school player who was a big leaguer in the days when a man scrapped for more runs and not for more salary.

BILL WEEKS started the season with Tom Kelly on the bench and with George at short-stop. Everybody liked Tom Kelly and the fans sort of resented the coming of this young upstart who had a tendency to run wild on the bases and to throw a ball when he should hold it, or vice versa. True, he was hitting well and he kept the infield alive, but he lacked an indefinable something necessary to make him a favorite.

"You're going fine," Alice said to him one evening when he came to tell her his troubles. "They may kid you now, but you'll get them with you if you just stick. There's one thing about you," she smiled; "you do know how to make the easy chances look hard. You're so awkward nobody ever expects you to get anywhere."

"Is *that* so?" said George.

"I always could tell when you were in a play — everybody says, 'Gee-whiz!' "

George smiled comfortably.

"That would be a good name for you," she exclaimed, suddenly inspired. "G. W. Coates. Gee Whiz Coates, you're a regular gee-whiz guy." He reached over for her hand but she quickly drew it away. "On the diamond," she added.

A few nights later they were together again. "I've been thinking that 'gee whiz' thing over," she said. "A good nickname is worth something in baseball. That might be just what you lack."

"Uh, huh! But how'm I goina get it?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to think about it."

That's how it happened that the sporting editor of the *State Journal* received a letter in feminine handwriting suggesting that since George W. Coates was such a wonderful player, he should be called "Gee Whiz" Coates. The sporting editor tossed it on the floor.

Alice read the *State Journal* in vain for results of her handiwork. All she saw was a bunch of stories about how Coates didn't seem to have the stuff and that he probably soon would be supplanted by Kelly.

She sat down and thought the thing out. Evidently her press-agent work was bad. She must try again in a better way. So this letter went to the sporting editor of the *Eagle*, the other paper. It proved that Alice knew men.

DEAR SIR: Here's a secret. In Junction City they used to call George Coates "Gee Whiz" Coates and it always made him mighty mad. Kid him about it.

She smiled grimly when she noticed in the *Eagle* the next day that in the story of the game George was called "Gee Whiz" Coates not less than six times.

The name took hold. It was picturesque and added new char. . to the work of Woteka's young short-stop. The club left for a trip around half of the circuit and when it returned Alice noted with no small satisfaction that the crowd greeted George enthusiastically and went so far as to urge him to "Go get 'em, Gee Whiz!" when he came to bat.

Thus encouraged, George showed steady improvement. He was hitting around .290 and fielding like Hans Wagner.

One day the papers announced that Tom Kelly had been given his unconditional release. Alice gave a deep sigh of satisfaction when she read the news. Her work was done. "Gee Whiz" Coates was established as a success. He had a great future, if properly handled. She knew, as well as Middleton did, that George would go up into a major league at a big salary. He would live in city hotels and travel around.

That night she let him kiss her. She returned his kisses. Suddenly she pushed him from her. Her voice choked.

"I didn't realize what I was doing," she sobbed. "Oh, *how* you must hate me for being such a bad girl."

George was silent.

"Don't you hate me?" she whispered in his ear.

"Hate you? I love you, kid," he muttered, embracing her.

They were silent for several minutes.

"When will we be married?" she asked, at last. "Tomorrow?"

"Whenever you say. You're the boss, little girl," patting her gently on the shoulder with his big hand. "You certainly are the goods for me." And he meant every word of it.

ALTHOUGH Gee Whiz Coates finished the season with a batting average of .293 he didn't go up into fast company that year. The Tigers put in a draft for him, but the Cubs wanted one of Woteka's kid pitchers, and in the draw it was the kid pitcher that went. The rules of the draft provide that only one player can be conscripted from each minor-league club every year.

It was a tough winter for George and Alice, but Alice never whimpered. George got a job in a Woteka cigar store and Alice went back to the tea-room, working at luncheon time and afternoons. It wasn't exactly what she had planned but she had bet her future welfare on this man and her wager still looked good to her. She was raising George to be a first-class provider, and she had confidence in her ability as an intensive farmer. If he hadn't been a likely prospect she would not have married him.

Alice was entirely selfish, perhaps. She never had pretended to herself that it was love that she wanted. She was in search of the joy that material things could bring her. But she was willing to work for her wage and accept a long-time promissory note in payment.

George was discouraged and irritable, but Alice always was cheery — never cheery, however, to the extent of giving her husband any of the money she earned at the tea-room.

"If we pull through this winter, we'll be up there next year," she told him day after day.

Alice was right. The next season was hardly well under way when the Yankees discovered that they needed a good infielder and needed him in a hurry. They sent out their scouts with orders to deliver the stuff, and Gee Whiz Coates was the most promising material turned up.

Hank Middleton got $3,500 for George and ordered him to report immediately. George came running home with the welcome news and orders to pack up right away.

"Wait a minute," Alice said. "What do you get out of it?"

"Me? A job in the American League. Hurry. We got t' report to the scout at the Grand Hotel at ten o'clock tomorrow mornin'. We're goin' back with him."

"Not until we get a bonus," asserted Alice.

"What you mean?"

"Listen here. You say this scout paid thirty-five hundred for you. Who got it? Middleton, didn't he? Why don't *you* get some of it?"

"Don't be nutty. I'm signed up. I got t' go where they send me or I can't play baseball. Don't you know about contracts?"

"Suppose you don't go?"

"Huh! Then I'm out of a job."

"Yes, and Hank Middleton is out thirty-five hundred dollars and the Yanks are out a good short-stop when they've got a hole just your size to plug. You don't go to New York until you get a thousand bonus. I don't care who pays it, the Yanks or Middleton. Now you go right down — no, I'll go. I'll see about this."

"But what if they won't pay it? Where do we get off?"

"They'll pay it. Get my hat while I put your supper on the stove. Where did you say that Yankee scout was staying? What's his name?"

"Tisdale. He's at the Grand Hotel. He was goin' t' have supper with Middleton there."

In another moment she whirled out the door. She returned and stuck her head in long enough to call to him, "Remember your food's on the stove. For goodness' sake don't leave it there until it burns."

Gee Whiz Coates sat at home alone for two hours after he had eaten a supper that was so underdone it gave him indigestion. Finally Alice came bursting in the door.

"I got it!" she cried. "I told them I never would let you report in New York unless I got it. This fellow Tisdale laughed at me. Middleton told him to shut up, that Tisdale didn't know me and offered me five hundred. It took half an hour to get the thousand out of them and another half-hour for Middleton to go around and raise the cash."

"Cash! Didn't he give you a check?"

"I wouldn't take a chance."

"Give me the money, then. Great stuff!"

"Give you nothing. I haven't got it. I ran over to the post-office and got ten hundred-dollar money-orders made out to myself and mailed them in ten different registered letters."

"What's the idea? Where's it goin'? How'll we get it?"

"Don't worry about that. I sent them to myself at the Waldorf in New York and marked them 'hold until called for.' That's my money. I earned it and I'm going to keep it. Now go down in the cellar and get up our trunk. The Yankee scout has bought our tickets and he's coming out for us in a taxicab at ten tomorrow morning."

For the first month in the big league Alice was supremely happy. She spent her thousand dollars for clothes and for household furniture and she saw all the shows in town. Then she began to wonder if she had made a mistake, after all.

Gee Whiz Coates had quickly become a favorite in New York, where they like a fighter and put a premium on pep. He was a stolid, good-humored figure and he was hitting the ball. A fan knows little of the mental capacity of his favorites, and only the players and the baseball writers realized that Gee Whiz Coates was purely a mechanical player, a fellow who loved to play but who had no mind for grasping the intricacies of the inside game. His plan of battle was to hit the ball and run. Signals to him were mostly incomprehensible bores. Which helped make Manager Wild Bill Donovan all the wilder.

Gee Whiz was a big part of the news of the day and he loved flattery. He fell in with a crowd of cheap admirers who frequented back rooms of saloons and gradually Alice failed to interest him. Alice grasped the situation long before he did and she fought for her source of income.

But all her tricks were old to George who liked the men — and women — who told him how good he was. Alice tried to bully him, but controlled him only when he was with her. She attempted gentler wiles without success.

George, at first, seldom stayed out very late at night and he never drank. From the time she first met him she had hammered, hammered, hammered on the axiom that he couldn't hold on unless he kept himself fit, and he finally had grasped that truism and followed it.

It became a regular thing for him to return from the Polo Grounds late in the evening with the excuse, "I just stuck around with the gang."

He controlled the small bank account and she felt that she must keep him. She shuddered at the prospect of being a cast-off wife, penniless in New York, far from her real friends.

The Yanks had a great season, thanks in no small part to the work of Gee Whiz Coates, and they breezed in a winner in the American League pennant race. They were the favorites in the betting on the coming world's series with the Phillies.

George, with Alice's help, had figured that his share of the world's series spoils would not be less than $2,500.

"As soon as the series is over," he said, "I'll send you back to Kansas. You can find us a place to live through the winter an' I'll stick around here a while. Gotta sign up my contract for next year, you know, an' 'tend to a little business."

Alice only nodded, but she noted the suggestion that George thought he now could attend to his own affairs.

"Like a goat running an automobile," she said to herself.

When she was taking things out of one of his suits the next day, preparatory to sending it to the tailor, she found a folder describing the beauties of a fall trip to Cuba. She crumpled it savagely and sank on the bed.

"He'll send me to Kansas while he goes to Cuba, will he? On the money I showed him how to make! The money that's due me! I'll show him! I'll show him! I'll — I'll ——"

She stopped, for she didn't know how to show him.

He came home that afternoon, distressed. After dinner he sat in his big chair and smoked, trying to think.

"I don't know what to do, Al," he said finally. "I've about made up my mind. I guess I better tell you. I don't know how you'll take it, but I'm goina tell you."

Her eyes narrowed and she clenched her fists.

"I don't know what you'll do about it." He paused.

"Go on," she muttered savagely. It was coming, the thing she had tried to prevent, the thing she had feared.

"Middleton's in town for the series. He's got a gang with a lot o' money."

Alice relaxed. It wasn't to be what she expected. After all, he wasn't going to leave her.

"We got a cinch in this series," he continued. "Middleton offers me five thousand dollars if I'll toss one of the games — any one I pick out, just so's I let him know in time for him to get his bets down."

Alice gasped.

"You mean he will give you that money because he wants to bet against the Yanks on this one game and wants you to throw it?"

"Yeah. Just one. He says I better pick one when Marty Simmons pitches for the Phillies. When Alexander pitches against us the price won't be good but Middleton probably can get five to three if he bets Simmons will beat us."

Alice trembled with indignation. "Why, you — you — " Suddenly she stopped.

"Are you against it?" he asked sharply.

"No," she said hastily. "No." She was trying to collect her wits. "What else did he say?"

"Well, that's about all, except that he's goin' to take the five thousand and bet it with his money, so I'll make about twelve thousand, all told. He says I'll have to do that so's he and his bunch can be sure I'll make good."

Alice saw clearly now. If George went through with this she would have a hold on him that he never could break. She could force him to support her. Only a person as stupid as George would have been so short-sighted. But George was in the habit of coming to her for advice, and the habit was not yet broken.

"You see," said George, "it's only one game I'm tossin'. The Yanks are sure to win the series, an' one game more or less won't make any difference. They're countin' on me for hittin', an' a short-stop always has plenty of chances to fumble a hard chance or make a wild throw. It's a cinch I can make the Yanks lose. When I come up to bat, if it's a pinch I won't try. In fieldin' I'll be careful to make an error only when it'll help the Phillies."

"Go ahead," said Alice. "It's a great plan." She seemed to sneer just a bit. "There's nobody in baseball but you that they'd have the nerve to come to and nobody but you that could get away with it."

"That's right," said George, with some pride.

"But about the money. Are you so crazy that you can't see their plan to keep the money until after you throw the game? How are you going to collect?"

"They'll give it to me."

"What if they don't?"

"I'd bawl out Middleton. I'd make him pay."

"And where would you be then, after admitting that you'd thrown a game? If you escaped with your life, you'd be lucky."

"Gee!" said George, suddenly comprehending. "That's so."

"You get that money before you promise to do anything. If I only could do it for you, but I can't. But if you have any mind in that head, make it up strong that you'll get that money first!"

WITH the series standing two games for the Yanks and one for the Phillies, Simmons was scheduled to pitch the fourth at the Polo Grounds on the next day. George came home late at night with five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"Tomorrow I toss her," he said nervously. "Middleton didn't want to give me the money but I made him, like you said. I swore I'd bet it; he made me take an oath on the Bible in the room at his hotel. I can't do it myself, but nobody knows you. Tomorrow mornin' you slip downtown and bet it on the Phillies to win. I hear that in the Bismarck restaurant, near the Stock Exchange, they're takin' big bets."

"Why not keep it and not bet it?"

Gee Whiz Coates bristled with indignation. "I promised, didn't I? I swore on a Bible! Think I'm a crook? Think I'd throw down my friends?"

"Of course not," smiled Alice.

The next morning she went downtown with the money. Alice never thought harder in her life than she did on the roaring subway train that carried her down to Wall Street. She looked at the proposition from every angle, and then made up her mind.

When she returned, Gee Whiz had left for the Polo Grounds. She called a taxicab, rode out to the park, pushed through the jam at the Press Gate and finally found her seat.

The crowd was noisily enthusiastic during practise, cheering every move a Yankee made. She felt a bit of a thrill of pride as she noted that Gee Whiz was given more applause than any other player. She was proud of him because she had made him, and now she was going to be paid for her work.

Her first thought had been to stay away

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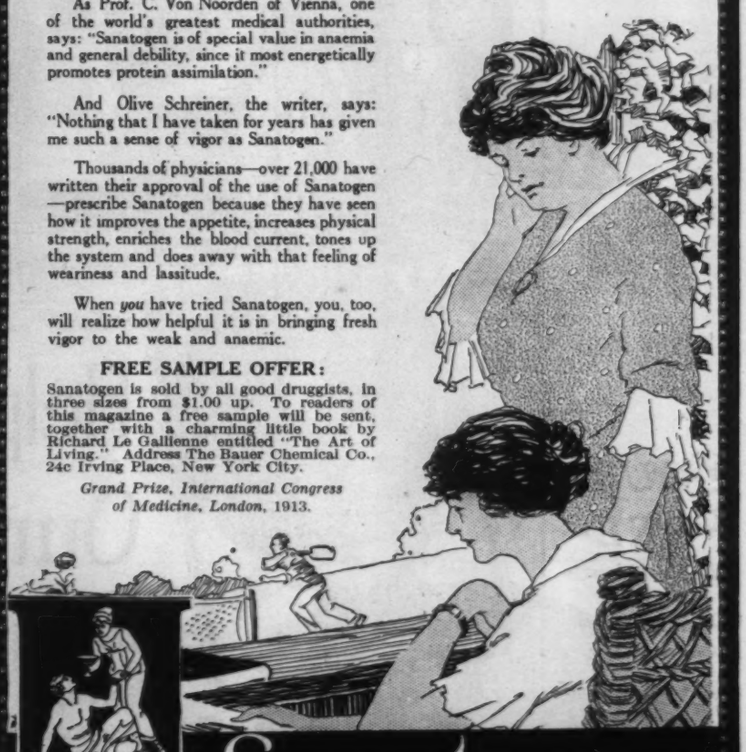

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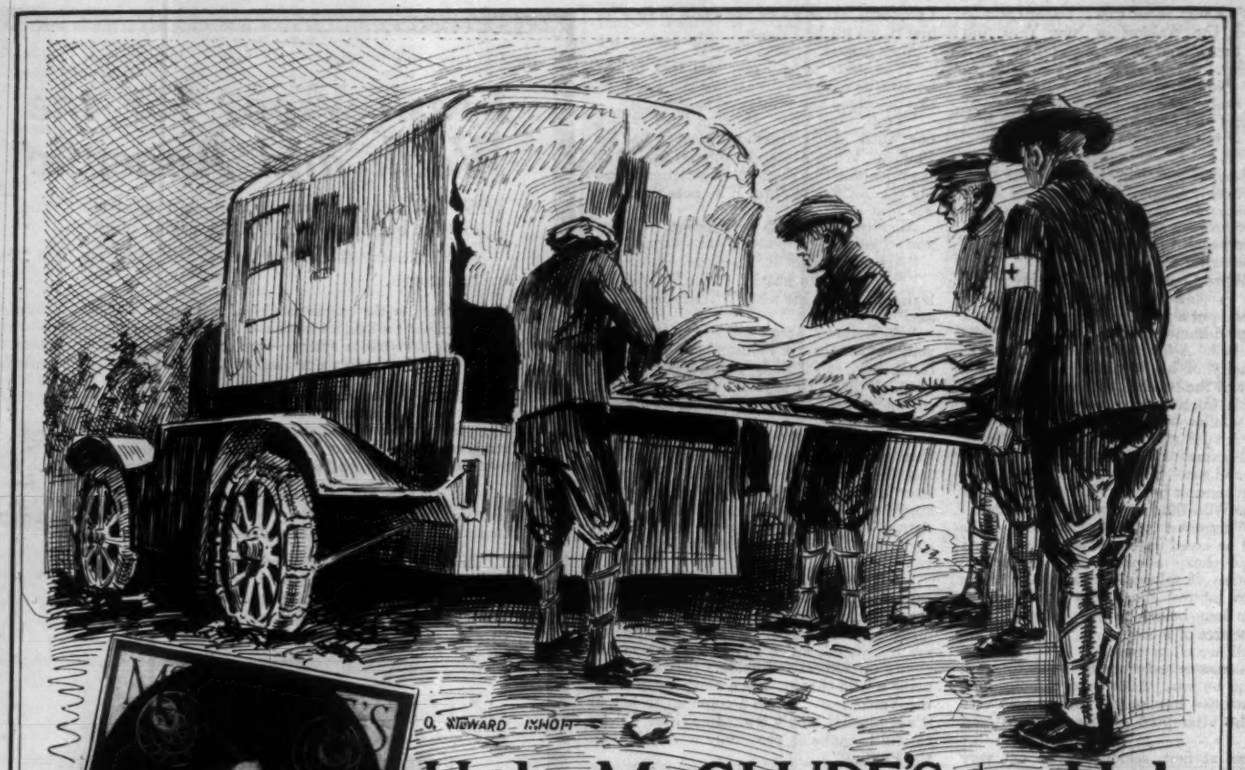

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from the Polo Grounds so as to be down in Wall Street ready to collect the bet the moment the game ended. But she couldn't resist the temptation to watch the first few innings of the contest just to see how things were going.

In the fourth, when the score was 0 to 0, she hurried out of the Polo Grounds and rushed down to the Bismarck restaurant, where she had placed her bet. She took a table from which she could hear the calls of one of the group of men who crowded around the ticker.

The eighth inning had just ended when she arrived and the score still was 0 to 0. She sipped tea and munched muffins calmly. After each half inning the same announcement was made—"No runs." As the eleventh passed she stopped eating and fingered a teaspoon nervously.

In the fourteenth she sat up suddenly and accidentally brushed a cup on the floor with a crash that was lost in the shouts of the men at the ticker.

"Yanks win!" one cried.

"Gee Whiz Coates stole home!" yelled another. "The only run of the game! Oh, you Gee Whiz! Whatta you know about that!"

ALICE had been in their apartment only a few minutes when Gee Whiz strode in and slammed the door. She was sitting in the living-room, by the window. He slammed his hat in a corner.

"Why in the devil did you tell me to go throw th' game!" he bellowed at her. "You're a hot wife! You set yourself up to tell *me* what to do an' you tell me to throw a game!"

"I hear you didn't do it," she answered quietly.

"Hear! Wasn't you there? Why wasn't you!" he snarled.

"I was down at the Bismarck waiting to collect as soon as the game was over."

"Why didn't you hang onto that money, you think you're so smart! What did you bet it for an' then lose it! What did you do it for, you poor simp!"

"I hear you stole home and won the game."

"That's th' worst of it—I kicked away my own bet! I'da been worth ten thousand dollars, maybe fifteen. What price did you get?" he demanded.

She laughed. "What difference does it make now? If you must know, I got even money."

"Even money! That shows what you are! Didn't even get odds!"

"What happened? Why didn't you make a few errors and let the Phillies win, the way you promised?"

"You oughta known," he roared, kicking the rug. "You got me into this. You said we'd make some money—an' instead bein' rich, all I am is a hero! Hero! Me, that threw down my friends an' lost my own bet. They carried me off the field on their shoulders, the crowd did. An' it's all your fault. You oughtn'ta bet that money an' lost it. You're a *fine* wife."

He tramped around the room, tearing up magazines and throwing books at the furniture. Suddenly he turned on her.

"Know what I did? I forgot all about throwin' th' game, except when I was sittin' on th' bench between innin's. I never thought about bootin' a ball or throwin' it wild until it was outa my hands. An' I got three hits! I meant to miss the ball, an' I couldn't do it! When I got up to bat I was so excited about the game that I forgot about strikin' out!"

"How did you happen to steal home?"

"I made a three-base hit with nobody out. Pipp was up an' I knew he'd hit a long fly that'd score me. I remembered, after I'd stood around third a while, that I'd promised to toss the game. So I ran home with the pitch, expectin' to be put out, an' I'm a son-of-a-gun if Simmons wasn't so surprised he threw wild an' I scored! An' won the game I was tryin' to lose! An' now Donovan's ravin' because he says I pulled a boner, even if I did score, an' if Middleton ever sees me he'll kill me."

"My hero!" said Alice, smiling contemptuously.

"We'd be rich right now, we'd have that five thousand dollars if you'd had sense enough to hang onto it. Maybe now I'll have to pay it back — if I want to. We'd been better off if you hadn't got me to go through with this thing. Why did I ever pick you up an' marry you? You make me tired!"

"I do, do I!" she snapped, rising quickly. "You do. I'm darn sick o' you. I got a notion to leave you!"

"Look here. You can go through with that promise, if you've got the nerve!"

"I'll show you." He hesitated. "But y'd sue me an' try to get me into trouble."

"Oh, that's what has kept you from quitting me, is it? Well, you needn't worry. I was going to leave you tomorrow. I'll do better. I'll leave right now. Don't worry about me suing you. I'm going to leave *you*. Now *you* can sue *me* if you like."

She ran into the bedroom, dragged down a suit-case, and one after the other pulled out the dresser drawers and dropped them on the floor. She ferreted out what clothing she wanted, tossing promiscuously to right and left her husband's things and clothing of her own that she had no use for.

George came to the door and grinned.

"You can't make me sore," he taunted her. "I got a good winter vacation laid out! Right in my pocket I got tickets to go to Cuba. I was goin' t' leave next Saturday—leave you flat. What do I care if I did lose the bet? I got a couple o' thousand comin' from the world's series."

"Call a taxi for me, quick!" she ordered. "And tell the boy to send up the driver to get my baggage."

"All right. I'll help you get away all I can. It's a pleasure," he said, in lame burlesque.

When he returned she had her suit-case full. "Close that for me!" she ordered.

George closed it.

"What you goina do for a livin'?" he laughed. "Goina be a waitress in Child's? You're leavin' a lot o' clothes. Better take 'em. It's goina be a cold winter."

The doorbell rang.

"Tell that driver to come in here."

George brought the man in and he too the suit-case away. She quickly put on her prettiest hat and her new fall coat. She put one hand on the door-knob.

"You asked me what I'm going to do? I'm going back to Woteka where I know the folks, where I've got friends. I made you a ball-player because I thought you'd pay me for my work."

He laughed.

"And you did!" she continued. "I've got a hundred dollars with me. That will take me back. And when I get back —"

"I'm glad you was paid," he scoffed. "I'm glad you got somethin' out o' your hard work. Sorry you didn't get better wages. If you wasn't a boob you'da got more. Sorry you're not goina help spend the money I get from the world's series. Think about me when you're in the snow an' I'm down in Cuba."

"Don't worry about me! Think I'm a boob? I cleaned up just ten thousand dollars on that game today. I knew you didn't have sense enough to throw a game. You couldn't do it any more than a subway train could leave the tunnel and run down Fifth Avenue. If you had tried, Bill Donovan would have caught you and kicked you off the field before you could do any damage. If he hadn't got you in time, everybody would have known what you were trying to do and you'd have been in jail now. But you were too much of an idiot to be able to remember what you had planned to do."

"Whatta you mean!"

"I mean I took that five thousand you thought I bet on the Phillies and I bet it on the Yanks. I got even money and I collected. The ten thousand dollars is in money-orders mailed to me in Woteka and I'm going after it. Don't come near me! So-o! You're still afraid of me, aren't you? If you ever bother me I'll tell all I know about you and Hank Middleton. Good-by, *dearie!* I hope you enjoy the trip to Cuba. Good-by. I'm leaving tonight with my New York clothes to knock 'em cold in Woteka."

She threw open the door, stepped out and slammed it in his face.

Gee Whiz Coates stood looking at the door a moment; then he straggled into the bedroom. With unseeing eyes he stared at the utter confusion about him. He pushed one of the dresser drawers out of his way, walked over to the bed and sank down upon it. He sat and scratched his head slowly in bewilderment. His jaw was hanging. He dropped his face into his hands.

"Darn it," he muttered finally.

Jerome Beatty's baseball yarns have made a hit. So of course there will be more of them. And another McClure discovery, E. Hudson Strode, will make his first appearance soon with a gripping war story

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Booklet No. H-704

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The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.
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Investment Fundamentals

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

NOTHING could be more important at this time for the readers of these articles than to fix their minds upon fundamentals of investment. The welfare of an individual with money to invest demands more than ever before that he keep close to essential facts. Otherwise he will be swept off his feet by the rapidly changing currents in world finance.

These articles have continued now for about four years. If they were to be summed up, I could do it no better than to say: Use common sense. Insure yourself wherever and whenever possible. Acquire greater knowledge.

1. *Use common sense.* Don't speculate and don't take chances unless you can afford to indulge yourself. The average investor should keep out of promotion schemes. The mining expert may reasonably buy "prospects," but the ordinary investor should stick to the proven, established mine, if he buys mining shares at all. The specialist in engineering or mechanical lines may dally with a new invention, but the ordinary investor is not fitted to assume the risk.

For most men, the wise investment is the conservative, proven, fairly well-established enterprise, dealing in some reasonably stable necessary commodity. Only two classes of persons should play, that is, speculate, with their money: those who can afford to lose and those who have the dice loaded in their favor.

It is true that numbers of persons have been made rich by a single, lucky "investment," an oil-well strike, or something of that sort. But their numbers are infinitesimal as compared with those who have lost by rash ventures. I suppose the proportion of lucky strikes, so to speak, to losses, is about one to ten thousand. The late H. McK. Twombly, who married a Vanderbilt, bought some stock in the Union Sulphur Company, which has proven perhaps the richest single enterprise in America relatively speaking, and received an income therefrom of $50,000 a month, it is said. But Mr. Twombly left behind him several hundred thousand shares of other stocks which were worthless. In his case, the wholesale losses made no difference, because one lucky strike offset them. But only about one man out of many thousands can make enough different investments to have the law of chances working for him that way.

Common sense dictates that securities be judged by the company they keep. Don't expect to make money by dealing with men of doubtful standing and reputation. Brokers with no reputations to maintain sometimes "make money" for their clients temporarily, but the process rarely continues. It is better to have a broker that will help you to invest safely for a number of years than one that will make a killing for you for the moment, but only out of the proceeds of stock sales to the next customer.

Don't invest impulsively or whimsically. Use the same care that you do in your own business. You never take chances in your own business unless you have gone over the ground carefully. Apply the same principle to the purchase of bonds and stocks. Don't judge a company entirely by its past or present performances or by its future promises. Use common sense and consider all three. Don't go into enterprises that are either excessively monopolistic or excessively competitive, unless they especially commend themselves in other respects. Try to stick to fundamental industries where the demand is broad, stable and reasonably permanent.

Above all be sure there is the germ of life in your investment, something real, tangible, going, actual. Don't "fall" for mere paper propositions, promises, word paintings. Good investments speak for themselves with a quiet but glowing eloquence that no amount of newspaper advertising space can equal. You don't need to be an expert to know a real investment from a mouthy, wordy promotion scheme. If you can't tell the difference, hand your money over to the savings banks and insurance companies. You are no fit person to handle it.

Don't "play" in and out of the market, but on the other hand don't hang on to a stock just because your grandfather owned it. If your investments have enhanced enormously in price, let the other fellow have them. He will be clamoring for them. It is not common sense either to jump in and out of the market with every wind that blows or to hang on to your investments as though they were the Rock of Ages.

2. *Employ the principle of insurance.* Nearly a thousand years ago ship owners and merchants discovered the principle of insurance, but there are inviduals living today who seem oblivious to it. The wise investor will keep by him a reasonable sum in savings bank deposits, ready to meet emergeneies. If he has a business, the major portion of his capital will be invested where he can expect the large rewards that properly go with a combination of capital and personal services. Another portion will go into ultra conservative investments such as first mortgages at 5 per cent., government bonds and the best of municipal and corporate bonds. Old age and dependence will be taken care of by life insurance or annuities, and if there is still a surplus it will be possible to purchase stocks or the more speculative bonds.

It is well enough to continue indefinitely the purchase of blue serge suits if they become you, but investments are different. There is no complete protection against financial loss, but risk can largely be neutralized by distribution, subdivision and averaging. One should invest in different companies, different industries and different localities. If profits are large on any investment a fund should be set up at least theoretically as a reserve against losses elsewhere. If this is done losses in one single direction will not seem so tragic.

Especially at this time, when so many companies are paying enormous dividends, it is the part of wisdom to gradually write off the original investment. There is no more vicious state of mind to get in than that of the investor who after receiving several hundred per cent. in dividends "flings a hate" against the world in general because the market value of his stock has taken a tumble.

3. *Acquire greater knowledge.* Many of the articles in this department and several chapters in McClure's financial booklet have been devoted to the subject: "How and Where Can I Learn More about Investments?" It does not suffice to say that general ignorance on these subjects is widespread. The worst of it is that people are wilfully ignorant. They are too careless to learn. Perhaps that is because the easiest way is always the don't know way.

Possibly the investor is unable to increase his knowledge as fast as the situation increases in complexity. But between him and that difficulty comes the trained investment banker. The facilities and knowledge of the expert are always to be had, but the honest expert is cold and measured in his judgments. The more honest and reliable an investment banker the less willing he is to make definite promises. Thus the man who has a sort of big, warm, sentimental feeling that he is going to make all the money there is lying around is repelled by expert advice.

The expert is not always right, but on the average he is right far oftener than the layman. Lack of knowledge, either the sort that is acquired first hand by hard study or that which comes from the reliable expert, is one of the chief causes of loss. The amateur is moved by big sentimental notions. He needs in every case the teachings of experience to bring him down to solid earth.

Blind following of expert advice is not to be recommended. Strike a middle course. Learn all you can yourself and check it up with expert advice.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Lists of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
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Books About Stocks and Bonds

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Thrift. By Bolton Hall. B. W. Huebsch, N. Y. $1. Mr. Hall has taken all the dryness out of the subject of saving. He shows how to get wealth without becoming wretched in the process. His view of thrift is distinctly modern and social. His style is admirable. He shows a familiar scene from an unfamiliar point of view. The book does not touch upon investments, and it is rather evident that finance bores Mr. Hall, for he quickly trails off into his own pet hobbies and peculiar philosophy of life, after a fascinating start.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment, and "Acid Tests of Investments in War-Time." All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

Investors are invited to send their names and addresses for insertion on the mailing-list of The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland. This house specializes in 5 to 6 per cent First Mortgage Bonds secured by improved industrial and commercial property in Cleveland and vicinity.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

An interesting booklet is being distributed free by The Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, which is of particular interest to people desiring a steady income of 4 per cent interest and no worry. Ask for book D.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, it affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies sent on request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broadway, New York, have for free distribution a booklet entitled Sugar Stocks, which describes the various sugar companies doing business at the present time.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet [free] containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in the State of New York.

A booklet has recently been issued by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

"Booklet T," issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

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25 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Business of Being a Bachelor — *Continued from page 36*

cost him ten dollars a week, or as low as five dollars, but he recognizes the need of a good address, good stationery and a telephone.

In the matter of clothing, he requires well-cut evening clothes, original outlay seventy-five dollars, with an extra dinner coat at sixty dollars. The latter is needed when he dines with men or for dinners en famille. A well-tailored evening suit which holds its shape will last a man five years, and if he is careful and neat he sends it to be pressed not oftener than once in sixty days. The life of a silk hat of conservative style is endless. In winter he needs one good hat and a cap for motoring; for summer he may require two straw hats and of course some sort of a sport hat for tennis and boating. He must have tennis or golf clothes, a racket, good-looking sport shoes and gloves. His shirts can be inexpensive, but his cravats must be the best. And men who know how to make a good appearance on little, buy shirts at two dollars and cravats at three dollars. Four cravats at three dollars each in a year give better returns than a dozen cravats at a dollar. In fact a man who takes good care of his clothes can make a satisfactory appearance in the business of being a bachelor on three hundred dollars a year.

The average corporation gives its employees a vacation of two weeks. A popular bachelor can spend this at the summer homes of his winter hostesses, enjoying an outdoor life and incidentally many hours of complete relaxation, unless he is in one of those homes where some form of entertainment is planned for every minute of the day. If he is clever, however, he elects to visit in homes where the English custom of allowing guests much privacy and leeway is followed.

The wise bachelor does not attempt to pit his small income against the means of his hostess by sending gifts or offering entertainment. He shows his appreciation of courtesies by attentions which are in good taste but not expensive. In the city, if his hostess is a church-goer, he makes a point of escorting her to the morning service in the absence of her husband, son or brother. If she is interested in politics, in charities, in the problems of capital versus labor, in music or in any branch of art, he occasionally sends her a book or even a magazine article which he knows will appeal to her and which her social secretary may have overlooked. If he is an artist or a musician, he may send her a drawing for a book-plate or an especially good bit of his work autographed, tickets for some exhibit which otherwise she might not receive, or invitations to a musicale for the inner-circle of musicians only. The men of her own social and financial crowd can buy violets, American Beauties and orchids, but so can the hostess; therefore she appreciates that which money cannot buy, the entrée to artistic circles, an invitation to a dress-rehearsal, even consideration for her personal tastes and whims. At Christmas time the bachelor sends only an engraved greeting, but he makes this individual.

What is the age limit on bachelor popularity?

Practically none. So long as a man has the heart and zest for pleasure, years are no handicap. Nevertheless bachelors come and go like débutantes, and the explanation is not hard to find. The same attributes which make a man successful as a guest—personality, tact, energy, and the power of concentration—work for his business or professional success. As a result he becomes more and more absorbed in his career and less attainable as a guest, and in time he marries, not necessarily a daughter of the well-to-do who have given him several years of social opportunities. He may marry the sister of a fellow office-worker, or the daughter of his chief, or he may go "back home" and fall in love with a girl with whom he went to school years before and whom he has forgotten during the busy period of career-making in the great city. But the business of being a bachelor and the matrimonial market are not to be confounded.

If he marries outside the social set with which he has been mingling, naturally he disappears from it after marriage. He is no longer useful to the hostess who has women guests to divert, and his income will not permit him to introduce his wife to the social circle which has reduced for him the cost of bachelor living.

If he does not marry, this is not due to distaste for the simple life which his means could support, but to innate selfishness and the desire to shift responsibility. He would remain single no matter what his income. So he plays around, until the social game bores him or until he is no longer an addition to dinners, dances, and house-parties, and the invitations fall off. Then he does one of two things. If his income permits, he lives at a club, adopts a fad, and is entertained occasionally in the homes of the few real friends he has made. If he does not succeed in business or his profession, he settles down to a moderate salary, life in a second-class boarding-house with occasional diversions in the way of theatres, concerts, and lectures. You see these men by the hundreds in every large city, especially at municipal lectures and concerts, strolling through the parks on pleasant Sundays, wandering more or less aimlessly through art-galleries, always looking as if something which had once been within their grasp had eluded them.

For, after all, the business of being a bachelor, like that of life itself, must be played with skill, sincerity and thoroughness to give results in contentment.

Human-interest stories — that's what we like. This is an unusual one, isn't it? Others are coming. Watch for them

"Being Wicked" — *Continued from page 22*

think you were — that sort, but when you — well, you looked so sweet and something in your eyes. . . . Well, I —" He leaned over the table and searched her face. "Confound it," he stammered, with real emotion. "It's hard to think you're this sort!" He slipped his hand across the table toward hers. Then he said, with his eyes holding hers compassionately, "I say, how did you happen to get to — to — this, little girl?"

". . . *To get to this!*" She was repeating the words after him with stiff lips. Her wide eyes were staring into his. He was saying a lot of things, but for a moment the world grew so dim that she could neither see nor hear. Her ears picked out words. The man was actually pitying *her! Her!*

". . . Couldn't you have pulled up any way," he was asking. "Wasn't there anyone to lend you a helping hand? Couldn't you have pulled up before you were down and out. . . ?"

She was staring at him, her body stretched taut, her eyes wide. "'Down and out'!" she whispered. "Is it possible you imagine. . . ?"

Well, then the poor duffer finished his work. He was all muddled up with his own emotion, anyway. "You poor unfortunate baby!" he stammered. "You ought to be at home — with your mother — with some good woman; instead of in a place like this. . . ."

She recoiled as if he had struck her a blow. Then, "How *dare* you?" she whispered. There was no sound behind her voice but she kept whispering that "How dare you!" tragically. "How dare you! How *dare* you — pity — *me!*" she wailed.

Well, of course he couldn't understand. He was doing his best in his clumsy male way. He was really sorry — sick at heart. He reached over his big foolish hand, and tried to touch hers, but stopped because he saw her — tears! They were running over her eyelids down her cheeks.

"You poor little kid!" he said. "*I am* sorry! . . ."

She put up both her hands and crushed the tears back. Shame dried them on her cheeks. Red hot shame burned its way up to her very eyebrows.

She was choking and trembling. He shouldn't see her cry! She tried to speak several times, and managed to send forth into the atmosphere the word "dare" again, in a disconnected sort of way, and a "For *you* to *dare* to pity *me!*" Then she took her hands down and drew her white throat up. She wasn't ashamed of the tears now; she wanted to face him in spite of them. Very proudly, very securely, she looked him in the eyes.

"If you were a gentleman you would have *known!*" she said. "Oh, I should think you would be ashamed *not* to have *known!*"

This was both unpleasant and obscure! It was logical from her standpoint; but he, poor chap, was working from a different premise. He couldn't see it. "Known?" he echoed, staring at her convulsed face. "Known *what?*"

"What I am! I should think you could see. . . ." she said, with her head higher than ever. "Is it possible that you can't *see! Look at me!*"

He was looking at her; he had been looking at her the entire evening. Her breath came from between her lips in little gasps. He was feeling for his equilibrium. He didn't know why he was being hit or where, but he knew something was hitting him.

"For you to s-s-suppose . . ." she wailed.

"Suppose what?" His voice was awed.

"That I was — that I was — t — that I was, one of these — unfortunate creatures!" She gesticulated impotently toward the moving throng, indignation lending her voice passion. "I should have thought you could have — *told!*"

She tugged at the sleeve of her coat again. "Take me home," she gasped. "Take me home at once! I should never have come!"

"Take — you — *home!*"

"Away from the *awful* place you have *dared* to bring me to!"

SHE admits that this was slightly inconsistent, considering that she had come of her own free will and accord; but she says she was suffering such agonies of shame that the sight of him sitting there in uncomprehending calm simply maddened her. That a man — and such a man as he was, should pity and commiserate her — *her!* — was more than she could bear. She said she determined to tell him a few things that he would never forget, and — she told him! Her voice was low, but efficient. She left nothing unsaid, and said a few things that she acknowledges she would not have said if she had not been so ashamed of herself for what she had done. When she finished, she laughed a little bitter laugh and said proudly, "Now I will tell you who *I am.*" She said it in a subdued but confident voice.

She pushed her menu card negligently aside, and as she did so she saw that he had grown white around the edges of his hair and around his mouth. She waited a minute to, as it were, make a telling stage entrance. Then she lifted her head and looked him straight in the eyes and told him her name!

Well, it was a bad moment — for he had never heard it!

He, poor chap, wasn't much of a reader — he had never had time for anything but the stock quotations and sporting sheet in his paper. They were his limit, and a best-seller was as unknown to him as a five-cent cigar. He was silent so long that she thought he was properly awed, and remarked with a certain large finality in her tone, "Now — you know *why* I am — here."

Well, of course, it was hard on the fellow. He swallowed several times and looked at her. There was real suffering in his glance. She saw it. He was so silent that a sheet of windless water would have been ruffled in comparison, and his face was so blank that all in a minute it *came* to her!

She could not at first analyze her emotions. There is nothing more trying than to realize that there are people who have never noticed your pedestal. She felt for hers for a moment quite blindly and then — was compelled to inform his ignorance! Her voice was as glassily cold as a skating pond.

"I am a writer," she said. "I write books. Some people — read them." She looked him in the eye. "I came here to get material for a story," she said firmly.

"A writer — material for a story — books!" His jaw dropped.

"I think you have it correctly now." She took up her white kid gloves. She was pleased that he should look upon her calm self-possession.

"A writer — *you!*"

His astonishment soothed.

"And you mean — by Jove, you can't mean that you —" His brows drew together with an effort at concentration. "Oh, no, you can't mean *that* ——"

"Can't mean what?" haughtily.

"That you — that you came here with me just to —" His face was very red now. "But I beg your pardon, I oughtn't to suggest such a thing." He waved the implication aside. "No, I couldn't think that!" he decided.

Her face flamed. She pushed her chair back. The light from the little pink candle-shade on the table fell on her tremulous lips. Her eyes told him. His face turned from red to white. He drew in a long breath, made an effort to keep back the words on his lips, but didn't succeed. She said he looked for a moment as if he could have killed her, but, I suppose that was literary extravagance.

"And you," he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you spoke to me on the car — tonight, just to — to — that you deliberately — why, you're *worse* than one of these —" His voice rasped and broke and then he gave a little short laugh, a horrid laugh. "So your only idea was to *bleed* me!" he said. It was an awful word, a shameful word, an — embarrassing word. The moment he heard it he knew it and would have given fifty dollars to get it back, but it was gone forever. And just at that moment, while it hung fire and their eyes were fastened together in flaming astonishment — just at that psychological moment — oh, why not a few seconds later! — the waiter came to his side and laid down the check for the dinner.

The man looked at it. There was a strange and unpleasant silence. The waiter waited. There was nothing to do but turn over the narrow piece of pasteboard and look at the printed number. He took out his wallet and removed a twenty-dollar bill. She could not overcome a shudder. He shoved the bill under the card and hastily and guiltily pushed the plate toward the waiter. The waiter scurried off.

They say silence is golden. Well, sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. She said she knew at that moment she was being punished for what she had done. She realized now that one could never, never be the tiniest bit wicked without paying some — some awful price.

"Oh," she said. "Oh. . . . Oh.". . .

Wave after wave of heat spread over her body. Then she stammered, "I hope you understand that I — that I — you don't think I would let you *pay* —" Her tone collapsed. "I hope you understand ——"

"I understand — everything," he stated grimly, looking her in the eye.

She winced. The waiter came back with the change and he picked up nine dollars and left seventy cents on the tray. Her eyes watched his hands. She says she had never thought before that money could be so terrible. She had always thought it rather nice before. In her whole life, she had never felt so little and awkward and inadequate, and just because she was so little and awkward and inadequate, she had a primitive desire to express her utter contempt — to — to — hit back, in some way.

"I hope you understand," she repeated shakily, her voice trembling. "I hope you understand that I have no intention of — of *bleeding* you." She hurt with a word because she couldn't hurt with a blow, and was surprised at the pain around her own heart as she saw his face flame.

However, his voice was quite courteous when he spoke — too courteous.

"I am not in the habit," he said, regarding her with an icy eye, "I am not in the habit of taking money from — ladies — still, if you insist —" he paused and computed. "The bill came to ten dollars and thirty cents," he informed her and then added with polite exactitude, "I gave seventy cents to the waiter. . . ."

Well, she knew in a minute he was trying to be "horrid," but she wouldn't let him see that she *knew.* She opened her purse. Her hands were trembling so that she could

hardly find the clasp. She felt the tears welling up into her eyes.

Like most of the members of her charming sex, she was in the habit of going around with a practically empty purse. Carfare and a few stray dollar-bills were all that ever clung to the bottom of that little gold mesh bag, so she had to sit for a long time fumbling, the tears at the same time welling and welling and welling. . . .

She counted three dollars and fifty cents. It was all — every penny she possessed except ten cents left for carfare. She felt sick. She swallowed three times and then lifted her head so high that the little cords showed under her chin. Forcing herself to look in his face she whispered:

"I — I — haven't — I'm afraid I haven't — I didn't know I was coming, and I — I didn't bring enough — any —" gulping. "I'm afraid you will have to trust me to send you the rest — of — the — *money!*" The last word was a moan. She pushed the three dollars and fifty cents toward him.

He was as red as she — redder!

He looked at the money as he might have looked at a serpent that had been proffered him. He drew back his hand.

"*Take it!*" she choked violently. "Don't *dare* refuse. . . ."

He took it. He tried to be very cool and calm. He folded the money and put it in his purse. He looked at her. They arose.

She says that at that moment her loathing for him reached its highest altitude, and she was enabled to appear quite collected. "Kindly give me your address," she said with frigid conventionality. "You need not be afraid I will — forget!"

He took out a visiting-card and scribbled across it "Waldorf," and extended it toward her. She took it.

"Shall we go?" he said.

"Certainly," she answered.

They moved simultaneously. They got out of the door into the street, with lightning rapidity, neither looking at the other. Somehow "being wicked" had not been a bowling success. Often it isn't.

The cool night air caused their shame to seem less blatant. They lifted hot faces to the dark sky. She hesitated a moment, and then started to walk away without a word.

"I shall see you to your car," he decided grimly.

"I prefer to go — alone!"

He looked grimmer than ever.

"I shall see you to your car," he repeated.

"I will not allow ——"

"It makes not the slightest difference. . . . I can't permit any lady — no matter who she is,"— the "who she is" with contumely — "to be out alone at this hour of the night — in *this* town!" He was mad, you see, and was trying to hand one to poor little old New York.

She made no reply. They continued walking. No words were said — no looks exchanged. They just walked. When they reached Fifth Avenue she stopped. He stopped, too. She said, without looking at him: "I will send you 'that' in the morning. . . ." They both flushed at the word "that." A 'bus lumbered up. She signaled. It stopped. She mounted the steps. She was gone. . . .

If you are hit on the head with a club, just at first you don't know what has struck you. The Western man stood looking after the 'bus for some seconds before it percolated to his intelligence that she was slipping away from him — for good and all! When it did percolate, if he could have reverted to his irresponsible childhood, he would have lain down on his back and kicked and bawled, until what had been unlawfully taken from him was lawfully returned; but having reached the sober age of manhood, he had learned that Life does not return anything to the kicker and bawler, but that she sometimes hands a ten-spot to a hustler; and, as by nature the Western man was closely allied to the bulldog, and had a way of getting hold of a thing and never letting go until he was punished, and never knowing when he was punished enough, why — he signaled a taxi, that was snuggling against the curb, and shouted to the driver, "Keep alongside that 'bus, will you — alongside and a little ahead — and I'll make it worth your while."

He jumped in, slammed the door, the taxi humped and started, and. . . .

By the way, I happen to be that Western man!

Next month, short fiction by Emery Pottle, Dana Gatlin, Frederick Stuart Greene, and Frank Goewey Jones

A Matter of Gesture

[*Continued from page 38*]

heart — fear was there, stark and distorting, and, God knows, real. And yet I'm certain there were times when he dramatized fear. I'm sure of it, and yet I'd rather not go into that — it seems too unkind to try to fix the line of reality there.

One fresh sunny September day Harry and I were down on the beach with the children. They — my little girl and boy and some of their playmates — were out on the flats digging for clams. We had brought out a volume of Yeats, and Harry had been reading to me, his voice lingering appreciatively on the magical words. He had just read the poem beginning, "Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?" and had fallen silent and lay there upon the sands, his back to me. I heard someone coming, and looking around I saw Mark. He had a telegram in his hand. I looked at the boy who had been reading "Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?" and even before I clearly saw Mark's face I knew, as we do know those things, that harm was coming to him.

It was a telegram sent to Mark by Ruhl's lawyer. The decision of the lower court was affirmed. The attorney said that Mark must bring Ruhl to town at once. The news was faintly palliated with talk of the progress of the movement for a pardon.

I shall remember always Mark's face as he told Harry. Ruhl himself simply looked sick — just totally incapacitated. I remember that we left the volume of poems lying out there on the sands. Somebody found it and brought it home later in the day — after Harry had gone.

They left on the afternoon train. There wasn't much eaten at luncheon that day — not by any of us. Ruhl got up and left the table before we had finished. He didn't bid us good-by, and as I watched him walking down the road with Mark he looked so unable to go that I had an impulse to run after them and tell Mark he was to tell those people waiting for Harry that he was not able to come. And then I remembered who they were, what it meant, and that he would have to go whether able to or not. And there was one thing I can't bear to think of even yet. As they were about to go down one of the side streets, Ruhl turned and looked at the sea he was leaving behind.

It had developed that even outside labor circles there was a widespread feeling that Ruhl was being too severely dealt with; and they all think that a movement to let him off under certain conditions would have gone through had another strike not broken out just the week before. As it was, Harry entered the penitentiary five days after he read Yeats to me on the sands at Cape's End.

Mark looked as if he had been in prison himself when he came back. I never heard much about just what went on, for it was so hard for Mark to talk about it. He was with Harry as long as anyone could be with him. He said it was pretty bad, and that's all I could get out of him then; what he said afterwards was so full of bitterness that I don't feel I can give any clear picture of how Ruhl went through those days.

We had a beautiful fall. I sailed a great deal, and when the spray dashed around me and the wind beat upon my face I looked about me at the open sea and thought of my sailing companion of the summer. I did little speculating on Ruhl's sincerity those days; pity was too all-encompassing, and when there crept in the wondering how he got along with no one to pretend to, I wasn't considering it critically but only pitying him the deeper for his utter destitution.

In November came the blow — I'm thinking of Mark when I put it that way. We were still at Cape's End — I love the fall and early winter there, and Mark and a few of his friends had come up for the Thanksgiving holiday. It was I who opened the paper that day and in astonishment read out

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the heading, "Harry Ruhl Recants." An instant later they were all looking over my shoulder. Then they fell back and listened, speechless, to what I read.

I will say for them — I have many times charged them with hardness — that a more sickening recantation was never put upon paper. It was given out by Ruhl to the maker of encyclopedias in the form of a plea to the governor. He said he was sorry, said he had never really believed what he said, but had been unduly influenced by people who misrepresented to him and worked upon his sympathies. He said he could see now that agitation was wrong, that only through law-abiding methods could any good come. He affirmed his belief in all the virtues of the established order, spoke with pious horror of rebellion. Never have I known such complete and really loathsome crawling.

If you've never known Mark and his sort you may find it hard to get any idea of what this meant to them. If you don't get it, I don't believe I can say anything to bring it to you. Though they turned against Ruhl so bitterly as to rouse in me an instinct to stay by him I don't think I fail to understand their feeling, the blow it was to them. We sat before the fireplace until very late that night, and hard things were said against the man who had once sat there with us. You see, he hadn't really been one of them; he had come among them, played his spectacular part — then this. And it wasn't personal, their feeling of a wrong done was not the feeling of a wrong done them personally, but resentment and grief that what they looked upon as the most important thing in the world — what they called the fight of the workers for their own — should be repudiated by one conspicuously identified with it. And of course there was resentment because of what it would be taken to indicate of the calibre of the fighters. Naturally they felt that Ruhl had no business to go in with them if he couldn't see it through; in making that speech he had done what they never wanted him to do, had urged him not to do — and then the whole big thing was left to suffer for his spectacular moment. They said now that he never had been real, that he had done the whole thing just to show off — to bring himself to the front.

I COULDN'T sleep after I went upstairs that night, and so I threw on my big cape and went out on the porch that almost overhangs the sea. I had more than once heard Ruhl out on that porch nights when he could not sleep. And as the tide beat in I stood there and tried to satisfy myself of the truth about Ruhl.

My mind went back to that arid little school he came from. In quality he was not unlike that school. True, he had protested there, and yet I venture to say it was arid protest. Ruhl was not one who was refreshed from within. There was in him no quenchless spring, as in my brother Mark. This early protest, having to pay a price for it, made him see himself as much larger than he was. He had some imagination, but it chiefly turned upon himself as a romantic figure. He was simply not proportioned for large things. He did not have the structure for sustained feeling, as some of those friends of Mark's have.

And yet what I brought out of my attempt to see was a new and tremendous pity. Poor Ruhl — he was in a bad fix. There was something in him which the rest of him couldn't back up. It was not true that he did the whole thing just to show off. I am convinced that it was not as simple as that, for there were flashes of feeling in the arid places of his soul. And yet they were not of his fibre, and so what it came to was that they simply made him craven.

Yes, what I brought out of it was a new and tremendous pity. Only the strong of soul should have to be in prison; it came to seem to me that there was something utterly intolerable in keeping a weakling there — as unbearable to think of as the idea of driving a sick horse, as expecting a woman in labor to go about and get a meal. There is something not to be borne in that idea of exacting of living things that which is immeasurably beyond their strength. As I saw it then, Ruhl should be let out of prison simply because his spirit wasn't equal to the ordeal. The authorities would laugh at that as the most sentimental of bosh, but the more I think of it the surer I am that it is rock-bed truth.

I went in and read over the recantation. I knew Ruhl had utterly lost hold on himself or he never would have written it. For what was there left for him after this? How could he ever again play the part of the strong, the noble, the brave, the passionate? He had given up the revolutionist with passion; he had given up the poet. There was something utterly small in the thing. It hadn't a vestige of dignity. It was a whimper. If he had not gone to pieces he never would have done it that way. He would have sought for a high sorrowfulness, for something noble in recantation. He would, had he had any hold on himself, have tried to appear standing on new and higher ground — as one speaking with new vision would he have attempted to write had fear not wrecked him. And it seemed to me then that there was something to be said for pretense. Better let a man try to appear fine than cage him until he becomes the smallest and most whimpering thing it is in him to be. Oh, no — it isn't right. There are people too weak to be kept in prison. We haven't the right to reduce a fellow being to the state of mind that produced Ruhl's recantation.

And the cruel thing about it was that it disgusted the very people it was meant to move. Why, nobody wants to take a man in by such a door as *that.* Everybody hates a man who crawls — no matter what he's crawling away from. "If that's what you are, we don't want you, either," must have been the feeling, for there was no move from anyone to put through Ruhl's pardon.

In a distracted effort to get out he had surrendered all chance for appearing what he wished to appear — and then he was kept there for as long a time as he would have been kept anyhow. Desperation let him expose himself — by all odds the most desperate, the most humiliating thing Ruhl could do — and the exposure availed him nothing. He had to stay in prison, knowing that he had lost his chance — his chance to come out a hero, the chance to come out and make us feel he was one greater in soul for having been there. I used to try not to think of Ruhl — just as we try to put from us the picture of some torturing thing we have seen.

He got out just as he would have if he had not gone down on his knees and whimpered — no sooner, in no other way. In a little less than two years a new Governor went in — a man whom our family knew well. It was Mark who went to him in Ruhl's behalf. Mark had said he would never do it. But when his chance came he did. He said that he had a certain feeling for his fellow creatures — for even those who happened to be worms. Of course what he was not able to rid himself of was a sense of responsibility. He knew it was his personality that had attracted Ruhl, that the desire to appear notable before him had led him to fling off caution in the way he did. So he got Ruhl out after a two years' imprisonment.

I thought of what that coming out would have been if only Ruhl had held his place. How they would have gathered around him — what a place they would have given him! It was too hard, too bitterly hard — to have gone through it all and to have come out of it with nothing. When Mark came back I asked him how Ruhl seemed. "He seems just what he is," he replied, "a crawling worm. You can see in his eyes that he is a sneak and a coward and a fake. We gave him a little money to tide him over till he can get work somewhere. We're through with him — and the best thing we can all do is simply to forget him."

But I couldn't; I couldn't forget him because I wasn't through with him. My mind wasn't through with him. My pity wasn't through with him. The thought of him being left to himself, stripped to the smallest thing he was, haunted me until one day I astounded Mark by suggesting we ask Ruhl to come and stay with us a while.

We had it out that night. Mark hotly gave all the reasons why we need not do anything of the kind — why the idea was preposterous. I gave my feeling — that we couldn't leave Ruhl like that, that after he had tried to be something before us we couldn't leave him reduced to sneak and coward and fake, that we had got to help him get something he could live up to. The passion with which Mark combatted it made me know he felt there was something in it. He said that if Ruhl had a spark of decent feeling in him he wouldn't want to come to us. I admitted that unless he was pretty desperate he wouldn't do it and proposed that we ask him on the theory that if he was so badly off that he would come he was in too bad a way not to take in.

He came. He was there for four weeks. Then he left us. We did our best, but I can see the truth now — we gave him no place. We gave him a nice room looking out to sea;

he had his place at the table, on the porch, on the beach, in the boat. But we gave him no place. We were kind to him; we did not take him in. The idea had been to let him become something again — something he could play up to. But we were not able to play the game. We never let him feel that we believed in his gesture.

His gesture — for that was what it was all through. He was one given to spiritual gesture. That speech was a gesture; himself as poet was a gesture; he tried to gesture now, but he was just all clogged up with resentment. Resentment was the thing Ruhl brought out of prison — blurring, infecund resentment. He was jaundiced with it — with resentment at having to go through what he did and then not being able to create the illusion of being greatened by it; resentment at having paid a tremendous price — and got nothing, at having lost a tremendous chance. And perhaps he would have brought out of it something significant, something real, but for that very resentment at not being able to appear to have done so. What he had done blocked him in every way — as pretender, as to what he really was, or might have become. I mean to say that prison might have really done something for Ruhl but for Ruhl's own chafing at having got in his own way. That absorbed him; it simply ate him up.

From any side you look at it it's a pretty sorry thing. The very thing that might have made him something real, as this complete loss, this reduction to himself, might have done, only made him less, because all it did was to seal him in with resentment. You had only to be with him to know that Ruhl had actually grown smaller through losing his chance to appear big. He would try to pretend now, but it was no good, and he knew it was no good. He gave no sense of large things. What he would have appear tragic brooding never seemed anything greater than nursing a grievance. His poor efforts to appear separated from us by a tremendous spiritual experience gave the sense of nothing more than sullenness. It was plain that he hated us for not being swayed by him. There was something fawning about him — prison had done that to him — and yet there was a bravado like contemptuousness, as if he would persuade himself that he cared little for people as incapable of "getting him" as we. Mark would try to talk to him, but it was so plainly an effort. Two of Mark's friends came — the editor I spoke of before and another labor leader who had been with us the summer before Ruhl went to prison. They were not unkind to Ruhl, but they did not treat him as an equal.

And I suppose I was like that, too, hard though I tried. I tried to lure him back to the poet, thinking there might be healing there, but somehow the whimpering note of that recantation was between me and the soul of beauty I tried to make him think he had. He felt it and resented it. I think he resented me the most of all. I wish I had done what I once had the impulse to do. I wanted to say, "Take a brace. What have you done, after all? You couldn't stand prison. You went to pieces. Well, you're out now; forget that; take from it what you really got from it — there must be something — and let the rest go. You broke — that's all — but now go on."

Some of us should have said that certainly, but the trouble was we couldn't have believed in it while we said it. It wasn't as simple as that. It wasn't what Ruhl did we despised him for. It was the light it threw on everything he had done. What it comes to is that we despised him for not being what he had tried to make us think he was. And of course that's unfair, for if we could put up with the small thing he really was we were wrong in hating him for not being something he wasn't. Oh, yes, I think there's a good deal to blame ourselves for.

And then one day we received an advance copy of a book written by a man we knew who had spent eight years in prison. It is a terrible and a wonderful book — a stark, truth-telling book, but the story of a spiritual triumph. So great was our emotion that we talked about it before Ruhl, and what must have humiliated him past all control was that we just forgot all about him, as if this were a thing with which he had nothing to do. Stung beyond endurance he jumped up and broke forth at us.

"What do *you* know about it?" he sneered.

We were startled, and just at first he held us and thrilled us. But it wasn't a gesture, it was a convulsion. He kept repeating, "You don't know anything about it!" — impotently, emptily, blubberingly repeating it until it grew so pitiable that I, unable to endure the humiliating exposure, got up and left the room. It was instinctive — instinctive kindness, but I think it was the thing that led to Ruhl's last gesture. He *had* to get us — had to get us some way. And more than that, he had to get himself — had to get himself some way. After the pitiful failure of his outburst he rushed from the house and he did not come back. The afternoon wore away and we began to wonder about him. I must say for ourselves that until we began to worry we did not speak of what had happened. For you see it was the sort of thing one doesn't speak of — not right away, anyhow; as one would not if a man tried to show his prowess in some way — lifting, jumping, and could not do it and finally stood there crying about it.

But when Ruhl was not there at dinner time we began to talk about him. That evening we went walking in different directions, looking for him. I grew so nervous that I had to go back home. There is something too poignantly grewsome in looking for someone you are anxious about. After a little while of it you get afraid to look.

Bedtime came and Ruhl was not back. I said I couldn't go to bed. Mark tried to reason with me. Ruhl was just being spectacular again, he said; he'd wandered off on the dunes by himself and would come back some time in the night. It would be absurd for us to sit up waiting for him. I spoke of how he must be feeling, but he simply refused to consider anything about Ruhl important. I said I would go to bed, but I didn't. I sat up listening to hear him returning. That is a fearful thing, too — sitting through hours growing ever later, waiting for the footstep of one you are becoming more and more concerned about. The night is so strange under circumstances like that. The world becomes unreal, yourself unreal, detached from common things.

At daybreak I woke Mark, and I was by that time in such a state that my feeling communicated itself to him. I told him that something must be done — an alarm given, a search made. He said he would go with me over to the life-saving station on the other side of the cape, the "outside," we called it. The life-savers patrolled the beach — they might have seen something of Ruhl.

Mark would try to say commonplace things as we walked across the dunes. But it is hard to be commonplace when crossing the dunes at dawn, on your way over to the outside sea, looking for a man who has disappeared. Once Mark said, with a sort of studied crossness, "Isn't Ruhl a damned fool?" and I knew by the effort it cost him to speak like that, that he was more alarmed than I had known. Another time he said, "How silly we are," and laughed — then cut the laugh abruptly short.

It was Mark and I who found Ruhl. We had crossed the dunes and were on the outside shore, going toward the life-saving station. The tide was out and there was an expanse of bare wet sands before the steep shelving-off which I suppose makes the dangerous undertow which has given that outside shore its bad name. There had been a big surf the day before — when searching for Ruhl in the evening we had heard it clear across the cape. As if to show we were not afraid of those sands we spoke of the man who had been drowned over there the summer before, of whether the undertow was really as dangerous as it was said to be. Mark said he doubted it — that he'd always been meaning to come over and have a plunge in that surf himself, and as he was saying that I clutched his arm. The sun had come up, and out there on the sands, some distance ahead of us, I saw something. I pointed to it. We stood looking, saying nothing. Then we started that way. Once Mark said, "There's no use in your going out there and getting your feet wet," but I kept on, walking silently over the wet sands toward the thing I had seen stretched there in the sunlight.

It was Ruhl. We came within a little distance of him and then stood there still. His face was all purple and bloated, and yet as he lay stretched out in the merciless sunshine we got the feeling of something noble. It was Ruhl's last gesture, and there was, for the moment at least, something convincing about it. Mark went up to him to see if he was indeed past help, found that he was, yet nevertheless hurried to the station a little way down the beach. And I stood there and thought about Ruhl, of the price he had paid for this final gesture.

I suppose he *had* to do it. He couldn't stand it not to count. He had to do something — even this — to become, not what he was, but what he wanted to appear to be. After all, that wanting was the strongest thing in him. There was a certain spiritual dignity about the bloated dead man I looked at upon the sands that morning.

Of course I came to think of it less emotionally than I could then, and the reason I have written this out is the desire to make it clearer to myself. We all talked it over and the verdict of the majority was that Ruhl could not tolerate the thought of what he had done — that is the basis of Bert Stephen's story, "Remorse." Mark saw it better than that; he said that what Ruhl could not tolerate was the thought that he could not be reinstated — that it was because the quality of what he had done fixed him as impossible. He said that Ruhl had killed himself in a rage at his powerlessness; that he was one who could not live without pretending, and when he saw he could not appear noble, or even interesting, he destroyed himself in very frenzy, in an "I'll show them!" mood.

That's nearer it — but I don't think even Mark has the whole of it. I've tried to give my feeling to him, but I did it so gropingly that he thought it rather strained and sentimental. But I tell you I *got* something that morning as I stood there on the wet sands at sunrise looking at the poor purple swollen face of the man stretched before me. Ruhl's dissatisfaction with himself took on noble proportions in the presence of what it had cost him. Mark says he killed himself in a pettish rage, in a frantic disappointment of vanity; but beneath that there is something else, and I see it more and more clearly now for trying to formulate it. It's true that he was small and almost empty, but — he didn't want to be. I never thought I liked pretenders, but there's another way to look at it. And when a man has laid down his life to get himself believed in as finer and deeper and more beautiful than he was, I shall try to think, not of what he was, but of the intensity of the need to appear something else. You can call it vanity and you can call it insincerity, but when a man dies to try and make his life look beautiful . . .

Why I Am No Longer a Pacifist

[*Continued from page 19*]

groping still, the people of Russia rose to be free. And so the issue grew clear at last. For here was new hope for Democracy; here were War and Revolution hand in hand — strange partners — not at all what I had seen in my dreams. But life is like that.

And now this conflict seems to me, whatever its origins may have been, to have developed into a rising of liberal peoples throughout the world determined on safeguarding their slowly built-up liberties against a nation, or rather a system, arrogant in its viewpoint, intolerant of the rights of others, and brutal toward the weak and oppressed. I am still against the war *they* wage, but I am for war to end such war and such autocracy everywhere, and to drive forever from such minds all hope of dominating mankind.

And now that I am in the midst of it all, what I shall see before it is over, here or in Russia or in France, I do not know. But I do know that in these first weeks in Washington I have become aware of a prodigious tonic force that is sweeping over this land to-day, to work here changes similar to those it has worked in England and France, changes toward more democracy and brotherly cooperation not only among fellow countrymen but among fellow countries, too. I believe there are changes coming soon that will deeply disturb the tories who exist in every land, that will effect tremendous transformations in the social, political and industrial life of the modern world — and that these will be the result of this war, which is rapidly changing before our eyes into a world-wide revolution.

And so I who was a pacifist have turned away from my old faith. But I who was a democrat am still moving toward my goal.

Ernest Poole's greatest novel will begin in the October McClure's. It is called "Two Wives" — a tense, realistic story of life in New York; a keen study of married life in the throbbing metropolis. The author of "The Harbor" has never written a better tale

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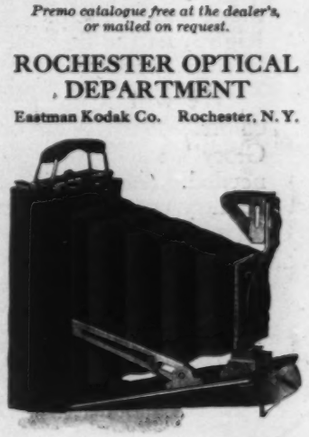

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Bran and Constipation

I AM a constant reader of McClure's, and in accordance with your free service offer, I am sending a package of bran flour, and would like to know what it contains. Is food made with bran heating? I know it relieves constipation, but is it healthful?
J. P. R., New York.

Your sample is a whole-wheat flour to which a considerable quantity of bran has been added. The food usually made from bran cannot be classed as heating. It is, of course, essentially of the energy or heat producing type, but not enough so as to render its use objectionable during hot weather. We would not class bran as a food for human beings, although it is a valuable adjunct. The walls of the bran cells are readily digested by cattle, and the nitrogenous constituents are absorbed by them as food. The efficacy of bran in relieving constipation is greatly heightened by the addition of orange or other fruit juice. You must bear in mind that it is not the fiber or cellulose alone that effects the result, but the germ of the grain also contains valuable laxative qualities, hence the necessity of using only high-grade, well-cleaned bran. A bran diet is not to be recommended for young children, as it sometimes over-stimulates the bowel. If employed it should be in connection with whole grains or cereals. A mixture of fine flour and bran is not to be recommended.

Wanted—Calory Values

WILL you please give me the food values of the following foods in the specified quantities, if possible. I am under weight (anæmic) and have very little appetite. If I attempt to crowd my stomach it revolts. My idea is to select some food or foods which have high food value and small bulk, which I can eat in addition to my regular meal, and build up a surplus of flesh. I cannot drink milk.

(Heaping)
1 tablespoonful Horlick's Malted Milk
1 " olive oil
1 " cod liver oil
1 raw egg
1 banana
1 glass fresh milk
1 cup cocoa
E. L., Kentucky.

For an anæmic condition, the advice of a physician who can personally observe the case is to be recommended. Some anæmic people derive benefit from eating freely of green vegetables and ripe fruits for the mineral salts they contain. We are very glad to approximate for you the food values of the different products listed:

1 tablespoonful (heaping) Horlick's Malted Milk	67 calories
1 tablespoonful olive oil	116 "
1 " cod liver oil	116 "
1 raw egg (2 ounces)	90 "
1 banana (3½ ounces)	92 "
1 glass (½ pint) whole milk	160 "
1 cup (½ pint) cocoa made in the ratio of cocoa ½ ounce, milk 1 pint	182 "
Made with cocoa ½ ounce, water 1 pint	32 "

Cigarettes That Are "Different"

INCLOSED please find some catarrh cigarettes, manufactured by the Blosser Company, Atlanta, Ga., which are highly recommended. Will you tell me what these cigarettes are composed of? Are there any medicinal properties in them? J. C. V. Z., Ohio.

The North Dakota Bulletin reports Blosser cigarettes as consisting of chamomile, anise, cubeb, and pepper. Those you submit contain glass and glue, but no cubebs or pepper. Whether the glass and glue are incidental or accidental we cannot say. The smoke of chamomile and cubebs is frequently used as a relief in cases of catarrh or asthma. As a cure they are worthless.

Malt Tonic

YOUR department is very interesting and helpful, and I read it regularly. I want to ask about the malt tonic preparations on the market. They are claimed to be good for the nerves. While in a run-down and nervous condition, I took several bottles and must say I improved greatly. Is there anything harmful in these extracts, or anything of benefit?
C. H. P., South Dakota.

We doubt if there is anything injurious in the ordinary malt preparations on the market. Certainly nothing more injurious than the small amount of alcohol which is present in most of them. As you doubtless know, they are really strong beers. In some cases they are used with good result. Specifically, they have no action on the nerves, but may indirectly act thereon through a slight stimulation of the digestive system.

Better Quit

AS a constant reader of McClure's, I wish to take advantage of having you test a Mexican Hair Dye which has recently gained wide popularity here. It is known as "Aciete Vegetal," and is the only dye which I have found produces a natural-looking shade of brown, instead of the dark-purple tones most dyes produce. E. C. C., Texas.

We are sorry we cannot say the preparation is good, and must include it in our already formidable list of worthless, foolish or dangerous preparations. The sample you submit labeled "Nathalina" consists as follows:

Bottle No. 1, a solution of lead acetate or sugar of lead in glycerine.

Bottle No. 2, a solution of sulphide preparation, probably sodium, with free sulphur and a syrup of glucose, dextrine or some other invert sugar.

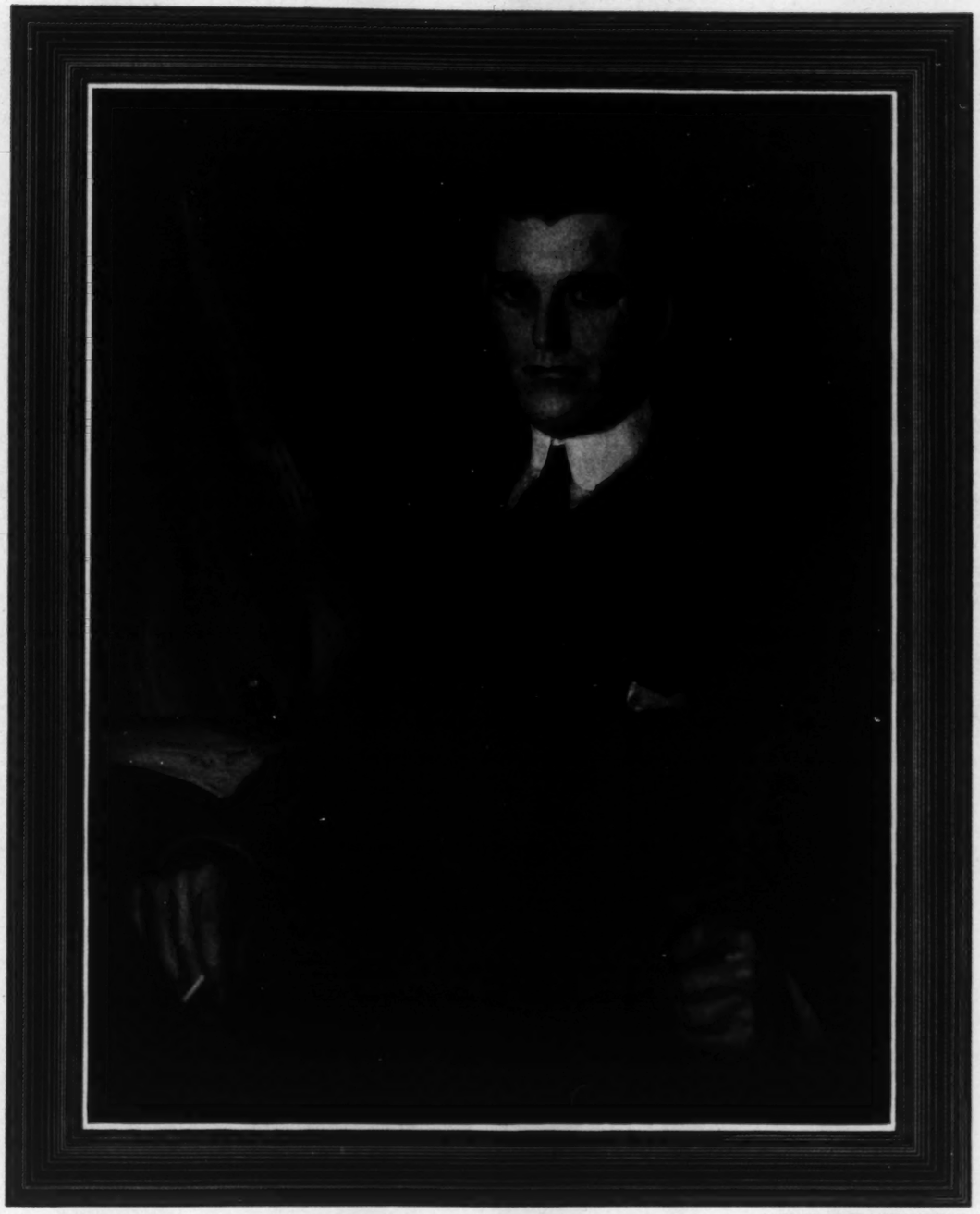
If this is sold as a vegetable oil, it is a fake, since we detect no oil present. A person using lead acetate invites lead poisoning.

Count Calories but Watch the Scales

I AM a boy seventeen years old, slightly active and my normal weight is 159 pounds. What is the least number of calories that my body needs a day? E. A., Minnesota.

There is no hard and fast rule for diet. That which agrees with one does not agree with another. Then, too, a diet for a tall man differs greatly from that for a short man, on account of the difference in area of body surface. According to the Hutchison table, you would require daily about 13½ ounces of carbohydrates (sugars and starches), 5 ounces of protein, and 2.6 ounces of fat—about 2898 calories. You will note, however, that it is not only calories you need, but also a proper balance in the different constituents of your food. This we have tried to point out above. Likewise, you must have the requisite amount of natural mineral salts, together with suitable roughage to furnish bulk.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.



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